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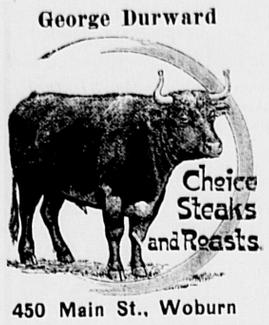
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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.30, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.30, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.00, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.00 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.40 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Elm Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Cor. Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
2 12	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
3 12	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
5 12	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
6 12	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
9 12	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes noon session of schools.
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CIRCUS PERFORMERS.

The Real Dangers With Which They Are Concerned.

The individual point of view of the circus performer toward his work is full of surprises. Rarely if ever is he worried over the things that the audience imagines make him uneasy and never about his own equipment of nerve, muscle and judgment.

The bareback rider worries about his horse, for the slightest deviation from the animal's customary course and gait ruins a harmony between horse and rider, upon which depends the success and even the life of the performer. The man on the trapeze is not at all disturbed at being so high up in the air. The higher up he is the more security he feels that in case of accident he will have time enough instinctively to twist his body into the right position for falling into the net. What worries him most is the fear of some unsuspected weakness in his apparatus.

The animal trainer is more afraid of an accidental scratch from a good natured but blood poisoning claw than of any actual conflict with an angry animal. More than that, he has a real affection for his animals and dislikes the stern necessity of punishing them. The very clown is not so much pleased by the laughter of his audience as disturbed by the thought that it quite fails to appreciate the time and care he has expended in working out the details of his humorous contribution.—Ralph Bergengren in Atlantic.

THE GIRL WHO DARED

A Wild Ride and What Happened to the Culprit.

By AMELIE DELANCEY.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

For six months the Widow Penrose had been planning an addition to her country residence, but absence and a rush of orders had prevented her nephew, Gordon Gordon, from running down and taking the work in hand.

Finally he appeared in his auto, driven by himself, and the machine was left at the gate. It had rested there less than half an hour when along came three young ladies with fish poles on their shoulders and one poor little fish to show that they had not visited the lake in vain that forenoon.

The sight of an auto was more familiar to them than that of a carriage. They were residents of the city and friends at home and were summering at good Aunt Mary's boarding house, a quarter of a mile away.

"An auto!" they cried in chorus as they came to a halt.

"And the owner is in the house!"

"And we can take a ride without his knowing it!"

"Yes, but none of us can run it."

"Girls," said Miss Dorothy Flint, with whom this story has mostly to do, "I have ridden in autos so many times that I believe I could run one. Yes, I know I could. It's just like steering a boat after you get started. I believe you turn the crank in front first. That ignites the spark or something. Then, after you get in, you pull this lever back, and away she goes. I think the auto belongs to a doctor. Doctors are always good hearted men, and I'm sure this one won't begrudge us a little spin. Get in."

But the command was in vain. They hadn't confidence in her experience and skill as a chauffeur. If she could run an auto, why not drive the machine to the lake and back? She hesitated and was jeered at. She made as if to turn away and was "dared."

Perhaps Miss Dorothy's grandfather was one of those who fell at Lexington or lay wounded on the field of Bunker Hill. At any rate, the "dare" had hardly been dared when she was at the crank, and as soon as the whizzing noise came to prove that the dead machine had come to life she climbed in and gave it a start.

She went off with a whew and had not covered a hundred feet when she wished she had not gone at all. But it was too late. There were a dozen "Oh, mys!" behind her, and she forgot everything but holding the wheel with a grip of death.

If she had ever heard that an auto could be stopped she forgot it now. It was a hard, wide road, and she was out of sight in three minutes.

The other two girls stood there with mouths and eyes wide open and feeling helpless even to scream out when a young man came down from the house, raised his hat, looked around and inquired somewhat anxiously:

"Have you seen a stray auto round here?"

"It's run away," answered one after a moment.

"With a g-gurl," added the other as the tears came to her eyes.

"What! Do you mean that some girl is driving my auto up or down the highway without my permission?"

"Y-yes!"

"And who is she, may I inquire?"

"A Miss Flint."

"Well, Miss Flint has nerve. Is she used to driving autos?"

"We—we guess so, but she seemed scared when she started off. Won't you run after her, sir? You see, we dared her to."

"And she wouldn't take a dare? Well, there's a $4,000 auto gone to wreck and a girl lying somewhere beside the road with a broken neck. Run after her! Why, she may be fifteen miles away by this time! How could she be so foolish!"

"But if she is d-dead, sir, some one must bring home her—her mangled remains!" said one of the girls as both broke down and wept.

"Well, I believe there's a saddle horse in the stable, and I'll set out in pursuit. Young ladies, let this be a solemn warning to you—very solemn."

He was a young man of two or three and twenty and did not look a bit like a doctor. Besides, he was not a stranger to the house from which he had emerged. He tried to look very dignified and serious as he uttered his warning, but it was a failure. Any young man of that age would have made a failure of it.

Even though the girls were tearful and anxious as they walked along home they agreed titteringly that he didn't look a bit solemn.

He brought out the horse as soon as possible and galloped away, but at the lake the highway forked. There were three diverging roads, and he must and did take his chance of hitting the right one. He had galloped down the left hand one for three miles before a farmer replied to his hail:

"No; haven't seen no gal scootin' by here in an auto at fifty miles an hour. If I had I should have flung a rock after her. Beats all how different the gals of this age are from those of forty years ago. Why, when my wife was a gal"—

But the pursuer waited to hear no more. He returned to the lake and, finding the right hand road a little better than the middle one, took it and galloped ahead. When he had gone a distance of two miles he drew rein to speak to a farmer's wife weeding a flower bed in the front yard.

"A gal and an auto, eh?" she queried. "No; I don't think I've seen 'em. Might have seen 'em, but if so it has slipped my mind. What was the color of the gal's hair?"

"But you have either seen them or not!" exclaimed the young man petulantly.

"That's so—that's so. Waal, I guess they took the other road. That is, they did if they didn't take to the fields. Think it's goin' to rain this week?"

By the time young Gordon had returned to the lake his horse was in a lather, and he decided to go back to his aunt's in the hope that the auto might also have returned. His hope was vain. The horse was leg weary, and the rider entered the house and called up a farmer on the middle road four miles away.

"A gal and an auto?" repeated the man at the other end of the line. "You bet your boots I've seen 'em! Went by here three hours ago like a whirlwind. Struck one of my hogs lyin' in the road and knocked him a hundred feet. Whew, but that old machine was glidin' some!"

"And the girl herself—did she seem frightened?"

"Scared most to death, I guess. Her eyes seemed to be hangin' out, and maybe she was prayin'. She was holdin' the machine in the middle of the road, however. If she lives to get to the Red bridge she'll be stopped there by the constable. He's stationed there to look for speeders."

The girl who "dared" lived to reach the bridge. It was an act of Providence. From the moment the auto got its speed, which was thirty miles an hour, she was dumb, frozen and helpless to do anything but hold the wheel.

She saw nothing but the white road ahead of her. She passed vehicles and overhauled others, but she was scarcely conscious of it. As she approached the bridge the strain was too much, and her fingers unclutched from the wheel, and the auto dashed its way through the roadside fence and came to a standstill in a field. Then Miss Flint fainted away.

When she came to her senses the constable was sprinkling water in her face and saying:

"Come, now, none of your tricks with me. You are just playing possum because I have caught you. It's a case for Squire Johnson, and I shouldn't wonder if you got jail for it."

"What—what are you going to do?" asked the girl as she staggered to her feet.

"Put you in the village lockup and notify the squire, of course. Take my arm and come along. The machine is pretty well busted, and we can't use it. Wonder it didn't blow up and send you sky high. Were you eloping or something of that kind?"

"I—I was just taking a ride," was the humble answer.

"Just making the dirt fly thirty feet high and scaring folks and horses half to death. Well, the squire will be tickled to see you. He's been aching for the last week to get hold of a speeder and give him a good dose of county jail. How dare you take the chances—how dare you!"

"Would you take a dare from two girls?" asked the prisoner as she released her arm and faced him.

"No-o-o, I guess not."

"Well, I wouldn't, and so there! If they want to send me to jail let 'em do it!"

She was taken to the office of the village justice of the peace and arraigned. On the way there the constable's heart melted. He saw that she had had a bad scare, and he liked her defiant spirit. Therefore, while he had to make complaint against her, he did not put the speed at thirty miles an hour. To this he added the statement that if the auto hadn't struck a stone in the road it would not have struck the fence.

Then he turned and winked at the wondering, shivering girl to put heart in her.

It may have been one of his honor's soft days. He delivered a lecture on the rise and fall of the Roman empire or some other equally interesting subject and concluded by suspending sentence. Then the constable invited the ex-prisoner home with him to dinner and set about arranging to send her back to her friends.

Evening had come, and she was about ready to start when Gordon came galloping up. When he had introduced himself as the owner of the smashed auto he asked grimly:

"And who is to pay the $500 damages? And who is to pay for my trouble? Why, if the justice had known all the circumstances he'd have sent you to jail for a year!"

"But the other girls dared me to do it!" protested the culprit, with trembling lip.

"Say, young man," said the constable as he drew Gordon aside, "you just get even by daring the gal to marry you. She ain't the kind that takes a dare. See? You can drive her back in the buggy, and you just keep daring her all the way. Lord, but I wish I was in your shoes!"

It was a fine moonlight ride. It was not too fast. The situation was a little strained at first, but after awhile the farmers heard laughter as the buggy passed.

Perhaps there was one dare, perhaps a dozen. The society paper which announced the engagement a few months later didn't specify. Society papers don't always go into minute particulars.

Her Preference.

"I—aw—want to give you—aw—a little pwesent on youah birthday, doncher know," said young DeSappe. "Would you—aw—pwefer something—aw— sensible?"

"Oh, my, no!" answered Miss Dimpleton. "I prefer presents that are characteristic of the people who give them to me."—Chicago News.

Golden Horseshoes.

Roman writers inform us that Commodus caused the hoofs of his horse to be gilded. Nero when he undertook short journeys was always drawn by mules that had silver shoes, and those of his wife, Poppaea, had shoes of gold. From a passage in "Dio Cassius" there is reason to think that the upper part only was formed of those noble metals or that they were perhaps plated out of thin slips. When Boniface, marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to Beatrix, about the year 1038, his whole train was so magnificently decorated that his horses were shod with silver. The nails were even of the same metal.

His Selection.

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lions' cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John without hesitation.—Everybody's Magazine.

REDI'S EXPERIMENT.

Out of It Grew the Great Fabric of the Germ Theory.

It was a fixed belief of the ancients that many living creatures could come into existence in a spontaneous fashion, to which allusion has often been made. The true beginning of the germ theory arose out of a ludicrously simple observation made by Redi, a Florentine physician, about the middle of the seventeenth century. He debated with his confreres in Florence the question of the origin of the maggots appearing in decomposing meat. The old view held, of course, that the maggots were bred within dead and putrefying substances. Redi, taking a piece of meat, covered the mouth of the jar in which it was contained with a piece of fine gauze. He beheld the flesh flies, attracted by the smell of the decaying meat, coming to deposit their eggs, after the manner of their kind, in the decomposing substance. The gauze, however, kept them from effecting this natural object, with the result that the eggs were laid on the surface of the gauze and the maggots there hatched out, while the decay of the meat went on uninterruptedly without a single maggot appearing in its substance.

On this childishly simple experiment the great fabric of the germ theory of today was founded, for if the law of universal parentage applied to the case of maggots and meat it was clear, argued Redi, that it must apply universally. Subsequent experimentation proved the words to be true, and so today, when our attention is focused upon germs or microbes so minute that we might accommodate many hundreds of thousands of them on the surface of a postage stamp, we again come face to face with Redi's first principle that each germ could only have sprung from a preceding and parental organism.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MISTAKES IN TITLES.

"Love's Discourses" Has Nothing to Do With Cupid's Pranks.

It is interesting to collect certain of the instances of mistakes in regard to the titles of books. Thus the old farmer who asked for "Edgworth on Irish Bulls" got no doubt something he did not expect, and the dainty youth who applied for "Love's Discourses" did not really wish a volume of sermons by Christopher Love. If application is made by messenger, mistakes of a different sort may occur. An excitable boy once asked for Bishop Cocks and Hen's "Earnest Communicant;" he meant Bishop Oxenden's. Similarly by Warne's "Moral Cookery" he meant his "Model Cookery." A maid forgot all about the title of the book she had been sent for except that it was "something like tomato soup." She was served with "Red Pottage."

It may have been a fault of pronunciation on the part of the purchaser who asked for "rubber bands" that he received a copy of "Robert Burns," but it was certainly the bookseller who was at sea who referred an applicant for "Vega's Logarithmic Tables" to the "furniture department." In cataloguing booksellers frequently err. Thus Mr. Madan, the Oxford scholar, who wrote a grammar and dictionary of the Swaheli language, had those works catalogued as "Madam Swahell's Grammar" and in the line beneath, "Do. do. Dictionary." Recently, too, a book of Mr. Lucas', "A Swan and Her Friends," giving an account of Miss Seward, "the swan of Lichfield," was classified as "Annie Swan and Her Friends."—Manchester Guardian.

That Settled It.

The commissioners in lunacy were nonpluused. The man on whose mental condition the courts had appointed them to pass seemed perfectly sane in spite of all testimony to the contrary. His every action, his every remark was rational. They were about to give up in despair when matters took an unexpected turn. "Oh, doctor, permit me to return the umbrella I borrowed from you last week," said the patient.

And then, at the thought of earning their fees with no qualms of conscience, the learned men decided that any one who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifles will ever mold our destinies.—New York Times.

He Followed Directions.

Red tape leads one to curious lengths. A writer in the Columbus Dispatch tells of a street railway car that picked up a young heifer on its fender and carried it some distance through the street.

In making out the required report to the superintendent the employee wrote in answer to the query on the blank form, "What did the victim say?" "She was carried along on the fender and then rolled off and ran away without saying a word."

The Way Out.

"Think, love!" said Mrs. Gobsa Golde. "I ordered a dinner gown, and that tiresome dressmaker has sent me a traveling suit."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Gobsa Golde demanded.

"The only thing is for us to go abroad again," she sighed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Amiable.

"They say Thelma's husband is a very amiable man."

"Amiable! I should say so! I have known that man to laugh at a joke when he was taking down the stovepipe."—Baltimore American.

It is impossible to make your conduct perfect, but it is easy to make it better than it has been.—Atchison Globe.

Transparent Rhubarb.

To be made day before using. Cut rhubarb into pieces one-half inch long. Spread on plates and sprinkle with sugar, allowing one-half cupful of sugar to each cupful of fruit. Let all stand overnight. In the morning pour off the juice and boil for ten minutes, drop in the rhubarb, a small portion at a time, and cook until tender. Remove from the sirup as soon as done to preserve shape. Put in a pretty dish.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WIND AND WAVES.

A Gale's Action Upon Water, Desert Sand and Prairie Snow.

There are wind waves in the water, sand and snow. The great sea waves are produced at that part of a cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges as long as the atmospheric depression is maintained. So the waves are developed until they become steep. The average height in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles.

A wind of fifty-two miles an hour gives waves of an average height of twenty-six feet, although individual waves will attain a height of forty feet. The prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly, so wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind still running, and the principal effect of the newly born wind is to increase the steepness of the already running long swell so as to form majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to wind are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves, but they emerge into view after or beyond the storm.

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of waves is seen in the deserts. As the sand waves cannot travel by gravitation, their movements are entirely controlled by the wind, and they are therefore much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. In their greatest heights of several hundred feet the former become more complex owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure, but they still have the characteristic wave features.

In the Winnipeg prairies of Canada freshly fallen snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves, progressing with a visible and ghostlike motion. They are similar to desert sand waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind formed snow waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills shelter from the wind.—Chicago Tribune.

TOO GOOD TO BE WELL.

A London Hospital Doctor's Hurry Patient From the Outside.

The accident bell at the door of the hospital clangs, and the next moment an agitated parent is seen running down the passage with a child tucked under the arm, its bare legs streaming behind it in the wind of its mother's rapidity.

"What's the matter, missis? Has she swallowed some polson?"

"No, sir; it ain't that," she pants, "but I'm that scared I don't know 'ardly which way to turn."

"Well, but what's happened? Has she hurt herself?"

"No, sir, and 'er father 'e's that upset 'e couldn't do nothink, else I ain't used to running like that, and 'e'd 'ave brought 'er up, but 'e says as 'ow 'e daren't touch 'er, and I've run all the way, and me 'eart"—

"Come, now, missis, just tell me quietly what's the matter with the child."

The patient, a pretty little thing of four, looks inquiringly at her alarmed parent. There seems to be little the matter with her.

"It's all very well yer a-sittin' there and a-tellin' of me to be quiet," cries the mother. "If yer 'ad children of yer own yer wouldn't like ter see 'em die afore yer eyes. Oh, dear; oh, dear, and there ain't only two more and the baby!"

The doctor in despair examines the little girl, but fails to discover anything wrong. "Now, look here," says he firmly, "I can't find anything the matter with your child, so you'll have to go away unless you tell me why you brought her up to the hospital."

"Well, doctor, we was all a-havin' our tea a minute ago as it might be, and 'er father was eatin' a nice bit of tripe as was over from dinner when Susy, this one I 'ave with me, says as 'ow she loved God and was goin' to 'eaving when he doled. What!" in tones of horror. "Ain't yer going to give 'er no medicine?"—Cornhill Magazine.

His Lucky Coin.

In one of his Hibbert lectures Max Muller said to the students: "Many of you, I suspect, carry a halfpenny with a hole in it for luck. I am not ashamed to own that I have done so myself for many years." The case was cited by him in his lecture as an illustration of "survivals" from primeval fetichism, but on his own account Max Muller confessed that when sometimes he had left home without this halfpenny talisman he felt "very uncomfortable" until his safe return.

Cure Your Dandruff

Why? Because it is annoying, untidy. And mostly, because it almost invariably leads to baldness. Cure it, and save your hair. Get more, too, at the same time. All easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula. Stop this formation of dandruff!

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle

Ayer's Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says

The new Ayer's Hair Vigor will certainly do this work, because, first of all, it destroys the germs which are the original cause of dandruff. Having given this aid, nature completes the cure. The scalp is restored to a perfectly healthy condition.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

WAKING UP WILLIAM

His Wily Wife Finally Got What She Was After.

IT WAS A WELL PLAYED GAME

William Was a Little Slow, but When the Lady's Trump Card Was Played He Said Just What She Wanted Him to Say From the Very Start.

"William," said Mrs. Gilmartin, bending over the sewing in her lap, "what do you think we'd better have Thursday night when the Pritchards come?"

Mr. Gilmartin lowered his paper an instant and stared across the table at her.

"Have?" he said. "Why, I suppose we'll have a couple of games of cinch and a lot of foolish talk, as usual."

"I mean what will we have to eat—stupid!" explained his wife. "You know they always have a little lunch when we go over to their place."

"Oh, to eat!" echoed Gilmartin, resuming his newspaper. "Why, have whatever you like. I don't care."

Mrs. Gilmartin sighed and patted the sewing on her knee after taking a furtive glance at her engrossed husband.

"That's easy enough to say," she observed, "but I want to talk to you about it. This is important. Do help me out, Will," she added. "I've thought until I'm dizzy, and nothing seems quite the thing."

"H-m-m!" said Gilmartin, frowning at the wall paper and trying to think. "Why, I should think—er—almost anything would do that's—er—nice—whatever they usually have, you know," he added rather helplessly. "Go ahead and get up a nice little supper. You know how." And he calmly resumed his newspaper.

"But this is different, dear," persisted Mrs. Gilmartin, puckering her brows and her sewing in her agitation. "This is Mrs. Pritchard's birthday, and we invited them to celebrate it with us weeks and weeks ago. You know she's such a stickler for having everything just right. I'm worried sick."

"What is there to worry about?" demanded her husband, looking over the top of the paper in surprise. "I suppose the Pritchards eat about the same sort of things the rest of us do. I never saw much difference the few times we had a bite with them. They aren't any better than we are, as far as I can see. I guess what's good enough for us is good enough for Al Pritchard and his wife."

Mrs. Gilmartin heaved another rather pathetic sigh and said: "It isn't the actual food I'm worrying about and whether it will be, as you say, good enough for them. That's silly. But it's the selection of a little menu for a birthday party and the table decorations and the lights and—and everything," she added. "Mrs. Pritchard says it's the little things that show the clever housekeeper."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Mrs. Gilmartin ventured a suggestion:

"Creamed oysters are nice," she said.

"Um-hum," breathed the head of the house absently. "What was that?" he demanded, turning suddenly. "I didn't hear."

"I said creamed oysters are nice," repeated Mrs. Gilmartin.

"Sure! Of course they are!" he declared with enthusiasm. "All right. Let's have creamed oysters," and he dived into the stock market reports.

"Well, you don't imagine we can make a whole birthday supper off creamed oysters, do you?" demanded Mrs. Gilmartin indignantly. "There must be a lot of other things thought of. Mrs. Pritchard says it's just these little affairs that bring out real tact and good taste."

"Oh, bother Mrs. Pritchard!" snapped Gilmartin.

"Why, Will!" said his wife mildly. "I'm afraid you're out of sorts this evening, and I did want to have a nice long talk about this little supper, because so much depends on it."

"I beg your pardon," said her husband contritely, laying down his paper. "I didn't mean to be cross. Now, what will we have after the creamed oysters?"

"I suppose a chicken salad or something like that would be all right," said Mrs. Gilmartin rather doubtfully, "and we ought to have a stuffed tomato, although that seems awfully common and ordinary for a birthday party. You know the Pritchards always turn the whole thing over to Robbem, who has that caterer's place near them, whenever they have anything sort of formal—a birthday or a holiday party like this, you know."

"What do we want of a caterer to get up supper for four people?" demanded Mr. Gilmartin. "You can get away with it in great shape with Hilda to help you out."

"Oh, I didn't mean for us to get Robbem," she said, glancing at him from beneath her lashes. "I was just telling you how easy it is for them. Mrs. Pritchard says it's absurd for people to go to the expense of hiring a caterer for a small affair unless they have plenty of money."

Mr. Gilmartin stood up and took a turn across the floor.

"Oh, she does, does she?" he said defiantly. "Is that so? Well, you just go over to Robbem's tomorrow and put the whole thing in his hands and quit worrying. I guess we can stand for it about as easily as Al Pritchard can."

Mrs. Gilmartin dropped her sewing to the floor with a delightful little squeal, ran around the table and threw both arms around his neck.

"Oh, you old dear," she cooed, "that's just what I wanted you to say all along!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Queer Attack.

"Some people can stand on the top of a high building and look down," said Mrs. Lapsing, "but I can't. It always gives me an attack of verdigris."—Chicago Tribune.

Cutting.

Hubby (modestly)—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me. Wifey (sarcastically)—Is that so? You were taken by mistake, if anything.—Kansas City Journal.

TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE.

The Mosquitoes of Africa Are Worse Than the Lions.

"The African mosquitoes intoxicate you. They inject so much poison into you that you are dazed, your eyes roll and you stagger and speak thickly. In a word, you're drunk," said a missionary.

"In the Nyassa country I'd always start getting ready for bed and the mosquitoes an hour before sunset. I'd set up my mosquito net with the utmost care. I'd clamp down its edges with valises and boxes. I'd light inside it three green wood fires, filling it with a bitter smoke that all insects are supposed to loathe.

"Finally I'd get in myself. I'd smoke big pipes of the black native tobacco, and I'd long miserably in that hot, smoky atmosphere for the dawn.

"Despite all my precautions quite 200 or 300 mosquitoes would get inside my net as soon as darkness fell. They were like a whirlwind in there. It couldn't have been worse. Their noise and their nipping made me feverish—made me really delirious at times.

"At last, in exhaustion, I'd get a few hours of troubled sleep, awakening for breakfast drunk from the poison injected by hundreds of tiny needles into my veins.

"No; it isn't the elephants or the giraffes that trouble the African hunter, but the skeeters."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MISSED ONE POINT.

The Lady Told Him What More He Could Have Said.

"I am going to tell you the truth about yourself," he said.

"Go on," said the young and ambitious actress.

"I have in my time had rare opportunities to observe beautiful, graceful and talented women, and I violate no confidence in saying that you are the queen of them all. You unite in your lovely person that peculiar magnetism which lays audiences at your feet. Your genius, shining through all the deficiencies of stagecraft, enables you to triumph over every obstacle. So supreme are you that you have the right to rise above all conventionalities, to marry, to love, to discard whom you please, and no one will dare to criticise. Your work will live. You are the very personification of the highest art. United with this your perfection of beauty gives you the just title to a lasting fame."

"Is all that true?" she asked softly.

"Absolutely. Would you have me say more? What more could I say?"

She sighed.

"You might," she answered, "have mentioned my clothes and my figure."—Puck.

Disinterested.

Lord Monboddo, an eminent member of the Scotch judiciary and one of the clear cut figures in Boswell's immortal "Life of Johnson," was a great beau in his youth and in his later years a brilliant and learned if whimsical man.

He was a friend of the Garricks and one day was their guest at their villa at Hampton Court when Hannah More was also visiting there. They were walking together in the garden when his lordship astonished the fair and sprightly Hannah by a declaration of love and an offer of his heart and hand. Meeting with a positive refusal, he soon returned to the house and made a clean breast of it to Mrs. Garrick.

"I am very sorry for this refusal," he said in conclusion. "I should have liked so much to teach that nice girl Greek."

Our Languages.

What a lot of languages we talk, even if we talk only English! I was assailed by a man across the luncheon table with a language about a cup tle final and confessed that it was quite unintelligible. Then another man talked about golf, which is another language. And then the woman's language elbows these columns

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1909

CHOATE HOSPITAL DEDICATED.

The dedication of Charles Choate Memorial Hospital, located on Warren avenue, at 3 30 o'clock on last Tuesday afternoon, June 29, 1909, was an event of too much importance to Woburn to be soon or easily banished from memory.

The dedicatory exercises, which took place in the rooms of the commodious and finely appointed building, were brief, simple and appropriate, and consisted of a prayer by Rev. Henry C. Parker of the Unitarian church, and brief addresses by Robert Chalmers, M. D.; Hon. Daniel W. Bond, Mayor of Woburn; and Mr. E. E. Silver, President of the Woburn Charitable Association, the proceedings being carried through under the direction of a committee of the Directors composed of Elwyn G. Preston, chairman; James Skinner, John W. Johnson, John G Maguire, Charlie A. Jones, and E E. Silver.

At the conclusion of this ceremony, at 4 o'clock p. m., the spacious and beautiful Hospital grounds and remodeled buildings were thrown open for public inspection, and the opportunity was eagerly embraced by not less than 1,000 people who spent the time until 6 o'clock in examining the various rooms, under the direction of competent guides; in rambling over the premises and enjoying the cool, refreshing breezes, for which the Hospital is admirably situated.

The site contains five acres of land divided into smooth lawns, flower and vegetable gardens, shade trees, and clumps of shrubbery, forming one of the most beautiful and desirable spots for the benefit of patients and the restoration to health that can anywhere else be found. The multitude of ladies and gentlemen delighted themselves in wandering around over the grounds, but not more so perhaps, than in partaking of the refreshments that were supplied in abundant measure by the generous working committee. The refreshments were dispensed by a committee of ladies, of which Mrs. A. H. Holland was chairman. After everybody had been liberally helped many baskets of fragments were left.

The Woburn Brass Band played for the reception, and added materially to the pleasures of the occasion which proved to be one of the most notable, in every respect, that has taken place in this city for many a year.

Notwithstanding the outside attractions—the music, flowers, cool breezes, cake and punch—many people were attracted to the interior arrangements, the rooms and their furnishings, with which satisfaction was expressed, and praise on the Managers generously bestowed. A bronze tablet in the hallway afforded information on the furnishings. From this it was learned that those of the men's ward were donated by Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner; Mrs. John M. Harlow gave the equipment for the operating rooms; Mrs. Mary E. Putney of Putney, Georgia, furnished the west ward; the south ward was furnished by Mrs. Dr. Frank W. Graves; Mr. and Mrs. A. E Gage and Anna E Gage furnished the office and Superintendent's rooms; Morlie A Burnes the diningroom; east ward by Mrs. Carrie G. DeLoriea—all In Memoriam; and Mr. Edward Caldwell supplied everything necessary for the entire third floor.

Towards defraying the cost of changing and fitting up the building the churches, religious, benevolent, fraternal societies and clubs, schools, etc., of this city have contributed generously, and individual donations are counted by scores. The result is a Hospital that Woburn may well feel proud of.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH"

The 133d anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence falling this year on Sunday, its observance is to take place on Monday, July 5.

In this city the celebration will be a modest, but no less patriotic, affair, the order of exercises, arranged by the Mayor Bond's Fourth of July Committee, to be ubout the same as in former years.

The City provides an entertainment with cake, lemonade and icecream for the children; two band concerts, one each for morning and evening; and ball playing, in which prizes are offered to winners.

That is about the extent of the celebration in this city.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Star Keyes—Citation.
E. F. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
National Bank—Statement.
City—Weight and Measures.

— The days have decreased in length 4 minutes.

— The Central House property was not sold last Saturday as advertised.

— Mr. and Mrs. William Beggs sailed for Europe last Saturday on the Cymric.

— The family of Mr. Wallace Parkin are at their summer home at Salem Willows for the season.

— Harold P. Johnson, Esq., and bride are nicely settled in their pleasant home on Fairmount street.

— Anxious enquiries are afloat as to the whereabouts and whatabouts of Woburn's famous Civic League.

— Judge E. F. Johnson was compelled to postpone the sale of the John R. Carter homestead last Saturday.

— The law passed this year requiring dealers in cigarettes to post certain notices in their stores takes effiect today

— Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue went to North Weare, N. H., yesterday to visit her daughter Minnie.

— Rev. H. C. Parker of the Unitarian church is going to have a good long vacation this time, if he never has another.

— Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor of Pleasant street go to Franklin Falls, N. H., tomorrow, where the lady and daughter Marion are to spend the present summer.

— The Gabalotte Club went down to Plymouth last Saturday to see the rock on which the Pilgrims landed several years ago.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charlie A. Jones and Miss Rosanna Tidd attended the graduation exercises at Waterville, Maine, of Colby College this week.

— Mr. Henry McMahon, a graduate from the JOURNAL office in the early 80s, and a leading Boston printer, is quite ill at his home on Main street.

— The liviest spot in this city during the recent hot spell was the soda fountain at Whitcher's drugstore. It was kept on the jump every minute of every day.

— At the annual meeting of the Alumni at the N. E. Conservatory of Music last week Mr. F. Percyval Lewis was elected Auditor of the Association.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The balloon that ascended at Fitchburg at 5 o'clock last Saturday p. m. landed on Mr. C. Johnson's farm in the west part of Woburn at 7.30 same evening.

— William F. Kenney of the Boston *Globe* was included in the group picture of eminent gentlemen who welcomed the return of Archbishop O'Connell to Boston from Rome last Monday.

— Class '09 had splendid weather for their reception last Wednesday evening. Circumstances over which we had no control prevented our using the "comps" kindly forwarded to us by the considerate managers.

— Miss Ellie Shaw of the Highlands, and Miss Cameron, both teachers at New Paultz, N. Y., sailed from Boston on the Allen line on Friday last for Glasgow, intending to visit Scotland, England and France.

— First Church of Christ Scientist will discontinue the Sunday School and Wednesday evening meetings during the months of July and August. Also the Reading Room in Savings Bank Building will be closed to be opened again Sept. 1st.

— The School Board judiciously determined not to hold grammar school graduating exercises. In lieu thereof, or, perhaps, in the regular order of things, we do not know which, the pupils of those schools received diplomas—"only that and nothing more."

— At certain hours from sunrise to sunset every day from June 21 to June 27 the degree of heat measured in this city from 92 to 98, and was the hottest week ever experienced in this part of the State. A sudden change of the wind on Sunday, June 27, broke the spell.

— This is the 46th anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, when General Lee and his great army were defeated by the valor and good shooting of the "Boys in Blue," and the Southern Confederacy received a wound from which it died less than two years after.

— At a Town meeting the other evening the Boston, Lowell & Lawrence Butler Ames's scheme, was voted down at Winchester by a vote of 167 to 15. What will the Woburn City Council do about it? It built, will the road have a station in Woburn? If so, where?

— Smith & Varney, the leading jewelers and silversmiths of this city, were given nearly all of the patronage Class '09 had to bestow in the jewelry line, and right well pleased and satisfied they were at the square deal this popular firm gave them. Patronise home industries.

— Mrs. Edward Shea of Salem street and baby go to Orrs Island, Casco Bay, next week for a season of rest and recreation. They will be accompanied to the Island by the husband and father, Mr. Edward Shea, with whose brother and family Mrs. Maggie is to visit.

— A few days ago Mr. A. W. Whitcher, the druggist, received from a special committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company a copy of the resolutions on the death of Col. William E. Grammar, adopted by the Company, of which Col. Grammar was a respected member.

— Last Friday Principal Whitney of the Rumford School announced the names of Margaret Elizabeth McDermott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McDermott; and Walter Elsworth Hooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hooper, as the pupils worthy to receive the awards of the Tidd scholarships.

— Boston had laid the flattering unction to its soul that it had banished the browntail moth from its confines forever; and now the people of that city are complaining that the moths are thicker than ever there. The JOURNAL repeats for the —th time that neither the gypsy nor browntails can be exterminated.

— Mr. Frederick P. Brooks, who sold out his apothecary establishment in this city a few months ago, after successfully conducting it several years, has reestablished himself in the same line of business by purchasing a first-class drugstore at Norwood, a flourishing town in Norfolk county, 15 miles from Boston. Norwood gains a good citizen at Woburn's expense.

— About the middle of the afternoon last Monday a furious downpower of rain of about 15 minutes duration snapped the heated term and changed the complexion of things to a most delightful extent. To be sure it was pretty tepid after the rain, but the evening was cool and comfortable, and on Tuesday morning cooler weather prevailed.

— The sudden and radical change of temperature last Sunday was a great blessing to the churches; it enabled many people to attend them who, otherwise, would have been compelled, however reluctantly, to remain at home and forego the intellectual pleasures and spiritual edification furnished by able sermons and highly trained church choirs. We heard that Rev. Mr. Herrick of the M. E. church preached to a good house.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— Roland B. Dow was awarded extra honors with his Harvard A. B.

— The drouth continues, and all good people are praying for rain.

— Dr. and Mrs. Seth W. Kelley attended graduation exercises at Dartmouth college last week.

— Be it remembered that the first liberal minded citizen to supply a free bed, for one year, was Mr. Julius F. Ramsdell of Arlington Road.

— Dr. S. W. Kelley has been assigned as attending physician at the Hospital for July and August with Dr. R. E. Conlon as alternate. The surgical department is assigned to Dr. Robert Chalmers with Dr. J. P. Carroll as alternate.

— It should likewise be stated that Class '09, W. H. S., bought of the Boston Sculpture Co., a fine replica, in plaster, of Joan of Arc, and presented it to the School. It is a fine piece of work, and its purchase amounts to the same as though it had been made here at home, for Clifford Buchanan and Louis H. Dow, stockholders and officers of the Sculpture Co., are natives of Woburn.

— The following prominent society people attended the garden party given by the Senior class of Wellesley College, of which Esther Bean is a member, last Saturday: Ex Mayor and Mrs. Blodgett, Miss Rachel Blodgett, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Dow, Mr. and Mrs. William Fox, Miss Mildred Fox, Mrs. Eames, Miss Lena Wilkins, Messrs. George F. and Stephen Bean, Roland Dow, Roger Eaton, Harold K. Munroe.

— We've got through saying sour and disagreeable things about the East Wind. Last Sunday fetched us round to think a great deal better of that much abused subject, and to regard it more as a boon than an affliction. Suddenly on Sunday forenoon the wind changed to the east and broke the highest heat record that ever was experienced in these parts, and everybody let it blow on them and blessed it. It was a cold East Wind too—just the kind we were all praying for.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols has been at his summer residence on Littlejohn Island in Casco Bay of late. His brother, Mr. John Nichols, also has a cottage on that Island which he is occupying this season. The Island is delightfully situated a few miles below Portland Harbor, near the mainland, amid scores of other islands, many of which are occupied as summer resorts. There is no section of the New England Coast that surpasses Casco Bay for beauty, health and hot weather comfort.

— It is very seldom that a common sort of Country Editor gets for a present from the finest girl in town a stylish, uptodate Boston bouquet, almost as large over as one of grandmother's pewter platters, in colors a picture of the rainbow, and as sweet as cinnamon and roses; but that was the kind of floral present Miss Lou Merrill brought out from the North Station to the JOURNAL Editor last Wednesday evening, and gracefully presented to him. The gift was thankfully received.

— Chester E Singer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Singer, former residents of Franklin street, this city and grandson of Mr and Mrs. Frank Charman of Main street, was one of the graduates at the Oakland, (Calif.) Polytechnic College this week and received a diploma for the full course of studies, which he completed in 9 months. He has accepted a responsible position in the office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. Co., San Francisco. This bright young man received his educational start in the Woburn schools.

— A large number of Woburn people, young gentlemen and ladies, principally, were in Cambridge on Harvard Class Day last Friday and participated in the joys of that great occasion. There must have been scores of invited guests at the tables of Roland B. Dow, Harvard '09, son of Mr. Herbert B. Dow, Chairman of the Woburn School Board, himself a collegian. Roland graduated from the Woburn High School and four years ago entered Harvard, from which he graduates this week. He is said to be a very promising young man, with plenty of good friends.

— Our esteemed contemporary, the Woburn *News*, a perfectly reliable publication, except politically, informs us, Editorially, that H. S. Class '09, which graduated, with great credit, last Monday evening, expended every cent of their graduating money right here at home. For that they deserved the highest honors, and did receive hearty praise from every Woburn well-wisher. For several weeks past the JOURNAL has been asking the Class to have their printing done by Woburn printers; to buy their graduating rings and other jewelry of Woburn dealers; have their photographing done by home artists; and at every point, where possible, patronise local business concerns. This, the *News* says, they did, and the JOURNAL glories in their spunk, and warmly approbates their loyalty to Woburn.

Cummingsville.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of this village celebrated the 9th anniversary of their organization last Friday evening, June 25, in a pleasant and interesting manner. There was a large attendance. Addresses were delivered by several city church pastors; there was fine music, and excellent refreshments.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures hot, tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet and makes walking easy. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. All druggists 25 cts. Don't accept any substitute.

HUTCHINS—ALDRICH.

The Woburn JOURNAL announces with especial pleasure that Miss Gladys Frankstord Aldrich, daughter of Ex-Representative and Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich, a graduate of Smith College '03, and George Amasa Hutchins, Bates '95, Submaster of the Melrose High School, were married at the Aldrich home, 101 Montvale avenue, at 7.30 P. M., June 30, by Rev. Henry C. Parker.

Miss Bertha P. Trull, Smith '03, was Maid of Honor, and Ralph P. True of Amesbury was Best Man.

A largely attended reception was held, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Aldrich assisting. The Ushers were Julian C Woodman of Melrose, Harvard Law School '99, Forest Brown of Amesbury, Dartmouth '92, and Raymond W. Aldrich, Harvard '03. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins will live in Melrose after Nov. 1.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Drowned In Horn Pond.

Dr. Wilford D. McDonald of Boston, 32 years old, was drowned near Ironton Island in Horn Pond shortly after midnight last Saturday night or Sunday morning. He and his friend, Dr. B. M. Hutchinson of South Bend, Indiana, had spent the evening here in company with Mr. Joseph McGoff of Highland street, a medical student, and the three were cooling off at Hudson's Grove on Arlington Road.

His challenge to the others for a swim being declined the Doctor disrobed and entered the water. He swam to the Island and back; turned to repeat it, against the advice of his companions, and was never again seen alive. Becoming alarmed at his long absence, Hutchinson and McGoff began a search for Dr. McDonald, and failing to find him sent for police Kean, Roche and Rooney promptly responded, by whom measures were taken to find the body, which were kept up all day Sunday and Monday, but up to Tuesday noon without success.

Children's 4th of July.

The Committee in charge of the Entertainment for Children in Lyceum Hall, on July 4th, consisting of Aldermen George F. Eaton, chairman, Fred J. Brown, Harold P. Johnson, Edward E Lynch, and Thomas H. Cannon, have completed their arrangements, which are as follows:

The Hall will be open at 8.00 A. M., for the admission of children fourteen (14) years of age and under.

The Entertainment to begin at 8 30 sharp.

The doors will be closed, and no one admitted after 8 45 A. M.

At the conclusion of the Entertainment, each child will be served with icecream.

Parents with small children will be admitted to care for them.

A Liberal Education.

The people of Boston and vicinity will be given a rare treat this autumn. An electrical show will be held in Mechanics Building during the two weeks from November 15 to 27th, inclusive. Electric shows have been held in Chicago and New York during the past years and they have attracted people, it can be truly said, from all over the world. There is no show, no form of entertainment, few courses of study in the public schools, that afford greater educational opportunities. Supplementing the public school, or any of the special investigations that thousands of bright young people are engaged in now, the value of the electric show cannot be estimated. It will afford magnificent opportunity.

Paragon Park.

There are thousands of patrons who visit Paragon Park and the Palm Garden regularly, some of them every week, and a surprisingly large number of the regular beach population, which at the height of the season is over 5000, consider that their evening or afternoon is incomplete without a stroll around the lagoon, taking in the band concerts and the free circus acts and the grand electrical illumination at night, with at least one call at the Palm Garden for refreshments.

These evening trips will make a special appeal the coming days, for added to the electric illuminating the moon is now appearing over the lagoon as if a part of the beautiful Venetian setting, and the trip home becomes a veritable moonlight excursion.

RICHMOND PARK SOLD.

Last week the residential property on Warren avenue known as Richmond Park, one of the finest locations in Woburn, was sold as follows:

No. 1 consisting of one-family house and 8,713 square feet of land, extending to and bounded by Warren avenue, the whole being assessed for $3,500. Margaret J. Caulfield, the purchaser, will occupy.

No. 2 consisting of one-family house and 3,536 square feet of land, having a total assessment of $2,400 to a purchaser whose name is withheld until the final papers have passed.

No. 5 a one family house and 2,678 square feet of land, assessed for $1,500 sold to Neise Larson, who bought for occupancy.

No. 7 consisting of one-family house and 2,761 feet of land, having a total assessment of $2,500, to John J. Doherty, who will occupy.

No. 8 comprising a one-family house and 2,239 square feet of land, assessed for $2,400, to Oscar Peterson, who will make various additions and improvements and occupy as a home.

Mr. Hammond reports that this completes the sale by him of all the property on Richmond Park, Woburn, owned by the Richmond estate and consisting of six one-family houses and 43,500 square feet of land.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

For the week of July 5th at Keith's Theatre there will be an all round vaudeville such as has never been given before this season, with one big spectacular feature, "The Boys in Blue," which will be particularly adaptable for the holiday. This is one of the best and largest companies that has ever attempted military manœuvres on the stage. One of the leading features is a battle in which forts are battered and warships sunk, while the drilling and wall scaling of the men will surpass anything previously done in this line.

W. H. S. Graduation.

Class '09 graduated from the Woburn High School last Monday evening, June 28, 1909, at Lyceum Hall, in the presence of a large and cultivated audience. The weather was credited with a few empty seats, but they were not numerous, and the comfort of the large, airy Hall was appreciated by the spectators, as well as by the school and Board of Education.

Properly, decorations of the Hall, which used to cut an important figure in the graduation exercises a few years ago, were conspicuous by their absence, the same being reserved for the Class Reception, which was held in the same rooms on Wednesday evening, at which Miss Dorothy M. Coburn was Class Historian and Miss Mary M. Marrinan Class Prophet. Mr. Frank E. Hickey is Class President. The Class Motto was: "Virtue is the safest shield."

Dorothy Blake and Byron W. Grimes were the winners of the Tidd Scholarships, and richly deserved the valuable prizes, although the entire Class showed fine scholarship and the possession in a marked degree of the manly and womanly qualities demanded by Mr. Tidd's donation. There were some official dignitaries present.

We print the program that the "gentle reader" may see for himself what was done, and how.

The productions of Miss Ethel A. Wallace, daughter of Ex-Ald. John M. Wallace, printer, and wife, one of the brightest and most amiable "sweet girl graduates" in town, as valedictorian; and Byron W. Grimes, son of Editor Grimes of the Woburn *Times*, Salutatorian; deserve for their superior literary merit, more than a passing notice, but extreme heat and a multiplicity of reportorial duties must be our excuse for failing to gratify the public in this regard.

The address was made by Frederick William Hamilton, A. M., D. D., L. L. D., President of Tufts College. It was pronounced by the audience an able discourse, brilliant in some parts, and altogether instructive and entertaining.

Mayor D. W. Bond delivered the diplomas in an easy agreeable manner. He has many friends, but made large additions to the list by his kind eulogistic remarks on the late Master Owen, to whose learning and conscientious application to the discharge of his pedagogic tasks, elevated our High School to the enviable position it now occupies.

The vocal and instrumental music by the school was good. The following was the program:

Mighty Jehovah — School Chorus
Salutatory — Byron W. Grimes
"The Miller's Wooing" — School Chorus
Address
Frederick W. Hamilton, D.D., L.L.D.
President of Tufts College
Valedictory — Ethel A. Wallace
Presentation of diplomas
Hon. Daniel W. Bond
"The Beautiful Blue Danube"
School Chorus and Orchestra
"Under The Double Eagle"
School Orchestra

THE GRADUATES.

Dorothy Blake, Dorothy M. Coburn, Edna H. Nichols, Madeline L. Taylor, Isabelle G Bellew, Edith D. Bezanson, Lillian E. Breslin, Helen E. Buck, Chester D. Caldwell, Alice L. Callahan, Daniel F. Callahan, Harold L. Childs, Theresa E. Coursey, Emma F. Duggan, Evelyn P. Farris, John H. Finn, Jr. Madeline M. Flood, Sadie L. Folan, William H. Forbes, Byron W. Grimes, Catherine D. Hartnett, Frank E. Hickey, Margaret S. Jones, Anna A. Maguire, James M. Maguire, Mary M. Marrinan, Andrew J. Mawn, Mary L. McGowan, Anna M. Meehan, Lillian J. Murray, Edith J. Nelson, Kenneth C. Parker, Charles A. Patterson, Anna E. Powers, Susan B. Quinn, Lottie C. Rice, Eaton F. Sleeper, Margaret A. Sweeney, Charles E. Trull, Marguerite Yates

The honor pupils were Ethel A. Wallace, Byron Grimes, Edna H. Nichols, Dorothy M. Coburn, Mary M. Marrinan, Dorothy Blake, Madeline L. Taylor, Evelyn P. Farris, Theresa E. Coursey, Margaret S. Jones, Andrew J. Mawn and Frank E. Hickey.

Courtship in the North.

The old Eskimo lit a cup of walrus oil and peered over the seaskin curtain.

"Aurora," he called, sharply, "is that young man down there yet?"

"Yes, pa," answered the Eskimo belle.

"Well, I want you to cut him out, understand?"

"Er—you'll have to do it yourself, pa. He has been here so long he is frozen to the snow settee."—Success Magazine.

Qualified.

The great magazine editor sneered.

"What right have you," he asked, "to think you'll ever make a poet?"

"Well, sir," the youth said timidly, "I've been fasting man in a sideshow for the last two seasons."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No man is wise at all times.—Pliny the Elder.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 15, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Mary Estes Anthony of Woburn, in said County, minor.

WHEREAS, Jennie M. Washington, the guardian of said ward, has presented for allowance, her account as guardian upon the estate of said ward:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty seventh day of July, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be allowed.

And said guardian is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

J 2 9 16

ROBERT ADAM.

He Created a New Era In English Architecture.

Robert Adam (1728-92) was to English architecture what Benvenuto Cellini was to that of Italy. He was architect to the king, beloved at court, a member of parliament, and it was said of him that he "could not help adorning all that he touched." Those of the English people who dwell in Adam houses prize them as rare jewels.

Adam introduced into English architecture a lightness, delicacy of touch and charm of proportion which it had never before possessed and which gave his name to that splendid period of architecture the style of which lasted over a century. Everything in a house, from the panel in a ceiling to the vases and gilt wood tripods and branches for lights, from hangings at the windows to a woman's hairpin holder, Adam designed himself.

Adam got his rich, beautiful and distinctive style from the ruins of the Emperor Diocletian, at Spalato. As a finish to interiors he conceived the idea of using figures in relief upon walls, colored and adorned according to Raphael's Stanze painted flat upon the walls of the Vatican. His idea was as bold as its result was beautiful. He also adopted Pompeiian styles of decoration.

"Adam was artist as well as architect, and his walls, ceilings and interior adornments are marvels of harmonious colors," says an architect. "He employed no less personages than Angelica Kaufman and Zucchi to paint many of the panels and medallions let into his ceilings, and it was his habit to have carpets woven to match the pattern overhead and harmonize with the color there employed. The keynote of Adam's style is 'movement,' combined with perfect artistic fitness, and it is peculiar for its grace and statelliness."—New York Tribune.

QUITE FOGGY.

It Must Have Been Pretty Thick Back In the Old Days.

"Yaas, it's foggy—quite foggy," said Hezekiah Torpyhue, filling his pipe and puffing vigorously on the stem. "But it ain't nothin' to the fog we had back in seventy-nine. By gorry, boys, but that was a fog, an' no mistake! Why, it was so thick that when I went out to the barn one night to feed the animals I had to git three o' the farm hands to come along behind me an' push me through it."

"Yaas," said Hiram Wigley, the egg king, "that was some fog. I remember that there seventy-nine affair very well, but it warn't a marker alongside o' the two we had in seventy-eight, when me an' Joe Sillsbee had to take a plow to cut our way through to the henhouse, an', by ginger, when we got there we found the hens a-settin' on it instid of on their nests, an' some o' 'em laid eggs right on to it like as though it was made o' hay, b'gosh!"

"Yaas," put in old Granther Smoggs, the village patriarch, "them there two fogs was dandies, an' everything you fellers says about 'em is gospel trewth, but fer real fog ye'd oughter been around here back in my young days. I tell ye they was solid, them days. Why, we boys used to set on the fence down in front o' the little chapel an' make fog balls outen 'em an' peg 'em at people as they went by. Seems to me I ain't seen no fogs sence that time that we could make snowballs out of. Have you, Bill?"—Chicago News.

The Laborer and His Hire.

At a conference in New York of foreign missions boards reference was made to the increased cost of living of missionaries home on leave, which made it harder for them to get along than if they stayed in their foreign field of labor.

"Why," said the speaker, "a missionary must travel decently, and that reminds me of a story of Mr. Spurgeon and a fellow clergyman. The two were just starting on a railway journey and Mr. Spurgeon's friend showed him a second class ticket.

"'See,' said he, 'what good care I take of the Lord's money.'

"'See,' said Mr. Spurgeon, bringing out a first class ticket, 'what good care I take of the Lord's servant.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Don's Opinion.

Fashion is as inexorable in men's as in women's dress. The undergraduate is perhaps the most telling example of this. It was so even a century ago, when Oxford led the way in adopting the new nankeen trousers that were to supersede tight breeches and top boots. Just about that period a don of Trinity met an undergraduate arrayed in all the splendor of the new fashion. "Young man," said the don severely, "you will come to no good. You wear nankeen trousers and keep a dog." The young man afterward became Dr. Sumner and bishop of Winchester.—London Chronicle.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

How the Animal Is Captured Alive In the Sudan.

There is a vast difference between the hunter who kills for pleasure and the hunter whose business it is to capture his quarry alive. How live hippopotamuses are secured is particularly interesting. Two methods are resorted to.

The so called hawati, or water hunters, of the Sudan, all of whom are excellent and daring swimmers, harpoon their victims at the noon hour, when they are sunk in deep slumber. Then they pull them to the bank by means of a cord attached to the harpoon and there make them fast. The hunters use for this a special kind of harpoon, made in such a way that it does not make a deep wound. Fully three quarters of the hippopotamuses exhibited in Europe have been captured in this way.

Hippopotamus hunts are also conducted on land. There advantage is taken of the fact that the female hippopotamus makes her young walk in front of her. The reason for this is that the beast, being well protected in the rear by its abnormally thick skin, prefers to have its offspring in front where it can guard them better against danger. But in spite of its affection for its children the mother hippo has no particular desire to meet danger when it comes. So the hunters dig large pits in the forest, cover them over until they are fully concealed and then lie in wait near by. Presently a female hippopotamus comes along with her child trotting before her. Suddenly, without warning, the young one disappears before its mother's eyes. This is too much for the old animal. She dashes away, leaving the little one at the mercy of its enemies. —Wide World Magazine.

Large Users and Small Users

A WELL DEVELOPED telephone system is the consensus of many desires, not the narrow reflection of the wishes of some individual or group of individuals.

In planning such a service it is necessary to have many different classes of rates, so that it may be placed within the means of everyone. Each subscriber to the service, be he large user or small user, adds strength and value to the whole.

To realize this interdependence—to emphasize the value of a service connecting all classes of users—and to offer its product (telephone service) in lots suited to the needs of all classes—this has been the effort of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

That its forecast of possibilities has been verified, that its campaign of education has been effective, and that its distribution of classes of service to meet varied requirements has been approved, needs no argument other than the repetition of this conclusive fact—310,000 telephones connected to its system.

If you are not represented among the 310,000 telephones now connected with the New England Telephone and Telepraph Company's system, let us show you how a telephone would be helpful.

If you don't need one, your wife may. Count the steps it will save, the comfort it will bring, the emergency service it will render, and you will say a residence telephone at our rates is an economical investment.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Call the Local Manager.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 21, David B. Clark, aged 64 years, 11 months, 9 days.

In this city, June 23, Margaret McDermott, aged 3 months, 18 days.

In this city, June 25, Elizabeth W. Gallagher, aged 64 years.

In this city, June 24, Emeline S. Rice, aged 57 years, 2 months, 18 days.

In Boston, June 26, Hugh Connors of Woburn, aged 68 years.

In this city, June 27, Abby Hart, aged 61 years.

In this city, June 27, Adeline G. Partridge, aged 87 years, 9 months, 7 days.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, June 23, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$142,945.63
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	25,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	8,075.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	330,902.88
Due from approved reserve agents	55,856.04
Notes of other National Banks	1,620.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	201.61
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz.: Specie 24,057.90	
Legal tender notes 3,790.00	27,847.90
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	5,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer	5,200.00
Total	$702,649.06

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	29,050.43
National Bank notes outstanding	98,995.00
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	17,641.71
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	20,370.56
Dividends unpaid	129.00
Individual deposits subject to check	414,604.36
Demand certificates of deposit	1,757.50
Certified Checks	10.00
Total	$702,649.06

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

I, EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1909.

H. P. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
L. W. THOMPSON,
WM. E. BLODGETT,
ROBERT CHALMERS,
Directors.

CITY OF WOBURN.

DEPARTMENT OF

Weights and Measures.

Woburn, Mass. June 30, 1909

Notice is hereby given to all public weighers, and to all persons, firms and corporations using scales, weights and measures in buying or selling goods, wares, merchandise or other commodities in the City of Woburn to bring in such scales, weights and measures and have them sealed.

The sealer will be at his office Basement of Court House Tuesday evenings from 7 to 8.30 and Friday afternoons from 3 to 4.30 o'clock.

GEORGE F. HOSMER,
Sealer of Weights and Measures.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed executrices of the will of Almira P. Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

MARY A. CARTER, } Executrices
ADA D. CARTER, }
6 Bennett Street.

Woburn, June 24, 1909.

To Edwin E. Graves and Grace E. Graves, both of Woburn:

You are hereby notified that for breach of condition thereof, it is my intention to foreclose the mortgage of personal property made by you to me dated January 14, 1907, recorded with records of Personal Mortgages in the Clerk's office of the City of Woburn, Book 16, Page 552.

LOUIS O. TRUDEAU.

Woburn, June 12, 1909.

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 50,334 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner at Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 50 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R. Carter of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John M. Harlow, Trustee under the will of Charles Choate, late of said Woburn, deceased, dated May 24, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2399, Page 385, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Thursday, July 29, A. D. 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, (exclusive of the parcel heretofore released therefrom) namely: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about one and one-half acres, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Main street, at land of heirs of Benj. Frankford Trull, from thence the line runs southerly, by and with said Main street, one hundred fifty and 73-100 feet to a stake at land of Burdett; thence turning, the line runs easterly on land of Burdett, one hundred fifty-four and 27-100 feet to a stake; thence turning, the line runs south, 9° 50' east on land of Burdett, one hundred six and 16-100 feet to Mishawum Road, formerly New Boston Street; thence turning, the line runs northeasterly, by and with said Mishawum Road, twenty

20 per cent Saving on Your BREAKFAST CEREALS

Quaker Toasted Corn Flakes 8c. package.
Mazall Toasted Corn Flakes 5c. package.
Cream of Wheat, 12c. package.
Shredded Wheat, 10c. package.

Why Do You Pay More?

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242 3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER.
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 6.45, 6.15, 6 45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2 15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10 45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6 45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1 45 P M; then every half hour until 10 15 PM 10 45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

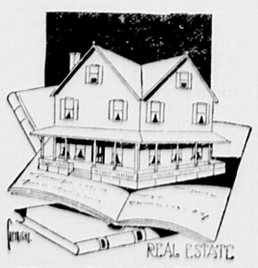
Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10 45 P. M., 11 15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9 45 A M then every half hour until 10 15 P M 10 45, 11.15, 11 45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50 cts. at Druggists

WINCHESTER.

Many Winchester people are travelling in Europe this summer.

Wilson of the *Star* gave our schools all they could reasonably ask for in the way of publicity last week.

Nobody in this town seems to have the least idea of when, where, or how the grade crossing question is to be settled, if ever.

Our schools feel the resignation of Principal Lovering as a great blow. He has been at the head of the High a good many years, and is a fine man and teacher.

Congressman McCall is sweating and sizzling at his post in Washington, and doing all he can to save the country that he feels pretty soon is going to the "demuition bowwas" about as fast as possible.

About the usual preparations for celebrating the "Glorious Fourth" are in progress here. As to the manner of spending the day individual programs will differ but little from those of former years.

The Press Club, Suburban, or otherwise, dubbed by some narrowminded people, "The Editorial Mutual Admiration Society," held their council at Athol the other day. I do not know whether the several able Editors of Winchester attended, or not.

At the Town Meeting last Monday evening a proposition to favor the Boston, Lowell and Lawrence Street Railway scheme was voted down by a vote of 167 to 25. Congressman McCall and Hon. Samuel J. Elder made telling speeches against it. It is a wild impracticable scheme, anyway.

I don't know that others have remarked it, but I have been struck for several weeks past with the uniform faultfinding of our local newspaper correspondents. You seldom see one of them commending the productions of any of the others, or endorsing the ideas of the other writers; but it is always criticism, condemnation, and making light of their superiors. Isn't it so?

Edwin N. Lovering, Principal of the Winchester High School, at his own request has been made Principal Emeritus. He will continue in charge of the Latin department, while the general management of the school will be in the hands of a new Principal, E. O. Wixom, for the last three years Principal of the High School at Oneanta, N. Y. Mr. Lovering has been engaged in school work for over thirty years, of which twenty-two years have been spent as Principal in Winchester.

KILLED THE JAGUAR.

The Terrible Boa Constrictor of the Mexican Jungle.

I had been traveling for about an hour, trying to locate the source of the Santa Rita and winning every inch of ground by hacking and slashing with the machete, when I was startled by a most fearful scream, which seemed to come from somewhere immediately behind me. Turning round and looking back over the trail I had just made, I saw a great commotion taking place among the vines, dead leaves and decaying branches which carpeted the ground, and the blood-curdling screams I had heard rang out again and again. Returning a little nearer, I discovered a "tiger," or, properly speaking, a jaguar or American leopard, and it was writhing in the coils of an enormous boa constrictor. The great snake appeared to have the side of the jaguar's head in its mouth and a coil or two of its body around the neck of the beast, which was making frantic efforts to regain its liberty. The snake had its tail coiled round a small ebony tree about a foot in diameter, and whenever the hapless jaguar relaxed its efforts the serpent would swiftly release itself from the tree and make an attempt to get another coil around the body of its opponent.

I stood there fascinated with horror and yet forgetting my fear in the interest I was taking in this terrible fight between beast and reptile. Presently the snake with an incomprehensively quick movement succeeded in getting two more coils around the body of the jaguar, but not without receiving severe laceration from the formidable claws of its victim. Then, letting go the jaguar's head, where it seemed to have a firm hold, the boa constrictor raised its head seemingly in triumph and, with its tail still wrapped round the tree, lifted the body of the jaguar up in the air. I heard the bones crack under the fearful strain, and with one awful, despairing scream the jaguar fell back, dead!—World Wide Magazine.

Professional Relics.

Doctor (to lawyer going through the medical museum)—Your profession does not offer any opportunity for the collection of professional relics. Lawyer—I am not so sure about that. I have a unique collection of family skeletons at my office.—Puck.

Testing Dear Little Fido's Milk.

"Algy, dear," remarked a young wife to her husband, "I wish you would taste this milk and see if it is perfectly sweet. If it's the least bit sour I mustn't give any of it to dear little Fido!"—London Tit-Bits.

"A man's religion never dies so long as he uses the Golden Rule in measuring his actions."

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

MAILING BOXES
FOR EYEGLASSES
AND SPECTACLES
Very Handy and Convenient
NO CHARGE
SEND FOR ONE.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St. | Boston.
75 Summer St.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

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THE GHOST AT THE FEAST.

What the Ensign Saw and What Happened After Dinner.

In "The Story of My Life," by Mr. Augustus Hare, is told the following creepy story:

A regiment was passing through Derbyshire on its way to fresh quarters in the north. The colonel, as they stayed for the night in one of the country towns, was invited to dine at a country house in the neighborhood and to bring any one he liked with him. Consequently he took with him a young ensign for whom he had a great fancy. They arrived, and it was a large party, but the lady of the house did not appear till just as they were going in to dinner and when she appeared was so strangely distrait and preoccupied that she scarcely attended to anything that was said to her.

At dinner the colonel observed that his young companion scarcely ever took his eyes off the lady of the house, staring at her in a way which seemed at once rude and unaccountable. It made him observe the lady herself, and he saw that she seemed scarcely to attend to anything said by her neighbors on either side of her, but rather seemed, in a manner quite unaccountable, to be listening to some one or something behind her.

As soon as dinner was over the young ensign came to the colonel and said: "Oh, do take me away! I entreat you to take me away from this place!"

The colonel said: "Indeed, your conduct is so very extraordinary and unpleasant that I quite agree with you that the best thing we can do is to go away." And he made the excuse of his young friend being ill and ordered their carriage.

When they had driven some distance the colonel asked the ensign for an explanation of his conduct. He said that he could not help it. During the whole of dinner he had seen a terrible black, shadowy figure standing behind the chair of the lady of the house, and it had seemed to whisper to her and she to listen to it. He had scarcely told this when a man on horseback rode rapidly past the carriage, and the colonel, recognizing one of the servants of the house they had just left, called out to know if anything was the matter.

"Oh, don't stop me, sir!" he shouted. "I am going for the doctor! My lady has just cut her throat!"

HIS HOLLOW KEY.

He Lent It, but Had Occasion to Crave Its Return.

"They hiss in the French theaters with the help of a hollow key," related Richard Harding Davis. "Paul Bourget once told me an odd incident upon this custom.

"A playwright—call him Duval—had the unhappiness one fine night to sit through a most successful production of his latest play. The house responded with jeers and hisses, and a young man, turning to Duval, said:

"'By Jove, how I'd roast this miserable piece if I only had a hollow key!'

"'My dear boy,' said Duval, 'I am happy to be able to accommodate you.'

"And he handed a hollow key to the young man, who at once set up a fierce and continuous hissing. Just then a critic appeared.

"'Duval,' he said to the playwright, 'I am sorry for you. Poor fellow, you don't deserve this.'

"The young man with the key looked amazed and ashamed.

"'What! Are you M. Duval? I beg your pardon a thousand times,' he cried.

"'You owe me no apology,' said Duval. 'Lunch with me tomorrow.'

"The young man accepted the invitation, and at the end of the luncheon next day, when the coffee and cigarettes were brought in, he drew a bulky manuscript from his pocket and begged leave to read a comedy to M. Duval, for he was a playwright too.

"Duval consented and listened attentively to the reading. At the end the young man said:

"'Well, monsieur, what do you think of it?'

"Duval smiled as he replied:

"'Could you oblige me by returning my hollow key?'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Coloring of the Clouds.

The gorgeous coloring of the clouds, especially those of sunset, is due to the circumstance that the yellow and red rays of light have a much greater penetrative momentum than the blue. They make their way through stretches of the atmosphere which entirely arrest and turn back the blue, and they do this the more markedly if the air is at the time laden with extraneous particles that augment the aerial opacity.—New York American.

ARTILLERYMEN.

They Were Once Regarded as Mechanics, Not Soldiers.

Until the time of Charles XII. of Sweden the artillery was not considered a part of the army. The men serving in it were not soldiers, but regarded as mechanics. The officers had no army rank. Charles XII. gave artillery officers a rank and regularly organized the artillery into companies. The battle of Pavia demonstrated the superiority of the gun in the hands of the Spanish infantry. The musket carried a two ounce ball and sometimes brought down at one fire two or three mailed knights. The French sent a flag of truce to remonstrate against the use of such barbarous weapons.

Alexander had four kinds of cavalry—the cataphracti, or heavy armed horse; the light cavalry, carrying spears and very light armor; the acroballistae, or mounted archers, used for outposts, patrols and reconnoitering duty, and the dimachoe, or troops expected to act either as cavalry or infantry. Alexander the Great reorganized his father's army. The file or lochos of sixteen men was the unit; two files made a dilochy; two dilochies made a tetrarchy; two tetrarchies a texiarchy; two of these a syntagura; sixteen of these a small phalanx; four of these a tetra-phalangarchy, otherwise known as a large phalanx.

The Greeks attacked in a phalanx, the spears interlocked and shields overlapping. After the first onset the spears were dropped, and the day was decided with the sword. The cavalry attacked the enemy in the rear if possible and in case of victory undertook the pursuit.—Pearson's Weekly.

SOFT SHELLED CRABS.

The Way They Get Rid of Their Hard Outer Coats.

Many persons believe that the hard shelled crab and the soft shelled crab are two different species. This is not so. The shellfish thus distinguished are merely two conditions of the same species.

Once a year the crab sheds its hard outer coat, much as does a snake, in order to give itself room for greater growth. When it gets ready to make the transformation it sidles in close to shore, where the water at low tide will just cover it, and where it is comparatively safe from its maritime enemies. Then, when it is half buried in the sand, its shell splits open behind, and it painfully crawls out. The new coat, as soft as skin, is already well started. But until it shall have become fairly hard the crab stays almost motionless in the shoals. While it is in this condition its pinchers are useless, and it falls an easy prey to the most insignificant enemy which happens upon it.

There is no particular time of year chosen by the crab for the metamorphosis. All through the twelve months fisher lads and barefoot fishermen wading with their baskets along the shore at low tide gather the helpless crabs, which fetch a high price in the markets. In their soft state they are worth from four to five times their price when in their natural hard condition.—Chicago News.

THE PILLORY.

An English Writer's Reflections Upon Public Punishment.

Perhaps one of the few really democratic institutions ever created was the pillory. I do not say that it was a humane institution, though it was certainly more humane than our system of silent imprisonment. But being humane has nothing to do with being democratic. You may have humane and inhumane democracies, just as you may have humane and inhumane despots.

The point is that the pillory was a real appeal to the people. If it was cruel it was because the people were cruel or perhaps justly indignant. The people threw dead cats (the less humanitarian, I believe, threw live cats), but they could throw bouquets and crowns of laurel if they liked. Sometimes they did. The argument about the old public punishments cuts both ways. The publicity was an additional risk for the government as well as an additional risk for the prisoner, and this is specially true of the executions for treason. It was no small thing that half a million men might possibly treat as a martyr a man whom the king was treating as a murderer, that the prince had to concede to every obscure ruffian exactly what that ruffian probably wanted most—fame.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

THE KANGAROO.

Its Hind Legs Are a Most Formidable Pair of Weapons.

The kangaroo seems poorly provided by nature with offensive weapons. His powers of biting are not formidable, and his fore paws are so weak as to seem almost rudimentary members of little use. His hind legs are muscular and strong, but are apparently of use only to assist flight from his enemies. On these hind legs is found, however, a most formidable weapon in the shape of a long claw as hard as steel and sharp as a chisel—as terrible to dogs as the scythe chariots of the ancients were to their enemies. When run down the kangaroo, placing a tree behind him to protect his rear, will seize in his fore paws such indiscreet dogs as rush up to him and, holding them firmly, disembowl them with a sweep of his sickle-like claws.

Even the hunters themselves thus caught in the viselike grip of an "old man" kangaroo of the larger breeds have sometimes suffered in like manner and have now and then taken their own turn at being hunted as the enraged animals turned upon them and attacked their horses with blind ferocity.—St. James' Gazette.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The gigantic Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world. It was erected in honor of the sun by Charles of Lindus, a disciple of Lysippus, and was thrown down by an earthquake about 224 B. C.

The figure stood upon two moles, a leg extended on each side of the harbor. A winding staircase led to the top of the figure, from out of the eyes of which were visible the coast of Syria and the ships sailing on the coast of Egypt. The colossi were the peculiar characteristic of eastern art and were of common occurrence, many of them being over sixty feet in height. The most celebrated is the statue of Memnos, on the plain of Thebes, described by the historian Strabo.

A Skeleton In Every Closet.

The expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" is said to have its origin in the fact that a soldier once wrote to his mother, who complained of her unhappiness, to have some sewing done for him by some one who had no cares or troubles. At last the mother found a woman who seemed to have no troubles, but when she told her business the woman took her to a closet containing a skeleton and said: "Madam, I try to keep my troubles to myself, but every night I am compelled by my husband to kiss this skeleton, who was once his rival. Think you, then, I can be happy?"

Alphabetical Time.

An English firm, Higgins & Dodd, finding that there were twelve letters in their name, placed a great clock over their door with the letters on its face instead of numerals.

They waited anxiously for days, weeks, hoping for some return, but not a soul took notice of the clock. At last, amid excitement behind the office window, a man was seen to halt in the street and gaze at the clock, puzzled.

Slowly he came to the door, entered and drawled, "Say, is it half past Higgins or a quarter to Dodd?"—T. P.'s Weekly.

Her Bargain.

Wife—Oh, this is awful! These curtains I got at the bargain sale don't match our furniture. Hubby—Return 'em. Wife—I should say not—cheap as I got them? We must have some new furniture at once!—Cleveland Leader.

The Hero.

"So Bliggins has written a historical novel?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Who is the hero of the book?"

"The man who has undertaken to publish it."—Washington Star.

Nice Discrimination.

"Stop!" cried an author to a maid-servant. "What papers are you burning there?"

"It's all right, sir," was the reply. "These are only the old sheets covered with writing. I 'aven't touched the clean ones!"

Money may not be able to buy happiness, but it can buy off a great deal of unhappiness.—Lynden.

A VERY BUSY MAN.

Charming Experience With an Overworked Irish Watchmaker.

I fell in with a delightful man at a little town in County Fermanagh. I wanted a little thing done to my watch, and I asked him how long it would take to do it. He assured me that he was driven to death with work and was up till late every night trying to get ahead, but that he would try to find time to mend my watch some time before 7 o'clock, when he nominally closed. Then he followed me to the door of his shop and began to ask me questions about America. He pointed out different passersby and told me their life histories. And every once in a while he would say: "I've not had a day off for nearly a year, not even bank holiday. Never a minute for anything but work. I've an order now that's going to keep me busy, except for the time I'll give to your watch, all the rest of the day. And dinner eaten in my worshop to save time."

I bade him good day and didn't go near there until 7 o'clock in the evening. I found him outside the shop discussing the strike of the constabulary at Belfast with a neighbor.

"Awfully sorry, sir, but I've been so busy today that I've been unable to finish that job. It'll not take over twenty minutes when I get to it. Can you come in the morning?"

Next morning I was at his shop at 9 o'clock, and he was just taking down the shutters. Said he worked until 10 o'clock the night before, but seemed farther behind than before. If I'd come up into his workroom he'd fix my watch while I waited.

Up there he had some photographs to show me that he had taken a year ago and had only just found time to develop. We talked photography for twenty minutes, and then he fixed my watch in a jiffy when he got to work.—From "Just Irish," by Charles Battell Loomis.

A VOTE OF THANKS.

The Way Dwight L. Moody Handled the Question In England.

Possibly the most novel response ever made to a request to return a vote of thanks to a chairman was that made by Dwight L. Moody during his first visit to England.

He had attended a meeting at which the Earl of Shaftesbury was chairman. The duty of proposing a vote of thanks was assigned to him and the announcement made:

"Our American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody of Chicago, will now move a vote of thanks to the noble earl who has presided on this occasion."

The whole thing was quite out of Mr. Moody's line. English formalities might or might not have come gracefully from his lips had he attempted them, but he did not. With an utter disregard of conventionality he burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"The speaker has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the Rev. Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sunday school worker. And then I'm not your American cousin. By the grace of God I'm your brother, interested with you in our Father's work for his children.

"And now about this vote of thanks to the 'noble earl for being our chairman this evening.' I don't see why we should thank him any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was about an even thing all round."

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such a talk could not be gauged by any known standard. Mr. Moody carried his English audiences with him from that beginning to his latest labors.

Who He Was.

At the crossing of the river Styx Death met a stranger with a grin on his face.

"Who are you?" demanded Death.

"I am your manservant," replied the stranger.

"My manservant!" repeated Death, somewhat puzzled to know what the new arrival meant.

"In other words, the valet of the shadow of Death," chortled the stranger.

It is perhaps superfluous to add that before journeying hence the stranger had been a professional jokesmith.—New York Times.

Three Meals at Once.

"Now, Mary," said her mistress, "you must come to the door of the drawing room and say, 'Breakfast is ready, and supper is ready, but dinner is served.'"

The newly corralled domestic inwardly digested the concise instructions and that evening convulsed the guests who were awaiting the announcement of dinner by stepping between the portieres, dropping a courtesy and repeating, "Breakfast is ready and supper is ready, but dinner is ser-r-ved!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Badly Expressed.

"The human monstrosity!" said a young lady attending a fair with her sweetheart. "Threepence! Wouldn't you like to have a look at that, Herbert?"

"No, dear," answered Herbert, anxious to bestow a neat compliment; "I am quite content to look at you."—London Mail.

Why She Was Right.

Haydn had a peculiar way of determining the time in which a piece of music should be sung. On one occasion a female singer in high esteem at court had been appointed to sing one of Haydn's compositions. At the rehearsal she and the conductor differed as to the time of the music. The matter was to be settled by referring it to Haydn himself. When called on to decide he asked the conductor if the singer was handsome.

"Very," was the reply, "and a special favorite with the prince."

"Then she is right," replied Haydn.

Occasionally.

"You must try to love your papa," said the visitor, "as much as he loves you."

"Oh, I love him more!" replied Tommy.

"Indeed? Doesn't your papa love you very much?"

"Not much. He says he loves me only when I'm good."—Exchange.

Classified.

"Pa, is a vessel a boat?"

"Er—yes; you may call it that."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?"

"It's a lifeboat. Now run away to bed."—Boston Transcript.

PATTI'S EARNINGS.

The Shrewd Financial Methods of the Musical Miracle.

Adelina Patti never suffered from the financial timidity of a Jenny Lind. Not only was she a supreme vocalist; but, as Colonel Mapleson remarked, "no one ever approached her in the art of obtaining from a manager the greatest possible sum he could by any possibility contrive to pay." But the musical miracle was the spoiled darling of her day, and she never failed to obtain exactly what she wanted. She was first engaged in London in 1861 by Mapleson to sing four nights "on approval" and in case of success to obtain £40 a week. This contract was not fulfilled, however, for, being hard pressed financially, she had borrowed £50 from a rival manager, and her receipt proved practically a contract. This was the beginning of a career so dazzling that its successive steps are simply a series of increasing banknotes. In 1872 she obtained in London 200 guineas a night, since she insisted on having more than Christine Nilsson, who was receiving £200. She sang twice a week. Ten years later she was given $5,000 a night! Her famous contract to sing in America provided that the money should be paid her at 2 o'clock on the day she sang; also a drawing room and sleeping car to be especially built for her, with conservatory, fernery, etc. Further, there was to be deposited to her credit $50,000 for payment of the last ten performances—Patti's favorite device. She thus received about twenty times what Mario and Grisi got.

Her private car incidentally cost $60,000 and contained a silver bath and gold keys to the doors, to say nothing of a $2,000 piano. Patti gave to the manager only her voice and her costumes. Her drawing capacity justified this. "Lucia," as an example, was sung to an average of $14,000. "Traviata" drew more, since she sang more notes. It was a frequent occurrence among the poorer music lovers to buy a club ticket and each take turns at hearing her for twenty minutes. If one overstayed his time he paid for the entire ticket. Some mathematicians computed by dividing the number of notes sung by the sum paid that in "Semiramide" Patti received 42⅝ cents for each note. This was found to be just 7 1-10 cents a note more than Rossini got for writing the whole opera.—George Middleton in Bookman.

A BEAR STORY.

The Picture the Amateur Photographer Did Not Wait to Get.

The best bear story I ever heard, states a writer in Recreation, was told me by an amateur prospector, who might have stepped out of a comic weekly. He had made a big trip in the Sierras with no weapon save a nickel plated miner's pick.

"Have you seen much game?" I asked.

"None at all," he replied in his dry falsetto.

"No bear!" I exclaimed, knowing he had come right through Bear Camp.

"Oh, yes," he returned, "quite so. Now that you mention it I dare say that is what it was. Didn't occur to me, you know. I was so very angry, don't you see, I took no pains to identify the brute."

"Why, what did he do to you?"

"What did he do? Why, nothing, of course. You see, the little beggar ran and climbed up a stump. And he wouldn't come down so I could obtain a decent photograph of him. Sat up there half a day, fifty feet from the ground. Then his legs got tired holding on, I imagine, for he started in to squeal. And, do you know, the brute must have given me away, for pretty soon his mother, I suppose it was, came hurrying up, and I had to clear out. Four times as big as he, she was, I assure you."

"Did you run?" I asked, laughing.

"Oh, not at all; not at all," said he. "But still I thought it best not to remain." He paused and stroked his stubbly chin reflectively.

"By Jove," said he finally, "how very interesting! I should have thought to photograph the old one. She looked quite savage, don't you know."

"Such a picture would have been unique, to say the least," I replied.

"Quite so," said he.

THE SEA ELEPHANT.

His Fearful Jaws the Chief Danger In an Attack.

The chief danger attending the killing of the sea elephant is in approaching too near his terrible jaws, which are capable of biting in two an iron rod the thickness of one's finger. The hunter, however, must get pretty close, as the thick hide and blubber have rendered the animal practically impervious to attack, the only vulnerable point being a spot about the size of a walnut above each eye. Careless hunters have at times got within reach of the brute's teeth and have escaped only by dexterously wriggling from their clothes. I had occasion once to shed my coat with great agility, one of the smaller beasts having caught me by the sleeve, says Captain B. D. Cleveland in the American Magazine.

One afternoon's kill had been about forty animals, some of which had given me and my four hunters considerable trouble. This was mainly due to the treacherous footing and the heavy nature of the work, not only in killing, but in stripping the ponderous brutes. We were anxious to make the afternoon's kill an even fifty, and night was fast coming on.

In cutting out two particularly hard fighters, a male and female, I had overlooked a young bull partly hidden behind an ice hummock. We had stripped both animals and, walking over to the hummock where our guns were stacked, I was leaning to pick mine up when, with a bellow of rage, the young bull reared and whipped his flail-like flippers at me. Luckily the guns were stacked so as to form a temporary barrier, but unluckily one thick paw was impaled on a bayonet. Rearing in fresh rage, the animal lunged at me with incredible speed, snapping the gun between his javelin teeth as though it were a straw. I leaped backward, but slipped.

Instantly he clutched at my body, but missed in the semidarkness, lunged and clutched again, catching my right arm in his powerful maw. His awkwardness enabled me to regain my feet, but, with a ripping tug, the animal fastened on to the sleeve of my heavy skin jacket, out of which I slipped just as one of my men drove a harpoon into him just above the eye.

A Boy's Definition.

A bright schoolboy defined "anodyne" as "something to a sausage pan" and then brought Webster's Unabridged to his skeptical teacher with his finger pointing triumphantly to the words "serving to assuage pain."

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A MAJOR AND A MASHER.

The Gruff Old Soldier Conquered In Spite of Himself.

By SUSAN H. ENDICOTT.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Major James Godfrey, U. S. A., retired and living in his own villa with wife and daughter, had several fads and fancies to keep the family and the neighbors busy, but one particular fad was destined to get him into trouble sooner or later.

He could read in his morning paper with the greatest equanimity of murders, robberies, assaults, thefts and burnings at the stake, but when he came across an item about a masher he fired up at once and shouted out that he would give $500 out of his own pocket to see the scoundrel lynched or sent to prison for life.

His daughter used to look at him in wonder when he broke out in this fashion, while the wife was discreetly silent. Perhaps the latter had flirted a bit before giving her heart to the major and he was remembering it in his old age.

For three months Miss Kate had wanted to attend an art school in the city and receive instructions. During those three months there happened to be an unusual number of "mashes" recorded in the papers, and the father would not hear of her even running up to town to do a little shopping unless he or the mother went along. He was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar.

After a time, however, the record began to peter out, and as he was pleased with what his daughter had already done with the brush and had hopes of her future the major finally gave his consent. It was only eight miles to the city, and then a street car would take her right to the doors of the school. All she had to do, going and coming, as the father told her over and over, was to keep her eyes cast down and her purse clutched tightly in her hand.

Unknown to her, he took the same train to the city with her for a week, and then, as nothing happened and his rheumatism got worse, he left her to make her way alone.

Two weeks had passed when Miss Kate came home one afternoon in a flutter. Her mother happened to be out, and she must tell some one. She therefore related to the father that while on the street car en route to the depot and home some thief had snipped the chain of her purse and borne the prize away. The prize held her return ticket and a dime.

At the depot she found her tears falling, but a good Samaritan had come forward and handed her change enough for the fare. She couldn't exactly say whether he was a grandfather or a young man, homely or good looking. He had spoken only a few words and lifted his hat and retired. It might have been a white hat or a black one—she could not tell. Obeying her father, she had kept her eyes on the floor, and they were filled with tears besides.

The major heard the story to the end, and then he roared. The man who had taken pity on her financial condition at the depot was a masher, of course. He had followed her home on the train. He would meet her again and make the matter an excuse for addressing her.

He was no grandfather, but a young man and no doubt a professional masher. Miss Kate should have repulsed him with scorn. She should have had him arrested. She should have hired a truck to bring her home or walked if all the trucks were busy.

For a quarter of an hour he scolded and growled and then wound up by saying that the art school business was at an end. She could attend no more. He would sit on the front veranda with a shotgun across his knees, and if that plotting masher even passed the house he should carry away buckshot. Tears were shed and loving appeals made, but the rock of Gibraltar was right there.

Two weeks passed, and the masher did not appear. At least the major did not fire upon any of the young men driving or walking on the highway.

The daughter felt that the stranger had been actuated by the kindest motives. He had spoken just enough—not a word more. He had not offered his card. The fare was only 25 cents, but she felt ashamed that she could not return it. Had opportunity offered for a second meeting she would have insisted on doing so.

Two weeks passed away, and then the mother went to the city to do a little shopping. She also came home with a tale to tell. She thought she was telling it to her daughter alone, but it so happened that the major was just outside the window and heard every word. She had finished her shopping and reached the depot when she realized that she had spent all her money. A good Samaritan came forward. He smiled, raised his hat, and—that was all.

But Mrs. Major Godfrey's eyes had not been filled with tears and cast down. She had seen that he was a gentlemanly looking young man of twenty-five and that he took the same train as she did and evidently lived farther down the line. Then Miss Kate thought she remembered that in the one instant she had raised her eyes—quite involuntarily, you know—she had made out the same sort of man.

This decision had just been arrived at when the voice of the major was heard in the land. It was heard as if had not been heard since he led a charge in battle. He stormed at the two poor females until they were helpless with terror. A masher had appeared to break up his family, and his family were willing to be broken. Such carryings on might do for Africa, but this was America, and he wouldn't stand for them.

He talked the women upstairs, and he talked the cook out of the house, and the good Samaritan was responsible for a very bad night.

It was three days later, and things had settled down a bit, when the major announced that he had to go to the city on a business matter. There was another reason, but he kept it to himself. He wanted to meet that masher and make jam of him. He felt that he could identify him among hundreds, and once he was identified—

On arriving in the city the man of war called on a broker and pocketed some bonds he had invested in and then made calls at three different clubs to see old friends and drink cocktails to "auld lang syne." When ready to start for the depot and home he was in the condition known as mellow. He thought everybody a good fellow, and he thought every good fellow an old veteran, and thus when a particularly keen looking good fellow asked him into a barroom on his way to drink to Old Glory there was no hesitation.

The major will remember to his dying day that he took brandy. He was drinking the last of it when he felt sleepy and the voice of the good fellow sounded far off. When he came to his senses again he was in bed at a hotel and a medical looking man was saying to a young man who didn't look medical at all:

"He'll do now, but there was a time when it was doubtful. He must have got an awful dose."

"Knockout drops, of course?"

"Oh, of course. Lucky for him he has a strong heart. He'll be nearly all right in the morning, but if you can spare the time you'd better see him home. He'll be trembly for two or three days."

The major heard that much and wondered and slept. He awoke again at midnight and sat up in bed to see a young man beside him. He got a dose of medicine, and then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Here—what's all this? Where am I?"

"Don't excite yourself, major," soothed the other. "You are at the Revere hotel and very much better than you were three hours ago. Sleep and quietness are what you need now. In the morning you shall learn all."

"But my bonds—my bonds!" shouted the patient.

"Right there before you on the stand, with your watch and pin—not a thing missing."

At daylight, when the man of Mars swung his legs out of bed, the young man sat by the window smoking and smiling. He advanced and presented his card and observed that he had the honor of already knowing the major's name.

"Now, then, what's this all about? And where's my wife and daughter?" was demanded sharply as the patient reached his feet to find himself so weak that he had to fall back on the bed.

"I beg pardon, major, but as you were on your way to the depot yesterday afternoon you met an old soldier and drank with him. He was a confidence man. I entered the place just as the knockout drops had put you into his hands. You lost nothing, and I brought you here and called a doctor. You are pretty near all right now, but I shall see you home after we have had something to eat. Don't object, please. You are weak and dizzy yet."

The idea that he had been a ninny grueled the major, but he was too weak to shout. He wanted to think, but his brain was too sluggish. He was, therefore, like a baby in the hands of the other for awhile. Strong coffee and a bite to eat and the ride to the depot braced him up, and as the train started he suddenly exclaimed:

"Good Lord, but what could they have thought of my not coming home last night?"

"Oh, I telephoned them from the hotel," was the answer.

"But—but— See here, young man, how did you know where to telephone to? By jiminy, sir, are you the masher that met my wife and daughter in the depot?"

"Well, major," said the other, "to tell you the truth, I am. But I'm no masher, and I was trying to get a chance to speak to you and introduce myself properly when I saw you accosted by that confidence man."

"And you've been of assistance to me! Why, sir, you've mashed the whole darned family! Come along with me—come along, sir—and meet my daughter Kate! Lord bless the masher!"

Not In Virginia.

The dusky manservant of a Washington official, being granted leave of absence to visit his home in Virginia, hied himself to a department store to purchase a valise. The salesman seemed to think the darky should purchase something in the way of a large bag. "Here's a fine one," he said—"the best alligator bag you can get. Only"—

"Look heah, boss," interrupted the darky impatiently, "I done tole yo' several times I don't want no alligator bag. I ain't goin' to Floridy. I's goin' to mah home in Virginny."—Lippincott's.

What's In a Name?

Farmer Hayrick—Why are you going to charge the summer boarders more this year?

Farmer Corntassel—I've called the place a bungalow.—Puck.

THE MUSTACHE.

Ridiculed In England When It First Came Into Fashion.

The custom of wearing mustaches did not prevail in France until the reign of Louis Philippe, when it became obligatory in the whole French army. In England the mustache was worn by hussars after the peace of 1815, and it was not until the close of the Crimean war that English civilians as well as English soldiers in general wore hair on the lip.

Shortly after the mustache came into favor among gentlemen Horace Mayhew was passing through an English country town and was immediately noted and followed by a small army of children, who pointed to his lip and called out derisively:

"He's got whiskers under his snout! He's got whiskers under his snout!"

For a long time the mustache was the subject of raillery, even after it was becoming common, and the famous caricaturist Leech printed in Punch a picture of two old fashioned women who, when they were spoken to by bearded railway guards, fell on their knees and cried out:

"Take all that we have, gentlemen, but spare our lives!"—Westminster Gazette.

The Intelligent Censor.

Some years ago a young man of St. Petersburg, Ivan Fedowski, quarreled with his sweetheart and then took his grief out of the country. About a year after he wrote to the girl asking her to "make up" and telling her if she forgave him to insert a "personal" to that effect in a St. Petersburg paper not later than a certain date. The girl was repentant, too, and she promptly got the "personal" ready, and all would have been well had it not been for the lynx eyed censor, who believed it to be some sort of nihilist message and refused to allow its publication. After awhile, however, the stern official was convinced that the "personal" was harmless, and it was printed four days late. It was a little while after when the girl received word that her lover, having failed to see the message in print on the day he had set, had shot himself two days before it saw the light.

CHARMS OF UGLY MEN

Case of John Wilkes, the Famous London Alderman.

HE WEDDED A NOTED BEAUTY

And He Was So Homely That His Looks Frightened the Children In the Streets—Bailly, With a Face Like a Horse, Won a Famous French Beauty.

There was perhaps as much truth as boasting in the statement of John Wilkes, the famous London alderman and champion of British electors, "Ugly as I am, if I can have but a quarter of an hour's start I will get the better of any man, however good looking, in the graces of any woman."

Of Wilkes' abnormal ugliness there was never a question, for is it not recorded that the "very children in the street ran away affrighted at the sight of him?" And yet his powers of fascination were so great that "ladies of beauty and fashion vied with each other for his notice, while men of handsome exterior and all courtly graces looked enviously on."

There were, it is said, few beauties of the day whose hand Wilkes might not have confidently hoped to win, and when he led Mary Mead to the altar he made a wife of one of the richest and most lovely women of her time. "Beauty and the Beast' they call us," Wilkes once said to his friend Patter, "and I cannot honestly find fault with the description."

Jean Paul Marat, whose name will always be associated with the evil history of the French revolution, was notoriously the ugliest man of his day in Paris. When this reputation reached his ears Marat is said to have remarked, "But why limit my supremacy to Paris?" And indeed the restriction was much too modest.

And yet in his earlier years, when he was the most popular of court doctors, his very ugliness seemed to exercise such a fascination over aristocratic ladies that they crowded his consulting rooms in order to catch a glimpse of and to exchange words with him under the flimsiest pretexts of imaginary ailments. The studied indifference with which he treated alike their charms and their flattery only made them the more insistent until he declared to a friend that he would have to fly from Paris to escape the persecution of his fair admirers.

Bailly, mayor of Paris at the time of the reign of terror, is said to have had a face almost exactly like that of a horse. His appearance was, in fact, so abnormal, so monstrous, that children shrieked and women fainted at the very sight of him, and yet his wife was one of the most lovely women in the whole of France—so lovely that as a girl she was known as "the beautiful angel."

That there is a powerful fascination for some women in extreme ugliness is proved by innumerable cases in which women who have been richly dowered with physical charms have fallen madly in love with men of almost repulsive appearance.

A London paper records a remarkable case of this kind in 1817, when Lady Mary X. married Mr. Mudford, a London attorney.

Lady Mary was a girl of peerless charms, the most beautiful of all the court ladies and the favorite toast of the world of aristocrats. She might—for her birth and fortune were almost equal to her beauty—have chosen her husband from among dukes, and even more than one royal prince sought her hand in vain.

To the consternation of society, she married Mr. Mudford, not only "a pettifogging attorney," but a man of almost unnatural ugliness of face and with a deformed hand and foot. Singular, too, as it may appear, her married life was one of unclouded happiness, and to her dying day, nearly forty years later, she never seemed to have a moment's regret for her choice of a husband.

Still more remarkable was the story told of a most beautiful heiress with an attachment for one of the freaks of a traveling show, and she persisted in marrying him in spite of all the efforts of her friends and relations. This singular object of her affections masqueraded under the title of "the man monkey, or the ugliest man in the world," and he had an excellent claim to the title.—Exchange.

An Awkward Text.

A butcher of a certain village, being a devout Christian, whenever he sent a business note invariably accompanied it with a text.

A certain lady, wishing him to kill some of her pigs, sent him a letter to notify him of the fact, to which he sent the following reply:

"Dear Madam—I will call on Friday to kill your hogs without fail. Yours, Mr. B. N. B.—'Be ye also ready.'"—London Graphic.

He Had Noticed.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table)—Well, John, you see, when I have finished eating I always leave the table. John—Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave.—London Mail.

Sure!

"De man dat don't do nuffin' but look out for No. 1," said Uncle Eben, "is purty sure sooner or later to attract attention to hisse'f as about de smallest figger in de 'rithmetic."—Washington Star.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

Woman the Waitress.

"A woman," remarked the wise widow, "is always waiting for a husband."

"How do you figure that out?" queried the interested spinster.

"If she isn't married," answered the w. w., "she is waiting to get one, and if she is she's waiting for him to come home."—Chicago News.

His Finish.

"Did you ever complete your education?"

"No; my wife did."—Houston Post.

Cruelly Frank.

He—How is it you are always out when I call? She—Just luck.—Life.

A Windfall.

"How did that roommate of yours manage to raise the wind this time?"

"He sent to his father in his usual breezy way for a draft."—Baltimore American.

You benefit yourself only as you benefit humanity.—Oliver.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Third Quarter, For July 4, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xv, 36, to xvi, 15—Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Acts xvi, 9—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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When we left this wonderful story of the continued doings and teaching of the ascended Lord by His Spirit through His servants a few weeks ago, we saw Paul and Barnabas and others teaching and preaching the word of the Lord at Antioch (xv, 35). Now we are to have five consecutive lessons on Paul's second missionary journey as recorded in chapters xvi-xviii, but we have some preliminaries in the closing verses of chapter xv. Some Christians are tempted to think that God can only use perfect people, and while they are looking for such or waiting to become such themselves souls are perishing for lack of some kind of a pole to hold up the brazen serpent that the perishing may see the serpent, not the pole, and live. I suppose that in considering this record of the quarrel between Paul and Barnabas concerning John Mark some would take one side and some the other, but the Lord overruled it to send out four missionaries instead of two, and He loved them all in spite of their sins and doubtless blessed them as they went forth in His name, Paul and Silas through Syria and Cilicia and Barnabas and Mark to Cyprus.

If Paul passed through Tarsus on his way to Derbe and Lystra, the record does not speak of his preaching there. He seems to have pressed on to Derbe, his farthest point on his first tour, and then to Lystra, where he had been stoned to death. From thence he took Timothy, who had known the Scriptures from his childhood, having been well taught both by his mother and his grandmother (II Tim. i, 5; iii, 15); he had possibly witnessed the stoning of Paul and his return to life, and it may have led to his conversion or to a more decided stand for Christ. Paul calls him "my own son in the faith" (I Tim. i, 2), as if he had been the instrument in leading him to Christ. On the principle of I Cor. ix, 20, Paul had him circumcised for the sake of winning the circumcised to Christ, but not that he for one moment thought circumcision essential to salvation (Gal. v, 6; vi, 15). I have never been able to understand why twenty-two years ago the Lord led me into a church using a liturgy and asked me to submit to wearing a gown unless He did so that He might thus reach some with the simplicity of the gospel and the glorious truths of the kingdom and the second coming of Christ who might not otherwise have been reached. His service is perfect freedom, and we ought to be willing to submit to anything, anywhere, anyhow, if only He can thus be glorified.

As they passed from place to place the believers were more firmly established (by the word preached, no doubt), and the number of them increased, the Lord manifestly working with them. With a map of Asia Minor, which is necessary in this study, one can see that, having passed well through the provinces to the west, they were forbidden, at that time, to go south into the province of Asia and not suffered to go north into Bithynia, the Spirit having His own plan for them. It should be our aim to live in the will and purpose of God and rely upon Ps. xxxii, 8; Isa. xxx, 21; xlviii, 17, in the matter of guidance, for what seems to us good and wise and for the glory of God may not be His way for us just then. He opens or shuts as seems best to Him, and we simply dwell with Him for His work and yield to Him that He may work in and through us His good pleasure (I Chron. iv, 23; Phil. ii, 13; Heb. xiii, 21). Having come down to the sea at Troas, Paul saw in a vision a man of Macedonia, in Europe, who said, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." The writer says, "Immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them" (verse 10). The pronoun "we" instead of "they," as heretofore, would seem to indicate that Luke had now joined them, Luke the beloved physician, the writer of this book and of the gospel bearing his name. There came a time when Paul wrote, "Only Luke is with me" (II Tim. iv, 11). Note that they were called to preach the gospel, not to establish schools, as one has said. To teach the uneducated to read, that they may be able to read the Bible and to instruct them that they may instruct others in that which is essential, seems to be all right, but some are learning that education without Christ only makes more clever heathen or unbelievers. Our commission is to proclaim the good news of God concerning His Son that through Him souls may be saved.

Having crossed by ship to Neapolis, they proceeded to Philippi, the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and there they abode certain days. The man of the vision was not there to welcome them, nor was there a committee to receive them. No posters announced the arrival of the distinguished messengers, nor did any herald proclaim that one of them had been stoned to death and had come to life again. They were evidently not expected, and nobody cared. Was it all a mistake and the vision a delusion? Let us wait and watch, as they did.

Kept His Feet Dry.

Extraordinary conduct on the part of two men upon seeing the body of a woman in the water was disclosed at an inquest held at the Victory inn, on the Hogs Back, Surrey. A farm laborer named Sidney Smith missed his mother one morning and on searching found her lying face upward in a roadside pond. He ran off, and another laborer named Matthews, who passed the pond, also ran away, neither making any effort to pull her out. Matthews told the coroner he did not do so, as he did not know if he would be doing right.

The Coroner—The poor creature might have not been dead at that time. You could easily have got her out, I suppose?

"I should have had to go up to my knees in the water."—London Mail.

A Tart Retort.

"Can a politician be a good Christian?" was once asked of the late Senator Ingalls of Kansas, when he replied, "With God all things are possible."

WIDOW JASON'S UNRULY HOGS.

The Way the Trouble Between the Neighbors Was Settled.

By PAUL CAREW.

Widow Jason was the relict of Farmer Jason, and she carried on the farm after his death with even more wisdom than he had shown himself possessed of. She was still on the brighter side of forty, fair to look upon and was at peace with all her neighbors until the one to the east of her sold out and a stranger moved in.

He was a man of middle age named Chisholm, and, being a widower, his sister managed the house for him. If the Widow Jason was one of those who wondered what sort of man he was, she was the first to find it out. Among her live stock that year were a dozen hogs, and it was the fault of her hired man that there were holes in the fence through which they made their way into the potato field of the new neighbor. She had just finished her breakfast one morning when Chisholm was announced. He had the courtesy to lift his hat and give his name, but he also had the bluntness to add:

"Madam, your infernal hogs have rooted up half an acre of potatoes for me, and if you can't manage to keep 'em home I'll shoot every one of 'em!"

She looked at him and saw that he was above the ordinary and felt that had she been introduced in the conventional way she would have been pleased to make his acquaintance. But his rude greeting angered her, and, being a woman with a mind of her own, she at once replied:

"I can pay for all the potatoes on your farm, and if you come here to threaten me you'll find a woman who doesn't scare!"

"Well, you keep your hogs at home."

"And you keep yourself in the same place."

That was the first tilt. The fences were mended and the hogs were in despair when a high wind blew a gate open and the drove spent the night in the potato field. Next morning Chisholm drove ten of them home and said to Widow Jason:

"Madam, there are dead hogs belonging to you in my field. Will you have them removed or shall I bury them?"

"You killed them, did you?" she asked.

"I did. I told you I would, and I did."

"Then I'll have the law on you."

"Go ahead."

She went to law, and there was a suit, and she was ingloriously beaten. Womanlike, she felt pretty bitter over it, but at the same time she had to give Mr. Chisholm credit for lack of any bitterness. He stated his case in the mildest manner and even spoke highly of her as a neighbor. When she returned home after the lawsuit she said to her hired man:

"Josh, if that man Chisholm comes on my land again I want you to throw him off."

"Yes'm, I'll do it," replied the sturdy Josh.

It wasn't a fortnight before Chisholm came. He was on his way to the house when Josh headed him off and ordered him back. He refused to go, and Josh laid hold of him to do the throwing act, but found himself a licked man in about three minutes. While he sat on the ground with a handful of grass to his bleeding nose the victor passed on to the woman, who had witnessed the fracas from the front steps. Lifting his hat, he said:

"Madam, those hogs of yours have been at it again—this time in my cornfield—and I've had to kill another."

"Have you dared to kill another of my hogs?" she demanded as her cheeks flamed and her eyes flashed.

"I have. Shall I bury him?"

"Sir, you are a scoundrel!"

"And you are a charming widow!"

She drove to town at once to see her lawyer. There was $10 in the case for him win or lose, and he advised her to sue. She sued and got beaten again. The defendant referred to her in the highest terms, but he also proved that her fences were out of repair. The lawyer saw $10 more in it, win or lose, and advised Josh to prosecute for assault and battery. Josh brought his swollen nose and black eye into court and was beaten by several lengths. He had provoked the encounter, and, if he had got the worst of it, the law couldn't help him.

It was a month before anything further happened. The fences around the hog lot were thoroughly repaired, and for four weeks the porkers had to make the best of their sad lot. Then Josh left the bars down one night, and as the widow was getting breakfast she heard the crack of a rifle. Half an hour later Mr. Chisholm appeared to say:

"Good morning, Mrs. Jason. Those wretched hogs of yours rooted up my garden last night, and this morning I killed another of them. If you want another lawsuit I'll drive you to town in my own buggy."

"And you—you've shot another?" she gasped.

"I have."

"Then I'd like to shoot you! You are the meanest man in the state of Ohio!"

"Yes'm," he replied, with a bow, as he turned away.

Widow Jason drove to town to consult her lawyer again. There was $10 in it for him, win or lose, but this time Mr. Chisholm was arrested for malicious persecution. In his testimony he referred to the plaintiff as "that lady" and exhibited no animus whatever, but he also proved that he was the one persecuted. The widow's hogs would not let him alone. She was beaten again, and this time a stout pen was built, and the hogs were shut up. The farmers had of course taken sides. Some contended that Chisholm had exhibited a mean and unneighborly spirit and others that the widow had been derelict in not mending her fences, and there were much talk and discussion. It occurred now and then that the two principals met on the highway or at the crossroads meeting house, but while Chisholm lifted his hat and bowed as if there was nothing on his mind the widow, except for her blazing eyes, seemed carved of stone.

That pen held the hogs for a long six weeks, but hogpens have their weak points, and patience and perseverance will seek them out. The hot sun warped a board and made an opening, and the industrious swine enlarged it until one night they all passed out and headed straight for the next farm. They fetched up among the cabbages, pumpkins, squashes, melons and carrots, and during the long hours of darkness they ran riot. They were missed from the pen early next morning, and the widow sat down on the doorstep and cried. She cried because she was vexed, and she cried because she was a woman. Every minute she expected to hear the crack of Chisholm's rifle, and she fully realized that any further appeal to the law would be wasted. She was vexed at the hogs, at Josh and at Chisholm. Her tears were still falling when the new neighbor stood before her and bowed and said:

"Mrs. Jason, those blamed hogs of yours damaged me a hundred dollars' worth last night."

"And how many more have you killed?" she asked.

"None. I've just driven 'em home."

"But why—why"—

"Because I see how it is. I must either kill off your whole drove or build a pen myself. I shall come over tonight to talk to you about it."

He appeared an hour after supper, and it was 11 o'clock before he went home. Even then the "talk" was not finished. As a matter of fact, it required a great many evenings and was only concluded one winter's night when she laid her head on his shoulder and said:

"If you are really sure that you love me, then the farm, the hogs and I are yours."

Lectured by Carlyle.

There are some amusing memories at Kyleakin, in Skye, of a visit once made there by Carlyle, traveling in the train of Lady Ashburton. The Kyleakinses felt a lively curiosity concerning the distinguished author, and whenever he appeared in public he was surrounded by a crowd of admiring men, women and children who had heard sensational reports concerning his "cleverness as a scholar." Carlyle seemed to like this hero worship until these admirers clustered round him while he was in the midst of his sea bath one day. Then he assailed them in language much more emphatic than elegant, which soon made them take to their heels and scamper off with all speed out of his sight. Lady Ashburton had prayers with her daughter and servants morning and evening, but the sage was never present. During these periods, Neil MacInnes, the innkeeper, used to relate, "he would lead me to the coffee room and there, laying hold of me by the coat buttonhole, he would lecture to me for half an hour on end on all sorts of subjects, and he would be so intent on it that he wouldn't allow me to put in a word. Fancy," said Neil, "that I should be lectured to in such a way by Tommy Carlyle!"—London Standard.

Ant Hills and Flies.

A recent traveler in central Africa describes an interesting use of the soil of ant hills. It appears that it makes excellent bricks, of which houses are built. The natives tread it with water into a doughlike substance, which is shaped in rough wooden molds. It is then dried in the sun and afterward baked in native kilns. The same substance is found to make excellent tennis courts. It is mixed with water into a thick paste, spread on the ground and smoothed over with the hands. The same traveler tells us how the natives in the neighborhood of Lake Nyassa esteem a species of fly as an excellent article of diet. It is known as the "kungu" and appears to be peculiar to the lake. At certain seasons of the year these flies appear in enormous numbers and are sometimes blown in myriads over the land. If this happens near a village the natives come out eagerly to gather them up. They make them into what they consider a delicious confection.—London Standard.

Standing on His Rights.

The next witness was a hard fisted, resolute yeoman with a bristling chin beard.

"Mr. Gigson," said the attorney for the defense, "are you acquainted with the reputation of this man for truth and veracity in the neighborhood in which he lives?"

"I reckon I am," replied the witness.

"I will ask you to state what it is."

"Well, sir, his rep'tation fur vrassity—well, that's diff'runt. Some says he does and some says he don't."

"Witness," interposed the judge, "do you know the meaning of 'veracity?'"

"I reckon I do."

"What do you understand by the word?"

The witness twirled his hat in his fingers a few moments without replying. Then he looked up defiantly.

"I refuse to answer that question, judge," he said, "on the ground that it might discriminate me!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN.

At Sea He Is a Czar, and His Authority Is Absolute.

When you have passed down through the Narrows and then passed Sandy Hook you see a man in whiskers and a reefer climbing down a rope ladder that drops him into a waiting boat.

It is the pilot. You have dropped the last link connecting you with shore except wireless telegraphy, and you are now a member of a community that for a few days, a week, is as much an entity as any nation.

The captain is pacing the bridge. Until you reach shore again he is your overlord. His decision is final and without appeal. He can order you locked in your stateroom or he can put you in irons.

If occasion arises he can alter the course of the ship and land you wherever he pleases. You have recourse when you get ashore, but if he wants to drop you at the Azores when you have paid passage to Bremen he can and will do it.

His authority extends to every part of the ship alike, from the cargo to the saloon deck and from the engine room to the scullery.

Navigating a ship is a ticklish business and one that requires that there be no division of the highest authority. So, for the brief period until he touches port, he is your czar.

The ship is a great community, sometimes with a population of 5,000 souls, living, eating and sleeping under one roof. It has its policemen, its firemen, cooks, butchers, bakers, doctors, clerks, carpenters, electricians, boilermakers and a horde of personal servants.

In the control of this organization the captain has at his right hand his officers. The ship's officers are the important persons in the detail management.—Bookkeeper.

Quick Wit.

Mrs. Sharpe—So you told Mr. Jones you wished you were single once more, did you? Sharp (with quick wit)—Only that I might have the happiness of marrying you over again, darling.—Boston Transcript.

Step by step one goes very far.—French Proverb.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 8 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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THE GREAT PHARAOH.

Horemheb Did More For Egypt, Perhaps, Than Any Other.

Horemheb at the time of his accession was forty-five years of age, full of energy and vigor and passionately anxious to have a free hand in the carrying out of his schemes for the reorganization of the government. It was therefore with joy that in about the year 1350 B. C. he sailed up to Thebes in order to claim the crown.

Had he lived longer he might have been famous as a conqueror as well as an administrator, though old age might retard and tired bones refuse their office. As it is, however, his name is written sufficiently large in the book of the world's great men, and when he died, about 1315 B. C., after a reign of some thirty-five years, he had done more for Egypt than had almost any other pharaoh. He found the country in the wildest disorder, and he left it the master of itself and ready to become once more the master of the empire which Akhnaton's doctrine of peace and good will had lost.

Under his direction the purged worship of the old gods, which for him meant only the maintenance of sometime proved customs, had gained the mastery over the chimerical worship of Aton. Without force or violence he substituted the practical for the visionary, and to Amun and order his grateful subjects were able to cry, "The sun of him who knew thee not has set, but he who knows thee shines; the sanctuary of him who assailed thee is overwhelmed in darkness, but the whole earth is now in light."—Arthur E. P. Weigall in Century.

BELLS OF THE BASTILLE.

They Are Hung In a Little Rustic Building In Paris.

The bells of the Bastille are still in Paris in a little court in Avenue d'Eylau, where they are hung in a little rustic building. There is no doubt as to their authenticity. They carry in relief their story. These three bells were made by Louis Cheron, founder to the court, for the royal Bastille in the year 1761." Fleurs-de-lis, crosses and sacred figures adorn the legend. The bells formerly were part of the clock installed by M. Sartine in 1764. In the archives de l'arsenal are all the documents relative to the work.

On July 14, 1789, the balls of the assailants stopped the clock of the Bastille at a quarter past 5 in the evening. Palloy, who demolished the prison, three days later received the order to deliver the clock to the commander of the Paris militia, who transported it no one knows whither. After the revolution the bells were found at the foundries of Rouilly-sur-Andelle, in Eure, where, under the reign of terror, the church bells were converted into money. The proprietor of the foundry was interested in these relics and did not melt them. He installed the three bells in his works with the movement of the clock. By this time the dial plate had disappeared and the figures which belonged to it. Some years ago the bells were transferred from the Rouilly foundry to Paris, and there they have since remained.—London Globe.

The French Academy.

The French academy is one of the five academies and the most eminent constituting the Institute of France. It was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu and reorganized in 1816. It is composed of forty members, the new member elected by the remaining thirty-nine members for life after personal application and the submission of the nomination to the head of the state. It meets twice weekly and is "the highest authority on everything pertaining to the niceties of the French language—to grammar, rhetoric and poetry and the publication of the French classics." The chief officer is the secretary, who has a life tenure of his position. A chair in the academy is the highest ambition of most literary Frenchmen.

Why Men's Hats Have a Bow.

A bow is always to be found on the left side of a man's hat. This is a survival of the old days when hats were costly articles. In order to provide against the hat being blown away in stormy weather a cord or ribbon was fastened around the crown, with ends hanging so that they could be fastened to part of the attire or could be grasped by the hand. The ends fell on the left side, of course, as the left hand is more often disengaged than the right. When not required it was usual for the ends to be tied in a bow. The bow became smaller and smaller, but it still remains and is likely to do so as long as men wear hats.

To Save Space.

Jack—Hello, Tom, old man, got your new hat fitted up yet? Tom—Not quite. Say, do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?—Boston Transcript.

Business Cards.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

in the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed You wont have to shiver while the work is being done. The fire can be lighted in the new plant the same day that it is put out in the old one.

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Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p. m. until 9.55 p. m.) 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p. m., 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p. m. until 9.32 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p. m., then 11.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p. m. until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p. m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p. m. until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m.) SUNDAYS—6.52 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p. m.

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Business Cards.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,

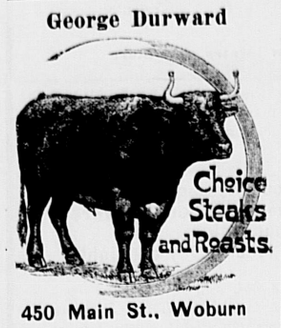
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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wish ing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.30, 3.45, 6.45, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.30, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Forest St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kiley Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
511	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and O. F. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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Jack Explained It.

A sailor was once asked by a messmate not quite so well up in matters social as himself to explain to him the third figure in a quadrille.

"You first of all heave ahead," said he, "and pass your adversary's yardarms; then in a jiffy you regain your berth on the other tack in the same kind of order; slip along sharp and take your station with your partner in line; back and fill and then fall on your heel and bring up with your craft; she then maneuvers ahead off alongside you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place out of the squadron as best you can and let go your anchor."

Retaliatory.

He—Yes, you were living in a cheap flat when I proposed to you.

She (reflectively)—A girl living in a flat doesn't get many chances.

He—And your sitting room was so very small that I had to open the outer door when I got down on my knees and let my feet stick out in the hall.

She (dreamily)—It doesn't seem possible, but your feet look just as large now as they did then.

He tries to think of something bitter to say and fails, whereupon he goes out hastily and slams the door behind him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Scorched.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—What in the world is the matter with this shirt? Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Oh, I guess the girl boiled it a little too long, dear; that's all.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Looks to me as if she had fried it.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE CAPITOL STATUE

Heroic Figure That Surmounts the Dome in Washington.

THE MODEL WAS CHANGED.

Jefferson Davis Objected to the Original as Designed by Crawford, and It Was Altered to Symbolize "Armed Liberty," as It Now Stands.

"Armed Liberty," the splendid statue that crowns the dome of the capitol, is by far the most symbolic of all the statues in Washington. Beautiful and reposeful, yet with an air of vigilance, it is perhaps the least appreciated of the city's statues, possibly because of its being placed at such an altitude that it cannot easily be studied. The original plans of the capitol called for a statue to surmount the dome, but no title was then given it, and comparatively few people know the real name of the statue.

Seeking this information, a Post reporter interrogated a number of persons whose daily occupations keep them almost constantly beneath the shadow of the great statue. To the question "What is the name of the statue above the dome of this building?" came these widely different opinions:

"The name of that statue? Why, it's the Goddess of Freedom."

"Yes; I can tell you the name. It is the Goddess of Liberty."

Several declared it to be the statue of Independence. Others said, "It is an Indian woman."

"It is the God of Justice and Freedom," declared a portly man in a tone that defied questioning.

"It represents an American woman, but I am not sure of her name."

"Well, now, I never inquired what lady that statue commemorates," remarked a politician from a not very distant state, "but it is a fine work of art."

"It is a statue of the god of war, Mars."

"Can you tell me something about that statue above the dome?" was asked a man whose knowledge is well known.

"Why, certainly. It is a woman of colonial days. Can't you see the trimming around the mantle and the curls about the face? And the features are delicately molded. You see, I have studied the model at the museum. It surely is a woman. I think you can safely say it is an American woman."

One who always tries his best to help others said: "Now, all statues, as you know, bear the names of the people they represent, and if you will just step over to the library of congress I think you can easily find some book on statues that will tell you all you want to know. It is a woman, I am sure, so look for the female statues."

A younger member of the house replied to the question about the statue most suavely and confidingly, "It is the god of progress; you know his name." Several of the colored men in the various parts of the building were nearly all quite sure it was the Goddess of Freedom. One of them knew the year, 1863, when it was placed above the dome, and he affirmed, "It is the Goddess of American Liberty Before the War."

"You want to know the name of that statue? Well, just wait a minute, and I will get it for you first hand." And a most accommodating guide passed into the senate chamber. Directly he returned.

"That is a statue of Pocahontas." Every one had a different name for the statue, not one giving the real name, "Armed Liberty."

The statue was modeled by Thomas Crawford, father of the novelist, the late F. Marion Crawford. It was cast at a Maryland foundry. Jefferson Davis was secretary of war when the model was first presented in the war department. The statue then wore a liberty cap and carried a bundle of rods. Davis objected to the liberty cap as being emblematic of the emancipated slaves, while Americans were freeborn. He also thought the bundle of rods, suggesting the functions of the Roman lictor, had lost its symbolic character. Because of these criticisms of Secretary Davis the model was changed, and "Armed Liberty" was evolved.

The statue is nine feet six inches tall and weighs 14,985 pounds. It was put in place on Dec. 2, 1863. The head is thrown back and adorned with eagle's beak and plumes. The right hand rests on a sword, and the left holds an olive branch and a shield. The mantle is gracefully draped and is held by a brooch bearing "U. S." on its face. The helmet is encircled with stars. The supporting globe bears the legend "E Pluribus Unum."—Washington Post.

The Emu's Kick.

An emu can kick as hard as any donkey. The bird stands on one leg and with the other delivers at will a quick and generally very accurate blow. "I never would have believed that a bird had such power," says a recent Australian traveler, "had I not had ocular evidence of it during our trip. After two or three of our men suffered from the terrible kicks of these birds we did not venture near them, but, after running our horses until we got close enough, would bring them down with our rifles. We killed them for their feathers and also hunted for their eggs, but we took good care not to go within kicking distance."

In his better moments stormy Carlyle used to say, "Kindness is the sum of life, the charm to captivate and the sword with which to conquer."

"Papa," said the beautiful girl, "George and I are two souls with but a single thought."

"Oh, well, don't let that discourage you," replied her father kindly. "That's one more than our mother and I had when we were married."—Town and Country.

"What is the west side of a little boy's trousers?"

"It is where the son sets. Am I right?"—London Scraps.

GEORGE HANGS A PICTURE.

But He Couldn't Do It Without His Wife's Able Assistance.

"George, I wish you would hang that rose picture tonight."

"All right, my dear, I'll do it now. Get me the stepladder."

"I should think you might get the stepladder yourself."

"Where is it?"

"Where it is always kept. On the top of the cellar stairs."

"That's where it is supposed to be. Where is it now?"

"It is either there or up in the back room, or—let me see—I loaned it to Mrs. Johnson yesterday. No, she brought it back, and I left it on the back porch. Oh, yes, I know where it is. You'll find it in the pantry off the kitchen."

After twenty minutes' search the ladder is discovered. George locates the spot for the picture and climbs up.

"Now hand me the picture, my dear."

"Yes, here it is."

"Where's the hammer?"

"I thought you had it."

"You thought I had it! You knew very well I didn't have it. Get it for me right away."

"Where's the nail?"

"Didn't you get a nail either?"

"No, I didn't get a nail either. I supposed if you wanted me to hang a picture you'd have the tools ready. Where's the picture cord?"

"Well, for heaven's sake! Why didn't you look to see if there was picture cord on it before you went up there to hang it?"

"Get me the cord and don't stop to argue. I'm getting dizzy up here."

"Well, here's the cord. What else do you suppose you'll want?"

"Well, I don't want any more of your lip. I can hang this picture without that!"

Whereupon she left him to get along as best he could. "Just like a man," she remarked as the hammer fell to the floor.

"Just like a woman," he muttered as he descended. "Just like a woman. They've got nothing to do and all the time in the world to do it, and then, by jingo, they leave it to a man!"—Detroit Free Press.

DID HIM A FAVOR.

His Apparently Innocent Request Cost the Bank Dearly.

A customer having a fairly good balance, never going below four figures, at a London bank hurried in one morning and asked to see the manager. The usual civilities were exchanged, and the caller explained that he was making a rather good investment and had promised to pay £1,000 the next day.

"Well," said the manager, "there's no difficulty about that." "Precisely," was the rejoinder, "but will you do me a small favor?" "What is it?" queried the manager. "I want my friend to see that my paying him £1,000 will not exhaust my resources. Will you, therefore, oblige me by instructing all the pay clerks (and they were numerous) to cash my check when it is presented without referring to the ledger to see how my account stands? It will make a good impression on my man, and it cannot do you any harm, as you know what my balance is." (It was a little over £1,000.)

"Certainly, if you particularly wish it," replied the unsuspecting manager, for his customer's name had been long on the books, and there had never been any trouble with him.

When the check was presented the next day at a particular desk the clerk, without going through the formality of referring to the customer's account, pleasantly inquired, "How will you take it?" and handed over the amount without ado.

The same little ceremony was gone through at four other pay desks, each clerk, acting upon instructions, cashing Mr. ——'s check for £1,000, making £5,000 in all, or nearly £4,000 in excess of the wily customer's balance.

And, of course, when Mr. —— received a polite note requesting him to call at the bank he was not to be found.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Fashion Garrick Killed.

Women of England in the eighteenth century wore large hats. Samuel Rogers once traveled to Ranelagh in the same coach with a woman who was compelled to sit on a stool on the floor of the coach on account of the inconvenient height of her headdress. Hannah More, who was all for simplicity in costume, writes in her diary that she has seen women wearing on their heads "an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass plats, tulip beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen gardens and greenhouses." The credit of killing this fashion is given to Garrick. He appeared one night on the stage with a mass of vegetables on his head and a carrot suspended from each side, to the shame and confusion of many fair members of his audience."

Dr. Johnson's Resolutions.

Dr. Johnson compiled this list of good resolutions on his fifty-first birthday in 1760: "Resolved, Deo juvante, to combat notions of obligations; to apply to study; to reclaim imaginations; to consult the resolves on Tetty's coffin; to rise early; to study religion; to go to church; to drink less strong liquors; to keep a journal; to oppose lasiness by doing what is to be done tomo crow; rise as early as I can; send for books of history of war; put books in order; scheme of life."

Stories of Dumas.

As Alexandre Dumas had dined with a state minister, somebody asked him if he had enjoyed himself. He replied, "If it had not been for me I would have been bored."

Dumas was in the habit of giving 2 francs to a beggar whenever he met him. Once he had only 2 cents, which he gave. "Oh, M. Dumas!" exclaimed the beggar reprovingly. "Give them to a beggar," he replied.

Ella—Bella just told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you I told her.

Ella—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did.—Brooklyn Life.

METAL MONEY.

The Greeks Started Coining Long Before the Christian Era.

The invention of coinage is due to the Greeks, most probably to the bankers of Halicarnassos and adjacent Asia Minor Greek colonies, who toward the end of the eighth century B. C. began stamping the small gold and electron ingots which passed through their hands as currency with a mark of some sort intended to guarantee the weight and purity of the metal. Such ingots very soon assumed a round and more regular shape, which we find already in the older silver coins from Aegina, nearly contemporary with the Asia Minor "beans."

Curious to say, none of the surrounding peoples with whom the Asiatic and European Greeks were in constant communication, political or commercial, took up the wonderful invention which at present seems to us of such obvious necessity that we scarcely realize how the civilized world of old can ever have got on without it. As a matter of fact, however, neither the Phoenicians, with their practical commercial sense, nor the Lydians nor the Persians, who claimed the supremacy over the very cities where the new currency was initiated, nor, of course, the Egyptians, ever had coinage till the conquests of Alexander disseminated the Greek civilization all through the eastern world.

The Romans came to know of it through the Greek cities in Sicily and Magna Graecia and began striking silver coins toward the beginning of the third century B. C. In the meantime with the Greeks die sinking, like everything else, had fallen within the domain of art, and their coins, above all those struck during the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. by the Dorians of Sicily at Syracuse and Agrigentum, have never been equaled and remain forever a standard of beauty for the artist and a model of perfection for the die sinker.—London Saturday Review.

A FAMOUS BANKNOTE.

The One That Cruikshank Drew and the Crowds It Drew.

One day about the year 1818 George Cruikshank was passing Newgate on his way to the exchange when, seeing a crowd collected, he went forward to learn what was the matter and saw that it was the execution of several men and women. He was horrified at the spectacle and on inquiring learned that the woman was being hanged for passing counterfeit one pound notes. He learned also that this punishment was quite a common thing, even though the poor wretches often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them to buy some trifles and return the change to them. Wrung with pity and with shame, Cruikshank went home and immediately, under the inspiration of his feeling, sketched a grotesque caricature of a banknote He called it a bank restriction note—not to be imitated. He represented on it a place of execution, with spaces about filled in with halters and manacles, a figure of Britannia devouring her children and transport ships bearing the lucky or unlucky ones who had escaped death to Van Dieman's Land, or Australia, while in place of the well known signature of Abraham Newland was that of "J. Ketch."

He had just finished this when his publisher, Hone, entered and, seeing it, begged to have it for publication. So Cruikshank etched it and gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale in his window with startling effect. Crowds quickly began to gather and purchased so eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted.

Cruikshank was kept hard at work making more etchings. The crowds grew so great that the street was blocked, and the mayor had to send soldiers to clear it. Hone realized over £700 in a few days.—London Standard.

Pronunciation.

Dr. Johnson would not have consented to pronounce "wind" differently in prose and in verse. He insisted upon making the "I" long always. The story goes that, in order to crush somebody who preferred the short "i" in ordinary conversation, Johnson, rhyming all three words with "tinned," remarked, "I cannot find it in my mind to call it wind, but"—rhyming all three words with "blind"—"I can find it in my mind to call it wind." But his adversary got the better of him. Johnson himself always pronounced "gold" as "goold." "If I may be so boold," said the other, "I should like to be toold why you call it goold."

A Caustic Critic.

The Paris critic Martin once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good."

"They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied slowly.

Defenseless Man.

A woman writer in one of the magazines says women are sacrificed by thousands in the name of marriage. Yes, but what about the defenseless men who are each year torn from their comfortable homes and dragged to the altar?—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Optimism.

"Some fish ate the bait right off my hook," she said.

"Cheer up. He'll be all the bigger when you do catch him," he responded encouragingly.—Buffalo Express.

In the Middle Ages.

Cleanliness was not a fad in the middle ages. King Edward IV. of England was supplied with a barber to shave him once a week and, "if so be necessary," to wash his head and feet. One mediaeval laundress was given so little to wash that the washing bill of a ducal establishment came to 40 shilling ($9.60) a year. Four shirts was considered a large allowance of linen for Lord Howard, and a point is made of the fact that Master Howard was actually given a shirt to go to college with.

TROPICAL INSECTS.

The Tarantula Is the One Most to Be Dreaded.

Excepting only the tarantula, the crawling insects of the tropics are not really dangerous, though they are more than unpleasant, sufficiently so to make every one wary, and an instinctive watchfulness becomes after a time habitual. It is only a matter of being careful and dangerous stings can be avoided. The sting of a scorpion is sharp and painful. Rapid swelling follows till a great lump is formed at and about the wound, the glands often become swollen and painful, and the tongue swells so that speech may become difficult. The pain lasts from two to twenty-four hours, usually about a day, and it is exceptional if any serious effects follow.

The centiped attacks by burying its sharp feet in the flesh and then biting with its jaws, inflicting deep wounds. Often it goes on crawling rapidly over the flesh, puncturing it with burning, needlelike feet, biting continually, its jaws buried deep in the flesh with vigorous rapidity. This is a serious affliction. The sores, like burning blisters, are open for days, and where a centiped has walked and bitten the flesh a livid sore develops, leaving a deep scar witness to the pain inflicted. Sometimes even gangrene may set in, and then death is apt to follow in a few days. Thus a wound from a centiped unattended easily becomes serious. The centiped's back is so smooth and its muscles so supple that to check it under one's clothing requires fortitude which could press a redhot iron against the naked flesh. Relax the hand for an instant and the centiped slips away to continue its course over the body. The result is not easily described. The screams of a person so attacked attest the pain, and we dread the centipeds. I have seen them in the jungles over a foot long and about three inches broad. Usually they are less than half this size, and fortunately their attacks are rare. There are smaller centipeds, and bad enough it is to be bitten by them, but it is the big fellows in the woods which we dread.

Of all the insects which crawl about in the tropics the tarantula is most to be dreaded. It sinks its fanglike jaws deep in the flesh, and a poison which oozes out around them is carried into the wound. The soft body of the spider permits it to be easily killed, and if there is a way open for escape the tarantula will take it, perhaps not biting at all. One bite it gives, seldom more, and this is sufficient. Days of suffering must be endured, and death may occur. Violent swelling follows the bite of a tarantula and afflicts all that part of the body which has been bitten. At times the flesh becomes discolored, and with the intense pain a form of paralysis develops which may result in death. If, however, the person bitten is enjoying fair health no evil effects result, but where the blood is in poor condition, the heart weak or other organic troubles are present then stings or bites from creeping insects, not only tarantulas, but all of them, are apt to be fatal.

Naturally one crawls out from under the tolda with feelings of trepidation and usually finds that some creeping thing has made the outer folds of the tolda a resting place for the night.—Forest and Stream.

Eskimo Graves of Stones.

To the Eskimo mind everything animate or inanimate possesses a soul. Thus in their graves we found they invariably placed every cherished possession, that their spirits might serve the departed spirit in the same capacities in the life to come. There is little room for burial beneath the scanty earth in Labrador, even if the frost would permit. So the grave consists of upright stones, with long flat ones laid across. These not only serve to keep the wolves from the body, but wide chinks also afford the spirits free passage in and out.—Wilfred T. Grenfell in Century.

Uncle Sam's Human Hinges.

In other cities the doors of public buildings are set on springs and slap to and fro as the visitor wills, but in Washington it appears necessary to have a special man to open and close the doors—human hinges, as it were—no undignified banging of doors there. This custom has died out in other places, but there are many veteran negroes in Washington who have seen years of such service for the government. They have a stately way of performing this office, which gives a door an official and unofficial swing.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

A Mystery to Father.

"So your daughter has gone to Europe, after all?"

"Yaas," drawled Farmer Hayseed; "she's been daffy t' go ever sence she left skule. These here female girl colleges dew put ideas intew women's heads. Her maw an' me never could calc'late why she was so set t' go t' Yurrup. She don't know a soul thar."—Lippincott's

Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same splendid results.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A MALIBRAN VICTORY

The Great Singer's Lively Debut In an English City.

SHE DEFIED THE DIRECTORS.

Considering That She Had Been Shabbily Treated, Malibran Sang as Long as She Wanted to and Had a Most Satisfactory Revenge.

Quarrels between opera singers and managers call to mind an incident in the life of Malibran. It was in 1829, when Malibran returned to England from New York and made her debut at Birmingham at the music festival as Malibran Garcia. Miss Paton had already become a favorite there and was allowed to choose her own songs and sing as many as she pleased, whereas Malibran was compelled to sing only what was assigned to her. Garcia bore the indignity with such patience as she could command until one morning she saw the announcement that Miss Paton would sing six songs that evening and that she would sing but two. Then it was that, realizing that much of her success for the season in England depended on her having a better place in the program, she stormed the directors.

In vain the directors endeavored to avoid receiving her, but she made short work of ceremony, and while they were framing an excuse to pacify her she broke in upon them in a magnificent rage. In a jiffy she asked the chairman:

"Sir, have you sanctioned this program?" And, receiving a nod in the affirmative, she sailed along further.

"I had hoped," she said, "it had been issued without your sanction, for I assigns me two songs, both of which are hackneyed, while it gives my rival, Miss Paton, six. She has an established reputation here. Mine is yet to make, at least with your English audiences, and therefore if any preference should be given to any one it should be to me. On my success here depends all chance of my success in London. You forget this or I do not care. You give me no chance of success, whereas all I want is justice. I want the same opportunity for displaying my ability as you allow Miss Paton. Here you advertise me for Romeo. But I performed that last night, and the public will say, 'Romeo on Monday, Romeo on Tuesday, Romeo on Wednesday—Romeo, Romeo, she can do nothing but Romeo.' I want fair play—no more, no less!"

Well, it was a great fuss. The directors endeavored to soothe her, for she had talked herself into a great passion, but they made their mistake in pointing to the fact that the program was printed and could not be changed. In vain Malibran argued that she should sing six or an equal number of songs with Miss Paton, and finally she went off in a great huff, declaring if they would not right her she would right herself.

The evening advertised came, and the theater was crowded with the rank, beauty and fashion of Birmingham, as every one familiar with English music festivals would expect. The performance commenced. Some one sang, then Braham followed, and finally came Miss Paton. As usual, she was heartily received. Then Malibran came forward amid many plaudits, undoubtedly agitated at the applause, and stood for a minute with her arms folded and her eyes on the ground.

There was a piano near the footlights, and the music stood stood at the back of the stage. Malibran stood near the piano, but did not touch a key, while in a manner until then unknown in England she warbled the well known aria "Una voce poco fa." Peal followed peal of applause, and when the conductor came to lead Malibran away the cries of encore were so loud as to make him retreat, and again Malibran was in the hands of the audience.

For some time the applause continued and finally died away. When all was silence Malibran started up suddenly, made a pretty obeisance, hastily ran to the back part of the stage and brought out a piano stool. Then, motioning to the orchestra not to play, she played a preludio and then an accompaniment to the song she had just given. But that was not all. When she came within a note or two of the conclusion she paused, cast a look at the wings, where the mystified director stood, laughingly shook her head and to the delight of the audience and the amazement of the directors commenced a new song. She had been singing Italian; now she sang Spanish, and when this had been applauded she started to retire. The audience, however, would not part with her, and when the conductor came to lead her off pit, gallery and boxes actually hissed the poor fellow.

There never was a more enthusiastic ovation to a singer in Birmingham, and, thus encouraged, Malibran gracefully waved the conductor off and again sat down to play. She passed from Spanish to German, German to French and finally from French to English, and the result was that she occupied so much time that the nervously waiting Miss Paton sang only two songs instead of six!

There was a lively scene behind the curtain when Malibran at length retired. But to the acting director, who fumed and cried, "Madam, you have played us an astonishing trick!" she only smiled and said, "I told you that I would right myself if you wronged me—and I did."—New York Post.

Interested.

He was telling his wife about a small game of poker in which he had lost 45 cents.

"It was the worst game I ever played," he exclaimed, still angry over it, "and I got so mad I couldn't see."

"What did you do then, dear," she asked sweetly—"go it blind?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Caught.

She—Did you hear they were going to tax bachelors? He—Yes, but they'll never get it out of me. She—It is nice of you to put it that way, but I must speak to mother first.—Illustrated Bits.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

Where They Bar the Windows and Leave the Doors Open.

The City of Mexico swarms with life, yet it is still life. It is the hour of the siesta when you arrive and the streets are deserted of moving things, though every darkened doorway possesses its own colony of slumberers who have cast themselves down where they stood to sleep away the heat laden hours when no man works. Even the very dogs slink into the shadow of the dazzling walls and loll pitifully. The tinkle of mule bells is hushed. The cry of the muleteer sounds no longer. To walk through these streets with imperious foot, after the British fashion, seems sacrilege. One might be walking through a city of the dead.

But the hot hours pass, the city awakens, the mules strain and plunge at the collar, the dogs prowl about between the legs of those who pass, the shops are opened, the scent of garlic saturated cookery rises strongly, mantilla shrouded faces peep from ancient casemates protected by massive iron bars, and the city of sleep becomes a city of leisurely wakefulness. You notice these barred casemates particularly. They are a feature of Mexico. Householders bar the windows and leave the doors unfastened, and here you have an epitome of Mexican character: Do nothing openly, everything on the sly, even to wooing your lady-love.

You might spend a long lifetime in the City of Mexico and still leave much unseen, there are so many features to note—the actual city life, the life beyond those jealously guarded windows, the life lived in the flower scented patios where cooling fountains play with musical softness. Here comes a vaquero riding nonchalantly up the street, a typical product of Mexico, a cattle hand from one of the outlying ranches, a perfect fury unchained when the liquor of the country is in him, a gentle, dreamy child when the liquor has evaporated, and yet between the two events he might have committed a dozen murders without the slightest compunction. His swarthy face is alight with merry laughter. His earrings sparkle in the declining sun. The gay trappings of his magnificent horse fling back dazzling specks of color. In his chaparajos (those fringed overalls which protect the speckless white riding breeches from the dust of the way), his bell buttoned jacket, his sombrero, with the haft of a machete protruding from his crimson sash, he might be a hero of old legend instead of a commonplace cowboy.—Frank H. Shaw in Chambers' Journal.

Why Men Wear Trousers.

No living man of this age ever deliberately chose to "adopt trousers." He was forced into them and all other eccentricities of dress by woman. In the very earliest sartorial experience of every man he is swathed in a queer bundle of incoherent bandages by a woman. Later she puts him into cute little dresses so that the neighbors can't tell him from his little sister. Still later she cuts off his curls and puts him into knickerbockers, and he puts on "long pants" when she gives the word and not before. That is all that man has to do or ever had to do with wearing trousers. Woman forced him into them in the first place, and now he is afraid to wear anything else for fear of making a sensation.—Providence Journal.

Virginia Cabbage.

Select a small, fine pointed head of cabbage, cutting off the top for a lid. Cut out the center, leaving a wall an inch thick. Chop one cupful of cabbage very fine, then add one cupful each of ground ham and veal, one grated onion and finely chopped green pepper, six rolled crackers, two beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful each of celery salt and salt, one saltspoonful of white pepper and two dashes of cayenne. Mix thoroughly, fill cabbage, tie on the lid, put in a cheesecloth bag and boil in salted water for one hour. Slice crosswise and serve with cream sauce. Delicious. Serve the potato croquettes on the same platter.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fatherly Advice.

"Dad," said

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1909.

GOSPEL TRUTH.

President Eliot of Harvard said to the Western audience he was addressing a couple or three years ago that the system of education now practiced in American public schools is all wrong. Too little attention, he said, is paid to the groundwork for an education; the primaries and lower grades, where the foundations are, or should be, laid, are neglected; and above all, things are taught which will be of no practical value to the boy or girl in the business of life.

Now comes the testimony of another distinguished educator, Mr. Edwin G. Cooley, formerly Superintendent of the Chicago public schools, and now President of a prominent Boston book publishing house. At the final session of the National Council of Education at Denver last Monday, he said:

"While it is the privilege of every American born boy to try to become President of the United States, it does not follow that it becomes the business of the public school system to fit him for that position. Some of these boys are going to be laborers, mechanics, artisans, something besides President, and right now they are neglected.

"It has come to pass that we are educating about 2,000,000 boys for the Presidency, and about 30,000,000 for nothing, because our schools are cramming things into their heads which will be of no use to them when they begin work in the factory or on the farm."

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

It is safe to say that Woburn hasn't experienced so quiet, orderly and sane a Fourth of July in the last 25 years as that of 1909. The anniversary was observed here in a manner to be proud of.

Several agencies contributed to this happy result. For one thing Mayor Bond favored a noiseless celebration, and expressed himself to that effect in a manner that induced the public to give heed to his wishes. Then, again, Chief McDermott and his policemen were especially vigilant and active, and by them Young America were kept well in hand. Finally, there appeared to be a disposition on the part of everybody to have a decent Fourth, and that was what Woburn had.

The cardinal features of the celebration here were the entertainment for children; band concerts; the ball match between the North Woburns and South Ends for a prize of $50, which was won by the former in a strong, handsome game; and the great St. Charles Parish annual picnic. All of these were executed according to program.

Monday night was nearly powderless, and very peaceful.

☞ The proposed highspeed electric railroad from Boston through Somerville, Medford, Arlington, Winchester, Woburn, Wilmington and Tewksbury to Lawrence and Lowell have been the subject of hearings before the Railroad Commissioners the greater part of this week. Tuesday the Board left their offices on Beacon street at 9 30 o'clock to take a view of the location proposed for the road, and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday public hearings were given on the matter. The hearings close today, but nobody knows when a decision will be rendered.

☞ The Woburn Woman's Club did nobly by the Choate Hospital Fund. They turned over, as the net proceeds of their Society Circus, the splendid sum of $1,006.80, which was received by Mr. Edward Johnson, Treasurer of the Woburn Charitable Association, last week, with proper acknowledgements. The Club worked hard to raise the money, but, with the aid of the public, succeeded in doing so in good shape. It was a handsome donation.

☞ From his testimony before the Railroad Commissioners this week, it appears that Mayor Bond favors the Boston, Lowell and Lawrence Street Railway project, and hopes it will materialize. He thinks the line would be a help to Woburn.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. A. Jones—Citation.
C. A. Jones—Mortg. Sale.
John G. Maguire—Mortg. Sale.
John W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.

— July has been a cold month so far.

— Policemen Murphy and McKenna are out on vacation.

— E. G. Preston and family are to summer at Squam Lake, N. H.

— Mrs. James Given returned from her European tour early this week.

— Mrs. E. N. Blake is about to launch out on her annual vacation.

— Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Burnes are visiting in the Maratime Provinces.

— The Woburn W. C. T. U. will please accept our thanks for a bunch of lilies.

— Mrs. William Prior and daughter are rusticating in the "Old Granite State."

— Com. Kennedy and Supt. Martin has put lower Main street into fine condition.

— There were medical and surgical patients at the Hospital soon after the opening last week.

— The North Congregational Sunday School held their picnic at Revere Beach last Wednesday.

— Wild deer are quite plenty around here. It is supposed they come over from Middlesex Fells.

— Lawyer James E. Feeney is attending the National Convention of Elks at Denver this week.

— Capt. Wyer's 4th of July window decorations were a patriotic inspiration. He takes great pride in them.

— The alarm from box 62 at 10 05 Thursday morning, was for a fire in the storehouse of the Water Dept. on Winn street. Damage small.

— The Rocky Ford melons at Crovo's take the cake every time.

— The farmers have been blessed with excellent haying weather this week.

— By the generosity of Miss R Maria Johnson the Choate Hospital is supplied with another free bed.

— Arthur Dalziel, the machinist, contractor and builder, has returned from Virginia, and is hale and happy.

— People going across to Europe will do well to call on Mr. M. J. Mulkeen at his office in Mechanics building.

— A supplementary inspection of the Choate Hospital was kindly granted to the public last Sunday by the Trustees.

— Last week the Winchester *Star* printed a racy skit from the pen of Will H Feeney of this city, entitled "Winchester Today."

— John L. Parker, Commander of Mass. Dept. G. A. R., and wife were the guests of Mr. J. Fred Leslie and family last Monday.

— Ex Mayor John P. Feeney is nearly ready for another trip to Europe. He is to be accompanied by Mr. Irving Murray of Winchester.

— Mrs. Dr. Harry Wyer of St Louis, Mo., is visiting Capt. E. F Wyer and family and other relatives of the Doctor's in this city.

— The heavy rain from 3 to 8 last Saturday morning, accompanied by thunder and lightening, was refreshing, and good for vegetation.

— Mrs. McDevitt, sister of Lawyer James E Feeney, is expected to leave her New York State home soon for a visit with her relatives and friends in this city.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Woburn Progress League favor the Boston, Lowell & Lawrence Street Railway project, so it is said. Mr. Remington of this city is one of its chief promoters.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney went to New York and Philadelphia last Tuesday on business for the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., of which he is Advertising Manager.

— Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Kelley go to Hope, Maine, about the first of August, where they expect to remain the balance of the summer. The Doctor proposes to take a good long rest.

— A few days ago Mr. Charles B. Green of 84 Elm street, this city, completed 30 years of continuous service in the Woburn Fire Department. Not many members can boast of such a record.

— Capt. John P. Crane is at Poland Springs, Maine, where he has spent, pleasantly, many summers past. The golf links there are highly prized by the Captain, who is a zealous patron of the healthy sport.

— The Edison E. L. Co.'s electric flatiron is a boon to the maid in the washroom when 90 degrees in the shade tells how hot it is, especially so if several degrees of artificial heat is added to that figure.

— The body of Dr. Wilfred D. McDonald of Boston, who was drowned in Horn Pond on June 29, came to the surface near Ironton Island late last Monday afternoon, was recovered, and turned over to a Boston undertaker.

— The moon fulled last Saturday and the date for the appearance of a New Moon is July 17. Heavy falls of rain are not due during the waxing of the moon; but now that it is on the wane there should be no lack of water.

— It was so cold on the morning of the Glorious Fourth that oil stoves were necessary to comfort, and unseasonable weather followed for several subsequent days. But such weather for real enjoyment! There was never anything like it.

— The notice of Mr. George F. Hosmer, Sealer of Weights and Measures, in this paper should be carefully read and remembered. The office he fills so promptly and efficiently is one of the highest importance, as heads of families know full well.

— It is expected by Capt. E. F. Wyer, Mr. A. W. Whitcher and Mr. Charles F. Remmington, the promoters of the plan, that a 3-inch cannon, mounted, will arrive here in a few days from Augusta, Georgia, the same to be installed on the Soldiers' lot in Woodbrook Cemetery.

— With Doctors Kelley and Conlin at the head of the Medical department; and Doctors Chalmers and Carroll, of the surgical department; both until Sept. 1, the Choate Hospital is doing business on Academy Hill, and the free bed, the gift of Mr. J. F. Ramsdell, is ready for an occupant.

— We are informed that Mr. Joseph Linnell, the marketman, with friends galore, instead of occupying his summer home at Point Allerton, is in training for the huckleberry season, which will soon arrive. He is said to be an expert at picking the delicious fruit, and huckleberry pie is his best hold.

— Mr. A. V. Haynes, Treasurer of the "Sons of '24," of which Club Mr. George Buchanan is President, paid his annual visit to the JOURNAL Office one day last week, and we disremember the time, if ever, when we were so glad to see anybody as we were to see him. Although 85 years old, Mr. Haynes is as smart and bright as a boy.

— There are to be no more holidays, except Traders Day in August, until Labor Day. Locally Wednesday afternoons for the merchants, and Saturday afternoons for the printers, until Oct 1, are half-holidays, and the barbers take a different day for theirs. So there is considerable resting from labors going on here about all the time.

— Hope, Maine, where Ex Alderman B. H Nichols owns a farm, and he and Mrs Nichols go annually to escape the hot weather, has become a resort of considerable note. It is close to Penobscot Bay; has plenty of pure air, spring water, fresh vegetables, and good fruit; and the old farmhouses make pleasant summer homes.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— Some thermometers showed nearly 90 in the shade here along through the middle of the day, July 8.

— Judge E. F. Johnson and family are enjoying sea breezes at Cape Ann, their favorite summer resort.

— The alarm from box 34 at 7.50 yesterday morning was for the rekindling of the fire at the Pierce house on Cambridge street that was burned last Tuesday evening.

— Mr Leon L. Dorr, of the dry-goods house of Copeland & Bowser, and family are to take their vacation outing at Keene's Mills, down on the Androscoggin River in Maine. There is no more beautiful country anywhere than the Valley of the Androscoggin.

— The annual picnic of the Danish Brotherhood, held in Tivoli Grove on Salem street Monday, July 5, was a fine affair. The program included many athletic games, chief among them being a tugowar, which was won by the Brotherhood team against Captain James Graham's crowd.

— The pleasures of Independence Day were enhanced at the JOURNAL office by the receipt of an elegant and extra large bouquet of roses and heliotrope from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Feeney of Academy Hill, presented by the former, whose call, with the gift, was very much enjoyed.

— It has nearly, if not quite, reached the point when a telephone is considered as much of a necessity in the house as any other indispensible piece of furniture, and the residence that does not contain one is rapidly getting to be an exception to the rule. Please note what the N. E. T. & T. have to say about telephones in this paper.

— It was not wholly because Colby at Waterville, Maine, is a Calvinist Baptist College that Mr. and Mrs. Charlie A. Jones and Miss Tidd attended its commencement last week, for Mr. Jones is a member of the Board of Trustees, or, perhaps, its financial agent—at all events, he is officially connected with the old and prosperous College, and his presence down there last week was necessary.

— Mr. Charles A. Lewis of Chicago laid aside the business he came to New York to attend to and left there Saturday evening for Woburn to spend Independence Day with his sister, Mrs. Hobbs, of the JOURNAL. Naturally, it was a pleasant 4th of July for both. Mr. Lewis returned to New York on Tuesday, satisfied after witnessing the great game won by the North Woburns, that this city has firstclass baseball talent and plenty of it.

— The suggestion of the *Times* that the bandstand be removed from the Common is a good one. It shouldn't be allowed to remain there. The Common, or Village Green, ought to be a beautyspot, which it cannot be while the bandstand is suffered to remain where it is. And by the way, three or four clumps of choice shrubbery, artistically set out on it, would improve the spot, and Landscape Architect Clewley could do the job in fine style.

—Supt. Myers of the Woburn Division of the B. & N. Street Railway says that last Monday was the biggest business day his line ever had. More than 25,000 people rode over it that day. The St. Charles picnic drew 3,000 of them, which meant 6,000 fares. Supt. Myers was glad to be able to state that not an accident occurred during the transportation of this great number of passengers. It was remarkable and highly creditable to the motormen and conductors.

— The St. Charles Parish picnic last Monday beat all former achievements in that line to a standstill. An immense crowd of men, women and children covered the spacious grounds from morning to night. There were footraces, tugsowar, vaulting and other athletic sports; band music, and dancing all the time, and such another happy holiday picnic was never enjoyed. No people on earth are better adapted, constitutionally, to picnics than those of St. Charles parish.

— At a regular meeting of the School Board last week Miss Katherine D. Barker, Smith '00, daughter of Mr. E. Gerry Barker, President of the Barker Lumber Co. of this city; and Miss Elva Caldwell, Wellesley '08, daughter of Mr. Edward Caldwell, were elected special teachers in the High School. They are good scholars, and will no doubt, prove to be valuable additions to the teaching force of the school. Miss Esther Bean, Wellesley '09, applied for teacher's berth in the same school.

— The annual Independence Day float and illumination of the Ironton Canoe Club on Horn Pond last Monday evening was a fine one, and attracted the large crowd of spectators who lined the shores of the beautiful sheet of water. Following the aquatic sports were refreshments and dancing. Daniel Norris won the Florence W. Crosby and Ironton Club (permanent) prizes; and Willard K. Fowle captured the second Club trophy. The judges were: Mrs. Emma H. Wright, Mrs. Edward T. Brigham, and Mrs. Herbert C. Huntress.

— When the old Jacob Pierce homestead on Cambridge street, this city, near the Winchester line, was totally destroyed by fire last Tuesday night, one of the most ancient of Woburn landmarks disappeared forever. It was one of the oldest houses in this town—built 150 or 200 years ago. It was owned by Mr. Butman and occupied by Mr. Benjamin Shatz, being leased by Mr. Clarence H. Gustin, an extensive farmer in that neighborhood. Shatz lost all his household goods, on which there was no insurance. The destruction of the house caused a loss of $2,100.

— The days have decreased in length 10 minutes.

— Many Woburn people are attending the B. L. & L. St. Ry hearing this week.

— Dry weather cut short the pea crop and increased the price of spring lamb.

— Trinity Parish S. S. children will sell icecream and cake on the lawn near the church tomorrow afternoon.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dunsmore of Charles street leave today for an extended visit to their old home in Scotland.

— Mr. and Mrs. William W. Crosby have returned from their wedding tour and are happily domiciled at their pleasant home on Arlington Road.

— Judge J. G. Maguire is Council for several Woburn parties at the hearing of the B. L. & L. St. R matter who oppose the scheme. Lawyer Mendum represents the Woburn Progress League in favor of it.

— Gage & Co. are turning out some of the finest suits for gentlemen that were ever seen hereabouts. No Boston tailoring surpasses Gage & Co.'s in style, workmanship, or quality of goods. And their prices are reasonable.

— A few days ago we were privileged to examine an improved plan for laying out and arranging the Woburn Common which was drawn by Hon. Alvah S. Wood between 30 and 40 years ago, and which might, even at this late day, be adopted and profitably carried out. Instead of clipping off corners, it embraced the entire piece of ground, extending out to the sidewalk of each street abutting on it, with paths running from the entrances, and surrounding the Soldiers Monument. The plan includes no unsightly bandstand with its barren surroundings, and, properly enclosed, the Common would be a real beautyspot.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

City Council.

A meeting of the Board was held on Thursday evening, July 1, with nearly all the members present.

Although numerous matters of public importance were brought forward for action, there was really but little business finished up.

An order relating to a public bathhouse and the cost of one was referred to the Board of Public Works. The matter of buying an automobile for the Fire Department was duly referred.

A petition from the police force asking for an increase of salary from $840 to $915 a year went to the Committee on Salaries. The petition ought, by all means, to be granted. The policemen and schoolhouse janitors are the poorest paid employees of the city. Give the bluecoats the $915 asked for.

The request of the B. L. & L. St Ry Co. for a hearing was laid over.

The loan bills of $7,500 with which to buy land and equip a South End playground had a second reading, and the playground goes.

Ald. Cannon asked that the firemen be given one day in 10, instead of one in 15. Referred.

A favorable committee report on the petition of the Edison E. I. Co. of Boston to erect electric poles on Burlington and Cambridge streets was accepted.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Week after week at Keith's, big attractions are following each other in rapid succession, the next to come being the famous Romany Opera Company, the largest organization of the kind ever presented in vaudeville,—in fact is as strong as many of the productions that give a whole evening's entertainment. For the present engagement an entirely new production has been made under the title of "La Festo di Mezz Agosto." There are no less than sixteen people in the company, and it will be perhaps impossible to get together a company of artists in one engagement at any other time to equal this.

Paragon Park.

Manager Dodge at "Paragon Park" never does anything by halves. Instead of having a one ring open air free circus, he has a two ring circus free to all his patrons. Instead of having only half of the Palm Garden for eating and the rest for wine tables, he uses the entire vast Palm Garden for dining, and pushes the wine tables out on the verandas which he extends to make room for everybody. Instead of one band he has two for his free band concerts alone, to say nothing of other bands and orchestras connected with various attractions in the Park.

Swiss Glaciers.

As the Matterhorn is the grandest object to be seen in Switzerland, so also are the glaciers above Zermatt the most magnificent. In the Oberland and at Chamonix the glaciers are frozen rivers and cataracts. From the Gorner Grat the glaciers are vast seas of ice, with ledges of rocky beach, over which the frozen breakers are beating. The Aletsch and the Rhone glaciers are grand frozen torrents of immense volume, and the ice fields of the Mont Blanc range are of vast extent, but it is from the Gorner Grat, where the spectator is surrounded by frozen seas, out of which the snow peaks rise like islands, that the imagination is over powered by stupendous glacial effects.

THE CABBAGE CURE.

Old Ezekiel Had Long Been Wanting a Boiled Dish.

"This idea that people thrive best on the food they like best is not as modern as you seem to think," said the old doctor to the young doctor. "When Ezekiel Holmes was something over 100 years old he was taken sick, and my grandfather, one of the best physicians in that section, was called in to see him after the family had done their worst to make him better.

"Grandfather pronounced Mr. Holmes very ill and told the family that the end was probably near—he might not live out the night. As soon as this news spread through the neighborhood several friends called to sit up or watch with the sufferer. Among them was a sea captain, who took the second watch.

"A little after midnight Mr. Holmes awoke and said the doctor was starving him. The captain asked what he would like to eat.

"'Corned beef and cabbage,' replied the old man.

"The captain found some in the pantry—it was a staple dish in those days—and gave him a generous plateful, reasoning, as he said afterward, that so long as the old man's hours were numbered he might as well have what he wanted while he lasted. After eating heartily Mr. Holmes said he felt much better and went quietly to sleep. The next morning, when grandfather called, he found his patient on the road to recovery. The old man not only got well, but kept so for four or five years afterward, and he always stoutly declared that his midnight meal had cured him.

"'I'd been wanting a boiled dish a fortnight,' he used to say, 'and mother wouldn't let me have it. But I worked a traverse on her and got well.'"—Youth's Companion.

"MATUSHKA VOLGA."

Melody of Sorrow Heard In Prison and Palace In Russia.

There is an air so popular in Russia that it is even more familiar than their national anthem to the people of that great, mysterious empire. I have heard it in all parts of the czar's dominions from the Baltic sea to Bering strait and from Archangel to the Caspian, in the glittering palaces of Petersburg and in foul prison dens of Siberia.

It is a simple melody in the minor key, suggestive, like most Slav music, of sorrow and unrest, and it is called "Matushka (or Mother) Volga," as for some cryptic reason every Russian, be he noble or nihilist, is taught from childhood to regard this great river in the light of a maternal relative. Yet the river is full of sad associations, for convicts formerly traveled a portion of the journey to Siberia along its broad, sluggish stream.

I can never forget the haunting sweetness of "Matushka Volga" as I heard it sung on a prison barge one quiet summer evening by a party of fettered politicals banished to the great lone land of exile, for "Mother Volga" was their last link with home and the loved ones they might never meet again.

Fortunately the condemned are now sent into Asia by the Transsiberian railway, and the unhappy exile is spared at least one bitter parting—that from his well beloved "Mother Volga."—Travel Magazine.

A Curious Tree.

One of the natural curiosities of south Mashonaland is a "German sausage tree." It bears deep crimson flowers, three inches long, in blazing bunches of twelve, but when the tree fruits into fat, substantial, sausage-like pods there remain no leaves, and it looks like a sausage larder indeed. These beans are twenty inches long and twelve inches in girth and are beloved of the native tribe of Shanganns and baboons. But the tribe of the Karenga are a very superior people and would never deign to eat them. There can be no reason for this, as at least no one can accuse these "sausages" of being connected in any way with dogs or cats.—Natal Witness.

May Cure Snoring Too.

"I've found a cure for nightmare," said the man who will eat despite his subsequent sufferings. "When I go to bed at night I slip a string through an empty spool, secure the spool firmly so it will not slide and then tie the string around my wrist in such a way that the spool comes in the middle of my back. The result is that if I try to turn on my back in my sleep I lie on the spool, and I can assure you it awakens me promptly. No; it isn't pleasant to be wakened in that way, but it is better than having to go through one of the diabolical nightmares from which I have suffered for several years."—New York Press.

Must Keep It Dry.

The teacher had explained to a primary class the difference between solids and liquids and illustrated her points by objects kept on a table. When she thought her pupils had grasped the idea she held up her watch and asked, "Now, children, must I put this among the solids or among the liquids?" "Among the solids, teacher," a bright little boy replied. "Why not among the liquids?" she asked. "Because," replied the little fellow—"because if you do you will get it wet."

All About Her.

Winkle—See that little woman in black over there? I'll bet there are more men crazy about that woman than any woman in town. Hinkle—What makes you think so? Winkle—Well, she's the matron out at the lane asylum.

Without a friend the world is a wilderness.—German Proverb.

Sensitive Tobacco Plants.

In Cuba the best tobacco comes from the strip of land only, the slopes of a certain river, and even there a north wind may ruin the crop. Tobacco is the most sensitive plant we know of. The smallest thing affects its flavor. Plant Virginia tobacco in Germany, and the result is a better tobacco, but it is German tobacco, not Virginian. In north Borneo they produce the most delicate and silky leaves that ever were seen, but the tobacco lacks character and taste. Send Havana seeds to the Philippines, and you merely produce a superior Manila.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Extinguished Flame.

"John, I found a lock of hair among your old letters."

"Well?"

"I never gave it to you."

"Don't worry. I don't remember who did."—Houston Chronicle.

Knicker—Why did you ride with such a reckless chauffeur?

Bocker—To keep from being run over.—New York Sun.

WINCHESTER.

McCall hopes Congress will adjourn pretty soon.

Did you read what W. H. Feeney said in the *Star* last week about Winchester? It was good reading.

The Met. Park Com. have provided for 9 openair concerts on Manchester Field during the summer.

Everyone sincerely mourns the death of George A. Rooney last week. He was Winchester's first postman.

Good fishing aroune here in local waters. If you don't believe it, listen to the yarns of the fishermen.

Congressman McCall is improving and enhancing the value of Westside real estate. He likes Winchester, he says.

Our people who have money enough to do so, are scampering away to seaside, hillside and countryside in great shape.

Nothing happened to Wm. Tuck, Esq., eh? Haven't heard a yip from him for a month of Sundays. Tuck is a good citizen; wish we had more like him.

Wonder which way Dr. Church and Mrs. Dr. Church are headed for their vacation? Both have "money to burn," and they generally spend some of it when the summer vacation comes around.

The opposition vote of this town to the B. L. and L. Street Railway going through it must act as a serious backset to the visionary, if not idiotic, scheme of Butler Ames and his associates. It is a wild chimerical idea, at the best.

I expect Parson Suter got a big fee for marrying Tom Lawson's daughter, Marion, last week. He tied the knot in great style. The name of the lucky groom was Lord, a Chicago man. By the way, how quiet Tom has been of late. Anything the matter with copper?

There is nothing so pleasant for us old coveys as to watch the youngsters enjoy their present vacation days. Going about hither and yon in pairs, trios and groups, they are taking solid comfort, especially so along the grassy banks of the brooks and in the cool shade of umbrageous trees.

Due Precaution.

The inspector in the electric light plant received word that a wire was down on a crowded street. He hurried to the spot and found the bystanders handling the broken wire in a very careless manner. Luckily, it was part of the fire alarm system and not one of the lines that carried the high tension current for the lights.

An Irish crossing tender approached the inspector. "I saw that wire hanging down there, an' I picked it up an' lugged it over here out of the way."

"Well," said the inspector, "you took a big chance. You shouldn't have touched that wire. You didn't know what was in it. You might have been killed."

"Ah," said the crossing tender, with a knowing nod, "I was mighty careful, sor. Sure, I felt of it before I took hold of it."—Youth's Companion.

Her Challenge.

A woman in Cape Colony on trial for some offense was told that she might challenge any one on the jury to whom she objected. She immediately took advantage of the permission by challenging a highly respectable farmer. On being asked afterward what her reason had been for doing so she explained that she had supposed she was obliged to object to some one, so she had picked out the ugliest.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Leo C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5 45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Currie, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Sacrament."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Married.

In this city, June 30th, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, George H. Hopkins of Melrose, Mass., and Gladys F. Aldrich of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, June 26, by drowning, Dr. Wilford D. Mellona, of Woburn, aged 35 years.
In this city, July 4, John Martin, aged 64 years.
In this city, July 4, Frank J. Fitchett, aged 16 years, 7 months, 18 days.
In this city, July 8, Eunice Blodgett, aged 80 years.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Joseph H. Buck of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John W. Johnson, executor of the will of Aaron Thompson, dated June 1, 1892, and recorded with Middlesex (South District) Deeds, Book 2204, Page 290, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, August 2, 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—

Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, on the northerly side of Lawrence street, extended, and at land of Jane C. Butman, from thence the line runs westerly, by and with said Lawrence street, seventy feet to land now or formerly of William S. Whitford; thence turning at a right angle the line runs northerly by land last named one hundred thirty five and 3-10 feet to land of Edward W. Hudson; thence turning the line runs easterly, on and by said land of Hudson and on and by land of Frank E. Soles, seventy and 1-100, to land of said Jane C. Butman; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Butman one hundred thirty four and 25-100 feet to the point of beginning. Containing 9,434 square feet. Being lot No. 5 on plan of land belonging to J. A. Buck and W. S. Whitford, dated March 1, 1893 and now on file in the Middlesex (So. Dist.) Registry of Deeds. With a right of way over said Lawrence street, as shown on said plan, throughout its length.

Three hundred dollars in cash will be required from the purchaser at the time and place of sale, and the sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any.

KATIE QUINN, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, July 9, 1909.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Charlotte Flint Clark Higbee, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Frederick E. Hunt who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the others having declined the trust, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

jly 9, 16, 23.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Charles J. Sargent to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation duly established under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at Woburn, dated September 29th, 1893 and recorded with Middlesex (South District) Deeds, Book 2344, Page 249, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosure the same will be sold at public auction on the premises,

WEDNESDAY, August 4th, 1909,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises thereby conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing one acre of land, more or less, and bounded as follows namely:—

Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on the westerly side of the Woburn and Andover road at a corner of the wall at land of Horace Sheldon, thence the line runs southerly by said road one hundred sixty-five (165) feet to a stake at land of Henry Sheldon, thence westerly by said land of Henry Sheldon three hundred eleven and 6-10 (311 6-10) feet to a stake; thence northerly still by land last named, one hundred fifty two and 25-100 (152 25-100) feet to the center of the wall at said land of Horace Sheldon; thence easterly by the wall by said land of Horace Sheldon two hundred sixty four (264) feet to the point of beginning. The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any, and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee,
By Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Massachusetts, July 7th, 1909.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Costello and Hannah Costello his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated October 28th, A. D. 1908, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2407, Page 130, will be sold at public auction upon the premises herein after described, on

MONDAY, August 2nd, A. D. 1909,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Mann's Court, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing about one thousand three hundred and eighty (1,380) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Mann's Court, there measuring seventy and 1-10 (70.1) feet, easterly by land now or formerly of Heirs of James A. Mann, there measuring sixty one and 4-10 (61.4) feet; Northerly by land formerly of Daniel Sutherland and land formerly of Anne Connolly, there measuring seventy and 8-10 (70 8) feet; and westerly by land formerly of George Flagg there measuring sixty one (61) feet.

Being the same premises conveyed to said Hannah Costello by Mary E. Fitzgerald or Minnie E. Fitzgerald, by deed dated April 26th, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3157, Page 277.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes, and assessments, if any thereon.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers, at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 429 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee, by John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., July 6, 1909.

CITY OF WOBURN.

DEPARTMENT OF
Weights and Measures.

Woburn, Mass, June 30, 1909

Notice is hereby given to all public weighers, and to all persons, firms and corporations using scales, weights and measures in buying or selling goods, wares, merchandise or other commodities in the City of Woburn to bring in such scales, weights and measures and have them sealed.

The sealer will be at his office Basement of Court House Tuesday evenings from 7 to 8.30 and Friday afternoons from 3 to 4.30 o'clock.

GEORGE F. HOSMER,
Sealer of Weights and Measures.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed executrices of the will of Almira P. Richardson, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and have taken upon themselves that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

MARY A. CARTER,
ADA D. CARTER,
Executrices
6 Bennett Street.

Woburn, June 24, 1909.

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 36,354 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner at Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 5 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn.

TELEPHONE TOLL RATES

To familiarize the public with the low rates of TELEPHONE TOLL MESSAGES the following table is published. It is approximate rather than exact, but it will serve as a fairly accurate basis on which to estimate the charges for a THREE MINUTE CONVERSATION.

Distances of:	Approximate Rate:
10 miles or less	10 cents
10 to 15 miles	15 cents
15 to 25 miles	20 cents
25 to 35 miles	25 cents
35 to 45 miles	30 cents
45 to 55 miles	35 cents
55 to 65 miles	40 cents
65 to 75 miles	45 cents
75 to 85 miles	50 cents
85 to 90 miles	55 cents
90 to 100 miles	60 cents

Proportionately Low Rates for more distant points

The telephone furnishes the QUICKEST, MOST SATISFACTORY, and in many respects the MOST ECONOMICAL method of communication. You are assured of:

Prompt Delivery of Your Message.
Knowledge of When and to Whom Delivered.
Direct Personal Communication.
Service at Almost Any Hour—Day or Night.

No special equipment is needed. You may be connected from your own Telephone to Toll or Long Distance points. If the person with whom you wish to speak has no telephone the Toll Operator will arrange to send a messenger to his residence or place of business and ask him to come to a Pay Station to talk to you.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.
Commercial Department.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R. Carter of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John M. Harlow, Trustee under the will of Charles Choate, late of said Woburn, deceased, dated May 21, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2369, Page 350, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Thursday, July 29, A. D. 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, (exclusive of the parcel heretofore released therefrom) namely: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about one and one-half acres, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Main street, at land of heirs of S. Frankesford Trull, from thence the line runs southerly, by and with said Main street, one hundred fifty and 75-100 feet to a stake at land of Burdett; thence turning, the line runs easterly on land of Burdett, one hundred fifty-four and 27-100 feet to a stake; thence turning, the line runs south, 9° 500 east, on land of Burdett, one hundred six and 16-100 feet to Mishawum Road, formerly New Boston Street; thence turning, the line runs northeasterly, by and with said Mishawum Road, twenty and 44-100 feet to land of Everett F. Fox; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said land of Fox, one hundred feet to a corner; thence turning, the line runs north of east, still by said land of Fox, one and 2-10 feet; thence more northerly, by land of Fox, and by land of Whitcher, one hundred seventy-

20 per cent Saving on Your BREAKFAST CEREALS

Quaker Toasted Corn Flakes 8c. package.
Mazall Toasted Corn Flakes 5c. package.
Cream of Wheat, 12c. package.
Shredded Wheat, 10c. package.

Why Do You Pay More?

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242 3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have **14,080** square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road **FOR SALE.** Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of **A. W. WHITCHER,** 379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M.; then every hour until 1.45 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

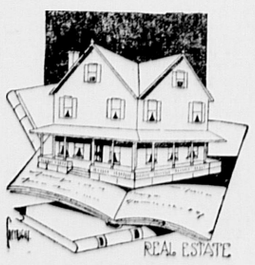
Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A. M. then every half hour until 10.15 P. M. 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

KEEPING HIS BALANCE.

A Story With a Moral That Is Told Among the Tartars.

There is a story told among the Tartars which has a moral for the civilized men of the present day. It is to this effect: Robo, cousin of the great mogul, was condemned to death for participation in a rebellion. The most skillful swordsman in the empire was provided for the execution, and the great mogul and his court were present as spectators.

The thin, keen blade flashed in the sunlight and descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the stroke.

The executioner's work was so deftly done that, though the head was severed, not a vital organ was disturbed. Robo remained standing.

"What, Robo, art thou not beheaded?" exclaimed the great mogul.

"My lord, I am," replied Robo, "but as long as I keep my balance right my head will not fall off."

The great mogul was placated. A band was put on Robo's neck, and he recovered. He afterward became a loyal subject and was made cashier of the empire because, as the great mogul remarked:

"He knows that if he keeps his balance right his head will not come off."—Exchange.

MAKESHIFT COMPASS.

Float a Magnetized Sewing Needle In a Bowl of Water.

If a thoroughly dry and clean sewing needle is carefully laid on the surface of water in a basin the needle will float in spite of the high density of steel—seven or eight times that of water. On close inspection it is found that the surface of the water is depressed under the needle, much as if there were a thin film stretched over the water and slightly indented by the weight of the needle.

This property of liquids of offering a certain resistance to a force exerted upon their surface is termed "surface tension." The magnitude of the force of surface tension varies from one liquid to another. It is greatest in the case of mercury. The cause of the phenomenon must probably be looked for in the attraction of the liquid molecules to one another.

A sewing needle thus floating upon water may be used as a compass if it has previously been magnetized. It will then point north and south and will maintain this position if the containing vessel is moved about. If the needle is displaced by force it will return to its position along the magnetic meridian as soon as the restraint is removed.—Chicago Tribune.

Locating a Broken Wire.

When a telegraph wire is broken or damaged, say, several hundred miles away, how does the operator, sitting in his office, know exactly where the accident occurred?

The explanation is simple. It requires, as every one knows, considerable force to send electricity through a wire. The longer the wire the greater, of course, must be the force required. This force is measured in units called by electricians "ohms." Let us suppose that a wire between a New York office and a point 150 miles away has broken somewhere. The telegrapher knows that when the wire was intact there were required, say, 2,100 ohms to facilitate the current, or fourteen ohms to the mile. He now finds that he can send a current with only 700 ohms. Dividing 700 by 14, he finds that the break in the wire is fifty miles from his end.—New York Tribune.

Foresight.

Little George, who was four years old, had been told many Bible stories. Among them was the story of the flood and the building of the ark by Noah. One day a storm threatened. The clouds grew darker, the wind arose, and suddenly the rain began to fall.

"Auntie," said George, "do you think it is going to storm?"

"Yes, I think it will," was the reply.

"Do you think it will be a hard storm?" asked the little fellow.

"Yes, I think it will be a hard storm," the aunt replied.

"Well, don't you think some of us had better begin building an ark?" he asked.—Los Angeles Times.

The Man and the Mummy.

"This," said the guide who was plotting a bunch of tourists through Egypt as he pointed to a mummy, "was a high priest, the wisest man of his day. He lived to a great age."

"Was his last illness fatal?" queried the wag of the bunch.

"Of course it was," answered the rude, with a look of pity at the other.

"That's queer," rejoined the waggish person. "His present appearance would seem to indicate that he was permanently cured."—Chicago News.

Too Big a Price.

Does the pursuit of wealth cut the American man of business off from the old fashioned relish of books and society? In other words, is he paying too big or disproportionate a price in time and strength for wealth and commercial prominence? My answer would be "Yes" beyond question.—A. Barton Hepburn in Century.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT EASE

A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures hot, tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet and makes walking easy. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. All druggists 25 cts. Don't accept any substitute.

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TIDES AND FISHING.

Fish Are More Active In Search For Food on the Flood Tide.

The most essential thing in sea fishing, next to tackle and bait, is a tide table, because all marine fishes except the flatfish—flounder and fluke—are captured more readily at a certain tide. The main cause for such is that fish are more active in their search for food generally on the flood tide.

Vast schools of little fishes move close into shore on the incoming tide, working their way into the smaller bays and inlets, especially near the edge of banks, where they feed on the small crustaceans, shrimps and little minnows that can effectually hide from their larger enemies when the tide is low and the large fish are unable to get at them in very shoal waters.

It is a common and interesting sight to see a school of weakfish slowly moving in near the surface with the early tide. Suddenly one sees the smooth surface all in commotion. Silvery minnows leap frantically in all directions, looking like flashes of diamonds, then instantly disappear to certain death. At such times anglers should be ready with their boat trimmed snug, lines out floating forty feet away, baited with live shrimps.

Tide affects bottom feeders, though not to such a large extent. Fishing from piers and docks an hour before and after flood is most likely to give good results. On wrecks much depends on the kind of fish. The last of the ebb and at low tide is considered the worst condition for general fishing. In the open sea, on the banks, tidal influence counts for little or nothing. Any tide is as good as another.—Outing Magazine.

THE LIVERY STABLE DOG.

Some Ways In Which He Differs From the Fashionable Pets.

The common livery stable dog is totally unlike the "powder puff" or "toots and skigums" dog, but his disposition is infinitely better. To lie on a cushion and growl and snap at the hand that would caress it is considered the height of folly in the livery stable variety.

The livery stable dog approaches you ingratiatingly and offers you a dirty paw to shake. After you have shaken it he solemnly gives you the other. Then he crawls up in your lap and licks you on the mouth.

The livery stable canine is a most industrious digger of holes. The theory is that he is going to lie down in the hole he digs, but he does no such thing. He goes and lies down right in the middle of the sidewalk, where people will have to step over him. He will never get out of anybody's way. He even lies down in the middle of the street and tries to make carts, wagons and automobiles avoid him.

He doesn't enjoy as large a vocabulary as the powder puff or skigums dog. A phrase like "Does ums want ums itty bass?" would scare him to death. His advantages have not been such as to acquaint him with such bifalutin talk, but he does know a few simple phrases like "Git to blazes out of here, you darned pest!" He understands that perfectly.—Puck.

The American Youth.

If the truth were told most young American men are not especially interesting. They do not keep up their reading. They have a national obtundity when it comes to music, to art, to literature, nor do many of them take any of these things at all seriously. The young among them are not good conversationalists. Our cleverest men are monologists pure and simple. They lecture admirably. They are born orators along modified lines. They are inevitable story tellers. None of this is conversation, and women like conversation, like its courtesies, which at least pretend a little interest when their turn comes in the game. Knowledge of people and affairs outside our own country pricks more than one bubble about our young men.—Anna A. Rogers in Atlantic.

Discipline!

From the class room occupied by the roughest boys in the Sunday school came a great uproar. A secretary in the next room went to investigate. Complete silence followed the opening of the class room door.

"Have you a teacher?"

"No."

"Do you want one?"

"No."

"Then be quiet or you'll get one."

Result, comparative peace.—Manchester Guardian.

Looking Out For Grandma.

They are considerate youngsters in Nottingham, as most people know, says London Tit-Bits. A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted:

"Dear Angels—We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short winded and can't blow a trumpet."

Well Rehearsed.

Stage Manager—Remember, Bangs, we are depending on your baby to cry lustily in the third scene. Do you think he'll do his part? Actor Father—He ought to, sir. He's been rehearsing night and day.—Boston Transcript.

Like One of the Family.

Wigwag—Bjones says that when he is at your house he acts just like one of the family. Henpeckke—Yes; he seems to be just as much afraid of my mother-in-law as I am.—Philadelphia Record.

When death has come it is never our tenderness we repent of, but our severity.—Eliot.

His Worthless Son.

There lives an old negro truck farmer in Alabama who has frequent occasion to reprove his children for their lack of industry.

"Yo' suttinly is a wuthless son," the old fellow declared one day to his oldest. "It's a doggoned good thing fo' yo' I ain't a rich nigger!"

"What yo' talkin' 'bout, pap?" asked the son. "What yo' think yo' do den?"

"I'd disinherit yo'! Dat's what I do!" exclaimed the old man wrathfully.—Lippincott's.

Sidestepped.

Father (at supper table)—Well, Johnny, how did you get along at school today? Johnny—Papa, my physiology books says conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character. Let's talk about something else.—Chicago News.

Musical Reception.

Brown—What did your wife say about your being so late home the other night?

Jones—Nothing at all. She just sat down at the piano and played "Tell Me the Old, Old Story."

Juliet Got the Light.

At a small seaport town a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.

"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, "if I do not have a limelight thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss, but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager, and to this the lady agreed.

The lad who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to him by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo—He jests at scars who never felt a wound.

(Juliet appears. Prompter lights a match.)

"But, soft! What light through yonder windows breaks?"

(This was the match lighting the fuse.)

"Arise, fair sun!"

The sun, or, rather, the rocket, did rise with a terrific hiss. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire, and the theater was filled with a sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.

Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has always been looked upon in that town as a dramatic work that could not be witnessed without personal danger.—London Express.

The Foiler Foiled.

Recently one young man bet another that he could not break an egg placed on the floor of their room by hitting it with a barrel. The second young man promptly took the bet.

Thereupon the first young man carefully placed an egg in a corner of the room, just where the walls made a right angle, so that it was impossible for the other to hit the egg with an ordinary barrel.

Then the first young man proceeded to gloat.

But the other suddenly produced a revolver and broke the egg by tapping it smartly with the barrel of the weapon. Then he demanded the money.

There was quite a dispute naturally. Finally the two agreed to submit the question to the editor of a sporting paper. In due time the answer came. The sporting authority decided that the second young man was the winner of the bet, since the other had not specified in any way what kind of barrel should be used for the destruction of the egg.—New York Times.

Origin of the Term "Gringo."

To the average Mexican all Americans are "gringos." They are too polite to call you a gringo to your face, but among themselves it is the term generally used in referring to Americans. It is a term of disrespect, just as "greaser" when applied to a Mexican is an opprobrious term. "Gringo" had its origin during our war with Mexico in 1847. Bobby Burns' song, with the chorus,

Green grow th
Green grow th
The sweetest hou
Are spent amo

was very popular
diers in Mexico s
and on nearly eve
grow" sounded like
Mexicans unacquainted with English, and they quickly learned to speak of the American soldiers as "gringos," and thenceforth this appellation has been attached to all Americans.—Outing Magazine.

Three Kinds of Cigars.

What is a Havana cigar? George Augustus Sala, who had studied Cuban cigarmaking on the spot, once set forth that three kinds of cigars come from Havana itself—first, genuine Havanas, made of tobacco grown, cured and rolled in the island of Cuba; second, cigars composed inside of United States or European tobacco imported into Cuba, with an outside wrapper of Havana leaf; third, cigars brought ready made from Europe, mostly from Bremen and Switzerland, and re-exported from Havana to Europe, where they pay duty and are sold to the unwary as "Havanas."

The Romance of Other Years.

"One of the most beautiful smiles ever seen upon the face of mortal suffused itself on the countenance of Lord St. Orville as he fell at the feet of Julia in a deathlike swoon." You probably suppose that this sentence is an extract from some schoolgirl's novelette; but, in fact, it comes from a novel which eighty years ago was seen on the tables of most people of taste and culture. That is the style which was delectable in the brave days of old.—London Telegraph.

Not Guilty.

"I have orders to arrest all blind beggars," said the policeman, not unkindly, to the man with an "I Am Blind" placard.

"Go your way," responded the mendicant blithely. "I can see as well as you can. That placard is part of the fake."

Naturally the embarrassed policeman let him go.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where Clothes Are No Clew.

A man's golfing garb not only affords no clew to his golfing ability, but it does not give the slightest indication of his social position or wealth or even of his taste.—Golf Illustrated.

"Little Englands."

The English always carry with them their national customs, and wherever they settle down, even for awhile, they organize "little Englands."—Paris Opinion.

A patient mind is the best remedy for afflictions.—Plautus.

Homemade Names.

"That little girl," remarked the druggist to the doctor, "was just in for 10 cents' worth of tincture of benzine. But I've had it before and gave her benzoin."

"That was easy," answered the doctor. "This morning on a diphtheria case the woman wanted to know if I administered antitoxin with an epidemic syringe."—New York Press.

Just the Opposite.

"When I first met you," cried the woman who had been married for her money, "you occupied a low, mental position, but now, thanks to me, your position"—

"Is a hymeneal one," her husband interrupted.

A Reflection.

"To my annoyance," she said, "I found he had a lock of my hair. How he got it I can't imagine."

The older girl smiled oddly.

"When you were out of the room, perhaps?" she hazarded.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOISY WEDDINGS.

Boisterous Prelude to Marriages In Old Rothenburg.

They love music in Rothenburg, and it is an incident of most functions, public and private. In front of the rathhaus, when wedding formalities are going on inside, hired musicians loudly drum and trumpet, whereat the people come running from all directions, for a wedding is not carried on with the quietness which would please the shy and retiring. Marriage is a sacrament neither lightly nor secretly entered into.

On the night before the wedding it is considered de regueur to hurl old pots and pans against the house of the bride with boisterous good wishes, and without these delicate attentions a bride would really feel slighted. Her two best friends wait upon her during the din and give her a wreath and a veil and some verses composed in her honor, and that the verses are curiously like those offered to brides in the past, except for necessary change of name, is not at all a drawback. Weddings are usually on Tuesdays, and they take from 7 o'clock in the morning till 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, including the time at the town hall. At the home there will likely be a play given in which are set forth the supposed foibles of the bride and groom, and some friend, masquerading as a gypsy, will come in and give whatever kind of prophecy best accords with his wits.—Robert Shackleton in Harper's Magazine.

MEXICANS' STAFF OF LIFE.

The Tortilla Is Their Bread—Frijoles Are Boiled Beans.

The tortilla is the ancient Indian bread of Mexico. Its only constituent is Indian corn (maize), which the women soak in limewater until the kernels are at the point of bursting, then wash thoroughly until it is free from lime, when they grind it by rubbing it on a large block of stone, especially cut for the purpose, with a smaller stone which they hold in their hands.

The operation looks very much like rubbing clothes on a washboard and is a laborious and tedious one. The lime renders the corn dough adhesive, like wheat flour dough, and it is easily patted between the hands into cakes the size and shape of an ordinary griddlecake and is baked upon a thin stone griddle. Though no salt or leaven is added, fresh tortillas are exceedingly palatable.

The one other food mainstay is frijoles—ordinary beans. They are boiled to a mush and with a liberal quantity of lard are warmed as required in a flat earthen dish that answers for a frying pan. The very poor people do not always have the luxury of frijoles and when they do have them cannot always afford the lard.—New York Sun.

Odd Death Certificates.

Certificates of death are not documents where one usually seeks for hu-

The consider
lings of the bull is a ma
suggests grave questions on the moral responsibility of the lower animals.

Again, a man is stated to have "died from the effects of injuries received after being run over by a railway train in motion owing to a misunderstanding between deceased and an engine driver." This description of a rather ordinary railway casualty is excellent.—London Express.

THE USEFUL SWALLOWS.

Light Cavalry of the Avian Army and Friends of the Farmer.

From the standpoint of the farmer and the orchardist perhaps no birds more useful than the swallows exist. They have been described as the light cavalry of the avian army.

Specially adapted for flight and unexcelled in aerial evolutions, they have few rivals in the art of capturing insects in midair. They eat nothing of value to man except a few predaceous wasps and bugs and in return for their services in destroying vast numbers of noxious insects ask only for harborage and protection.

It is to the fact that they capture their prey on the wing that their peculiar value to the cotton grower is due. Orioles do royal service in catching weevils on the bolls, and blackbirds, wrens, flycatchers and others contribute to the good work, but when swallows are migrating over the cotton fields they find the weevils flying in the open and wage active war against them. As many as forty-seven adult weevils have been found in the stomach of a single cliff swallow.—Bulletin of Department of Agriculture.

Breaking Away From Work.

Our business men ought to break away from trade exactions long before they do—ought to do so as a matter of volition and ethical judgment rather than of physical necessity. They ought to get and give more enjoyment in life. They ought to do less for self and more for others. They ought to live more in books and more in the open and less at their desks and realize better health and longer lives as a result. More and more culture in all its forms is exercising a growing influence, which must manifest itself in lessened effort along the lines of money getting and the devotion of more time on the part of our business men to the pursuits which naturally accompany fortified leisure. Aristotle said, "The end of labor is to gain leisure," and Aristotle was a wise man.—A. Barton Hepburn in Century.

Sleeping Car Trips.

"I have noticed one thing about sleeping car journeys," he remarked, "and that is that I always sleep better coming home than I did going away. Whatever may be the cause, such is the case. Sometimes leaving home a man has worries or thoughts that won't let him rest easily, and by the time he finishes his work in the place he went to his mind has swung around all right again. It doesn't make the slightest difference whether I have an upper or a lower berth when I make the trip away. Then I can't sleep. On the contrary, I can sleep anywhere on the way home."—New York Sun.

Preaching and Practice.

Ted—I hear he's giving a lecture on "How to Live on 15 Cents a Day." Is he doing well with it? Ned—Fine. I met him in a restaurant after the lecture, and he was eating a two dollar dinner.—Puck.

Old fools are more foolish than young ones.—La Rochefoucauld.

A Caroline Islands Legend.

The Caroline Islands group includes, besides coral islands, five mountainous islands of basaltic formation, beautiful and fertile with rivers and springs. Among the many queer legends of these children of the Pacific there is none more highly improbable than their theory as to the origin of these islands and their inhabitants. They think they themselves were very strong in the water—in fact, they lived in it. The story goes that a woman and her children were floating around on the reef when a man appeared from the west with a basket of soil on his shoulders. He had started out to make an island with a mountain on it. One of the children cried out to him, "Give us a little soil to make a place for our mother to rest, for she is very weak and cannot swim." He took out a handful of the earth and threw it down, making an island. As the man was going on his way over the water the soil slyly made a hole in the basket, so as he proceeded on his way he left a trail of land behind. Suddenly he became conscious that the basket seemed light, and, looking around, he saw the land. In his anger he turned about and trod upon it, and thus the Islands were formed.

An Apt Answer.

The dangers associated with the fishing industry on the Newfoundland banks are many and grave. Foremost among them is that the dories may be upset while fishing, which involves almost inevitable loss of their occupants. Callous captains, secure themselves from the necessity of going, frequently order their men out when the weather does not warrant it, and disastrous are the results. One of these brutal skippers was aptly answered once by a lank man of whose courage or capacity there was no question.

"Out with you!" shouted the captain. "Hurry up there! It's a fishing day!"

"Oh, no, skipper!" replied the dory man. "It's too stormy today for a boat to fish."

"Nonsense, man!" rejoined the skipper. "If my old grandmother was here today she'd get her dory out."

"Then, skipper," said the man, "if her grandson will come out with me now I'll haul my trawl."

It is needless to say no dories were launched from that schooner on that date.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Barrie and Kipling.

Mr. Barrie was one day at Waterloo station in a hurry to catch a train. He was hastening from the bookstall laden with papers, "a good many sixpenny ones among them," he dolefully relates, when, in rushing around a corner, he fell into the arms of Rudyard Kipling, equally in a tearing hurry. They turned on each other with scowling faces, then smiled in recognition and asked each other whither he went. Then Kipling, exclaiming, "Lucky beggar, you've got papers!" seized the bundle from Barrie, flung him some money and made off. "But you did not stoop to pick [illegible] influence, did you?" que

[illegible] James' Gazette.

[illegible] bad rose cold last w
quet of artificial roses. That often happens. It is supposed to show the mystic, psychological aspect of disease, but as a matter of fact it is just as natural to take a rose cold from paper roses as from the real kind. Why? Because the paper roses that bring on rose colds are always perfumed. It is the fad, you know, to perfume artificial flowers. The scent used is the essential oil of roses, and it is this oil in the natural flowers that causes rose colds."—New York Press.

A Keen Observer.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee and was telling him of her visit. "Papa," every night John and George say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys," said she.

"That is nice," said papa.

Then, thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."—Delineator.

Nocturnal Tragedy.

It is a dark night. It is also a dark kitchen. The kind hearted man in his stocking feet is after a drink of water for his fretful youngster. He thinks he can find his way in the inky darkness. He is mistaken. He turns to the left instead of to the right and falls down cellar.

Another good man gone wrong.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Nice Wedding Present.

A reproduction of a picture called "The Coming Storm" was advertised for sale in a Berlin shop window, and under the title there were the words in large type, "Suitable for a wedding present."

Thinking Oneself Old.

If at thirty you expect to be an old man or woman at fifty-five you will be one, because the mind makes the material correspondence of whatever it sets itself permanently upon.—Health Record.

Columbus' Oversight.

That was a wise schoolboy who when the master asked, "Why was it that his great discovery was not properly appreciated?" promptly replied, "It was because he didn't advertise, sir."

So It Was.

"Mamma, come quick! The catsup on the shelf."

"Drat that cat! I'll make fiddle strings of her in no time if I lay my hands on her! She's forever into something." And the enraged materfamilias vigorously pounded her way into the pantry.

"Where is she, Tommy? I don't see her."

"See who?"

"Why, you said the cat was on the shelf."

"I never said there was a cat on the shelf."

"Yes, you did. You said, 'The cat's up on the shelf.'"

"So I did, and I say it yet. The catsup on the shelf right before your eyes. Don't you see it, there in that old wine bottle?" And he quietly but very swiftly dodged out into the kitchen.—Pearson's Weekly.

Little minds are too much wounded by little things; great minds see all and are not even hurt.—La Rochefoucauld.

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THE HEART'S FAR CALL.

By ELVIRA MENDHAM.

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The road stretched white and endless over the hills and far away. The siren of an automobile came clearly, penetratingly, across the fields and hills, and soon the machine itself dashed across the restful landscape.

"Do drive slower, dear. I'm so afraid we'll run away from all this and never be able to find it again." The girl looked out over the landscape in rapture.

The man, with his hands on the wheel of the automobile, laughed gladly as he slowed up.

"I'm so glad you like it, dear. Of course it is all new to you. If you will only learn to love it as I do! Eight miles more and we're at the ranch, sweetheart. Tell me, are you sure, perfectly sure, that you will never regret coming so far away—that you won't wish you hadn't married me?" And for one little moment a look of doubt and fear crossed his fine, weather bronzed face.

Dave Clark had been born and bred in the western Dakota hills on his father's ranch until he reached the age when his education demanded his going east to enter the big eastern technical college.

He returned fitted by training for a civil engineer, but by nature and desire for the life on the ranch that his father had loved before him. He went along contentedly and successfully and had reached the age of thirty when it occurred to him with overwhelming conviction that there was something of monotony as he was living. "If I were only married," he said to himself, but his heart had refused to respond to any of the wiles of the nearby maidens. He wondered in a mild way just why he had never thought of it before and that night took a train for the east.

"Dave, you old miser, why didn't you come before?" cried Bob Merrill as he all but wrung Dave's hand off when the latter walked into his office. "Well, I can't figure out myself why I didn't," laughed Dave.

That night Dave sat next to Bob's sister at dinner. She were a blue gown that matched her eyes, and Dave felt sensations that he had never experienced on the ranch.

"I just can't believe you're Dave Clark," she said banteringly, her eyes merry and sweet. "I just know you by heart—how you won the last foot-



"OH, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME, DEAR?" SHE SOBBED.

ball game you played at college by the most record breaking run and how nobody could find you after to congratulate you—oh, I've just known you for ages."

That evening was the happiest Dave had ever known, and he felt as if he had known Bob's sister all his life.

Soon after that he made a second visit to the city. And this second time when he returned to the ranch it was with a wild happiness surging in his heart that turned earth into paradise, for Bob's sister came with him as his wife.

Rosemary was delighted and bewildered with the novelty of the hills and far stretching ranches and the great roving herds of cattle and the absolutely different routine of life. For the first six months Dave tasted the cup of happiness to the full.

Then a little discontented look grew in Rosemary's eyes and dimmed their happiness.

Born and bred in the city, to the city's tastes and ways, the life on the western ranch became to Rosemary a wearisome ordeal. Dave's eyes caught the shadow in his wife's, and, though no word was spoken, each was aware of the cloud.

"Suppose we take a little trip, Rosemary," Dave suggested one evening when they had been married scarcely a year. Rosemary threw down the pen she was writing with, and her face lit up. "Back home?" she suggested tremuously. "Back home," replied Dave, and a sore hurt came into his heart at his young wife's gladness.

"I'll have to go back tomorrow," he announced one evening when they had been in the city about three weeks. His heart contracted with a hot anguish at the look of absolute despair that came into his wife's face.

"I think I'll leave Rosemary with you for awhile," he continued, with a forced smile. "You see, the ranch is pretty dull as a steady diet, and Rosemary might just as well stay on a little longer."

A look of glad relief came into Rosemary's eyes, to be chased away by one of uncertainty and something akin to fear.

Dave bade his wife goodby cheerfully and took the train with a pain at his heart that almost stifled him. The emptiness of every room, of every nook and corner, at home made him like one demented in his first grief. He fought it all out at last, and under the stars he faced the heart tragedy of his life.

Her letters came regularly, chatty and full of her life, and he answered as regularly, with no hint of his real feelings.

At the end of the year came a great decision. He would sell the ranch. The little note of pathos in her letters toward the end of their year apart touched him and caused a new hope in his heart.

"I'd never ask her to come back here," he told himself. In every letter she was asking why he did not come. Couldn't he get away? Had he forgot ten her? She was tired of waiting?

"Yes, I must go to her," he acknowledged to himself one cool autumn night as he sat before the fire.

Outside the leaves were fast falling in the dusk, and the bareness of late fall threw a somber sadness over the plains and hills.

"Another year would kill me," he said wearily, looking around the room. "God, how I have missed her—my little wife!" He threw out his arms in longing. She had always run to him in those first days and climbed up on his knees, cuddling her brown head into his neck.

Then came the old rancorous taunt—she hadn't loved him; she had wearied in the first year of their paradise. No; after all, he couldn't go to her, for she did not need him, and his head sank with almost a cry on his breast.

The gust of wind that swept through the room did not disturb his grief. It was a glad, inarticulate little sob of fear and longing that made him start and cause his head to reel as he saw a dainty, wind tossed little figure holding open the door.

Just one little second, and then, before he could rise, she threw herself wildly, passionately into his arms, cuddling her brown head into his neck, kissing and caressing him in a very delirium of happiness.

"Oh, why didn't you come, dear—why didn't you come?" she sobbed in a paroxysm of grief. He soothed and petted and fondled her as he might an infant until her emotion had spent itself. Then when he had become master of himself they talked it all out in the big chair by the fire while night crept on over the silent, shadowy hills and the cattle lowed from afar.

Overreached Himself.

"It's funny how afraid rich men are of being cheated," reflected Mr. Bates, "specially when they get out in the country. Now, last fall one of the fur lined overcoat kind came up here. He snipped off his words as if they'd been coupons, and though he'd come up here for rest he seemed to think somebody'd charge him extry for it if he mentioned the fact.

"Well, the Bassett place, up on Birch hill, was for sale, and he took a fancy to it—looked just like the house where he was born, he said.

"'But don't you let it out,' he says to me. 'They'll be asking some fancy price for it if they know I want it.'

"Well, I drove him up there after he'd made up his mind, and we found Isaac Bassett out in the yard.

"'I hear this place is for sale. How much?' says Mr. Millionaire.

"Isaac opened his mouth, but that was as far as he got.

"'I'll give you $950 for it; not a cent more,' said Mr. Millionaire slambang.

"'I'll take it,' says Isaac.

"'I ain't mean,' he says, after he'd made out a check and we'd started off, 'nor clost, but I won't be done,' says he, 'jest because I've made my pile.'

"'I didn't tell him,' chuckled Mr. Bates, "that he'd done himself."

"Had he?" questioned Mr. Bates' companion.

"Sure!" said Mr. Bates. "The farm was put up for sale for the taxes, and all they asked

following legend: It was the belief of the Celtic people that when an infant was taken away from earth a flower was sent. A woman, Malvina, lost an infant son, but as she sat brooding and inconsolable her attendants came running in with joyful news. "Oh, Malvina," they cried, "your babe has come back! A wondrous new flower has come to earth; white are its leaves near the heart, but nearer the edges tinted with pink or crimson like an infant's flesh! When the wind waves it on the hillside, behold, 'tis a child playing to and fro!" And Malvina rose and looked upon her flower and no more mourned, saying, "This flower, Malvina's son returned, will comfort all mothers that have lost their infants!"

On the Jump.

"Is it really only ten minutes' walk to the station from your house?" asked Citiman.

"What a ridiculous question!" exclaimed Subbubs. "Nobody in lovely Swamphurst ever 'walks' to the station. I may say, however, that it's only about eight and a half minutes' run."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A NATION OF SAVERS.

Frenchmen Are Thrifty and Invest In Government Bonds.

If you were a Frenchman with a very small surplus to invest, if even that surplus were but a modest franc, you might become the holder of a French government bond. From the cradle to the grave the French subject is taught to save and to turn his earnings into safe income producing account, says Charles Speare in the Review of Reviews.

The state pays a premium on thrift. It rewards its school children for various good performances with a tiny bank deposit which invariably will have grown into goodly size when the recipient has reached maturity. Having nursed its people through the early stages of economy, it directs their steps in the choice of investments and even assumes paternal power in arbitrarily transforming the savings bank account into government bonds or rentes. Thrift is a national characteristic. France is a nation of little savers, of little incomes and of little farms.

Collectively these exercise a tremendous power on the affairs of Europe. The holder of the one or two franc bond and the possessor of the bank account, so small that bankers of other countries would scorn it, have built up a monetary power that commands the respect of the world and indeed regulates the finances and politics of much more presumptuous nations. Bonds of states and governments, of railroads with a government guarantee, bonds of cities and towns, of mortgage companies, are the Frenchman's choice. It is safe to say that in Paris coupons are cut from the bonds of nearly every government under the sun.

His Protest.

The Bookman says the high water mark of protest between author and publisher was reached when a certain author's book was published by a well known firm who "pushed it hard." The result, however, was very disappointing to the author. He wrote the firm that he was very much dissatisfied and went on to say, "If your firm had published the Bible there would have been no Christian religion."

AS TO LOSING MONEY.

A Case Showing the Importance a Ten Dollar Bill May Reach.

"To some men," said a man now of simplest means, "the loss of $10,000 might be a joke, and then to some the loss of a ten dollar bill might be a tragedy.

"Poor? Why, we were so poor that we had to count every cent, every penny. Not that we were miserable. We were very far from that. As a matter of fact, we were happy, but we certainly did have all the time to sail very close to the wind.

"There were four of us—wife, two children and myself—and, bless you, how we did have to figure and scrimp to make both ends meet. I've seen the time, many a time, when a nickel was of great importance to us, when it was the last cent for carfare. I often think what a blessing it was that we were none of us ever sick; that nothing ever happened to us. I don't know what we'd done if there had.

"I was going to tell you what it might be to some folks to lose a ten dollar bill.

"Ten dollars was the amount of our monthly rent, and whatever else we did we always saved out of my week's pay the weekly proportion of the rent, to have it ready when it was due. I always used to get a ten dollar bill in my pay envelope, and when it came to the last Saturday in the month we just used to take the ten dollar bill out of the envelope to pay the rent with, and then we had the amount we'd saved out of three weeks to go on for current expenses.

"Well, one last Saturday that happened to come three days before the end of the month we took the ten dollar bill out of the envelope as usual for the rent and as usual my wife put it away—she always looked after the finances—and there we were all comfortable and happy, with the next month's rent all ready, and then on the last day of the month, when she went to get it out to have it handy when the landlord came she couldn't find it!

"If that wasn't a tragely I don't know a tragedy when I meet it. I don't suppose I took it quite so hard as she did, and I'd have shown it as little as I could anyway on her account, but to her it was nothing less than a calamity.

"When the children had gone to bed we tore the house apart. We looked and looked and looked into every nook and corner over and over again, but that ten dollar bill, with all that it meant to us—and I doubt if you can imagine how much it did mean—was gone. That was the first thing we had on our minds when we woke up in the morning, and gloomy enough for us that morning was. And then when I was eating my breakfast in our modest dining room she looked in at the door from the kitchen, and 'I've found it!' she said, and so she had, just where three days before she had hidden it away, and so was our great gloom changed to joy—to joy with a large, large J.

"Yes, sir. We got more now, by considerable, and now she has what she wants; now she doesn't have to skimp. In these days I take her home myself now and

new much you've got."—New York Sun.

THE PENGUIN.

His Solemn, Laborious Hop and His Stone Lined Nest.

The penguin does not fly—he hops, balancing himself by his flippers, or rudimentary wings. He is about two feet tall, in some cases, however, reaching nearly four feet, and he has a solemn and heavy style of hop which is immensely funny to look at. It is not a bit of fun for the penguin, though, for when the ice is rough, as it almost always is, his webbed, clumsy feet soon become raw and bleeding. Whenever he reaches a snow slope he drops down and toboggans, urging himself on with his flippers, but for the most part he hops laboriously mile after mile when the nesting season comes, seeking a home that satisfies penguin requirements.

A penguin is made of sterner stuff than to need soft lining for a nest. A heap of irregular stones around a depression scratched in the ground is all that each pair asks for. Some penguins are industrious and collect stones all day. Others are lazy and steal theirs whenever a worker's broad black back is turned. It is a trifle hard to escape with the plunder, for a slow waddle is the best the thief can do. But the owner cannot pursue any faster, and the chase is very funny to see. Sometimes the thief is overtaken, and in that case there is a lively fight, while a third penguin, lingering near, usually bears away the coveted stone while the fight is on.—Forward.

Knew When to Stop.

The shrewd lawyer knows when to stop questioning, and none is more shrewd than the one who, conducting a case of bribery, questioned a man the other day who is rated high in the business world.

"Have you yourself ever refused a bribe?" he asked.

"No, but"—

"That is all," said the lawyer.

At a later time he was asked why he had dismissed the witness so soon.

"Because," he replied, "I knew by the 'but' that he was going to tell me no one had ever attempted to bribe him."—New York Times.

Compensation For Injury.

Compensation for injury in the middle ages was in its infancy. The volume of the accounts of the lord high treasurer of Scotland, just published, tells incidentally of payments made to sufferers in the siege of Glasgow in 1544. To a carter who lost his horse $25 was paid, but $10.56 sufficed for a woman whose husband was killed, a like sum being given to the owners of two broken drums.

A Safe Rule.

"Is one apt to get bruised in learning to ride the bicycle?"

"Not if you make it a rule to stop when the bicycle stops."

"What do you mean?"

"Some riders keep on going."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Boomerang.

"She broke him of smoking so that he could save money."

"And did he save money?"

"Yes, he got so interested in saving money that he broke off their engagement so that he could save still more."—Houston Post.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Third Quarter, For July 11, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvi, 16-40. Memory Verses, 29-31—Golden Text, Acts xvi, 31—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The scene of this lesson is Philippi. The special places in the city are the prayer meeting, the prison and the home of Lydia. The principal incidents are the casting out of the evil spirit, the cruel treatment and imprisonment of Paul and Silas and the conversion of the jailer and his household. And the great workers are, as always, God and the devil. Thus the story is in greater or less measure duplicated every day until finally the devil and all his followers shall be sent to the place prepared for them and the kingdom shall be the Lord's, "Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him" (Ps. lxxii, 11). In whatever part of the conflict we may find ourselves we must at any cost stand wholly apart from all that is of the devil, for all that is is either of God or the devil, no matter how it may look to our eyes. As the servants of God proceeded to the place of prayer a young woman met them who cried, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, who shew unto us the way of salvation," and this she did many days. Now, this was the truth that she uttered, as were also the words of the evil spirit in Mark i, 24, "Thou art the holy one of God," but Jesus would have none of that, and Paul would have none of this, recognizing it to be of the devil, so in the name of Jesus he commanded the evil spirit to come out of her. Good words and good works, as men judge, do not necessarily indicate the spirit of God as the one who is speaking and working. No one ever said more beautiful and wonderful words than Balaam, and yet he is associated in Jude 11 with Cain and Core, and we are taught to beware of such as he. Those who do not honor Jesus as God are not of God and therefore must be of the evil one, and yet many such are honored today as if they were truly sent of God, and to talk against them would cause possibly as great a tumult as did the casting out of this demon at Philippi. Some say we must be broad minded and acknowledge the good in all religions, but as the truth is in Jesus and not in other so called leaders we must be as narrow as Paul and as Jesus Himself, who told the religious leaders of His day that they were of the devil.

When people's gains are touched they are apt to become suddenly indignant against unrighteousness as viewed from their standpoint, as the men in our lesson did and later those at Ephesus (chapter xix, 23-29).

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6; Luke x, 19). As well

concerning Joseph and

Daniel and all others who have been permitted to suffer for His sake. Paul knew that he was called to suffer for Christ's sake, and he assures us that it is our privilege also (Acts ix, 16; Phil. i, 29). To glorify God is everything, and, if we can do that best by suffering, then suffering is the way. With aching bodies and feeling that they had been shamefully treated (I Thess. ii, 2), they prayed to God and by His grace were able to sing praises to Him so loudly that all the prisoners heard them. Like Jehoshaphat's singers, they praised the Lord before they saw deliverance (II Chron. xx, 21, 22). It is well to "bless the Lord at all times and have His praise continually in our mouth" (Ps. xxxiv, 1). Not only were they heard throughout the prison, but in heaven also, and suddenly the prison was shaken by an earthquake, all doors opened and every one's bands loosed. Some one has said that, although they had not influence enough on earth to keep them out of jail or to get them out, they had power enough from heaven to shake the prison to its very foundations. The jailer also was shaken to his very soul and would have killed himself; but, finding his prisoners all safe, he is convicted of sin and, falling down before Paul and Silas, asked what he must do to be saved. Gathering his household together, they had the way of salvation set before them by these messengers of the Lord, and that night he and all his confessed Christ by baptism.

We may judge from Paul's preaching, as recorded elsewhere, just what he would tell them of the condition of all men by nature, of the grace of God in giving His Son to die for sinners, the just for the unjust; of His being made a curse for us, of His resurrection, ascension and coming again. Doubtless Paul would say, "It was to Him we prayed down there in the dungeon, His praises we sang, and in heaven He heard us and did this wonderful thing and kept you from killing yourself that you might be saved and after witnessing and suffering here for awhile share with Him His kingdom and glory." To believe is to receive (John i, 12), and there and then this household received Jesus as their Saviour. What joy in heaven as well as on earth, according to Luke xv, 7, 10. It was worth while to suffer, to be unjustly and cruelly treated and imprisoned, to bring this to pass.

A Hard Task.

"Do you think a woman could be a satisfactory juror?"

"No. She'd have to agree with eleven men, and she hasn't learned to agree with one yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Self Denial.

Teacher—What do you understand by the words "self denial?" Pupil—It is when some one comes to borrow money from father and he says he is not at home.—Fliegende Blatter.

Bill Was Dead Slow.

"Didn't I tell you that Bill was too slow to live?"

"Why, what's 'e bin and done now?"

"He's gone and got run over by a hearse!"—New York Journal.

A small boy went to see his maternal grandmother. After looking eagerly round the handsomely furnished room where the old lady sat he exclaimed inquiringly:

"Oh, grandma, where is the miserable table papa says you keep?"—London Fun.

THE BOTTLE CONJURER.

An Old Time Hoax That Caused a Riot In a London Theater.

In 1748 there appeared in the newspapers of London an advertisement stating that on a certain night a remarkable conjurer would perform in the Haymarket theater. He would, the advertisement ran, borrow a common walking cane from any member of the audience and "thereupon play the music of every instrument now in use." It was also promised that he would take an ordinary wine bottle, place it on a table in the middle of the stage, get into it "in the sight of all the spectators" and sing while in it. In the same issue of the newspaper was a second advertisement announcing the arrival of Signor Capitello Jumpedo, "a surprising dwarf no taller than a tobacco pipe," who engaged to perform with and outdo the "bottle conjurer," contorting himself in all manner of shapes and finally "opening his mouth wide and jumping down his own throat." This feat, not without reason, Signor Jumpedo described as the "most wonderfulest wonder of all wonders as ever the world wondered at."

The night set for this dual display of "wonderfulest wonders" found the theater packed from roof to pit. But as the time passed and the curtain remained down catcalls and hisses began to be heard. Then a man in the pit stood up and in a calm voice announced that if double prices were paid the conjurer would get into a pint instead of a quart bottle. At once the audience realized that they were being hoaxed. Somebody threw a lighted candle into a box, and this was the signal for a riot. Benches were torn up and boxes pulled down, while the timid rushed for the doors, with great loss of wigs, hats, swords and canes. Those who remained, re-enforced by roughs from outside, completely destroyed the interior of the theater and finished up by dragging the scenery into the street, where it was burned in a huge bonfire. Nor was the author of this imposture ever discovered, although it was commonly attributed either to an actor who had been discharged or to a mischievous nobleman bent on winning a wager.—New York Tribune.

DISGUISES FAILED.

Experiences of Emperor Napoleon I. at a Masked Ball.

The Emperor Napoleon I. once announced to his valet that he intended on a certain evening going to a ball at the Italian embassy and requested that complete costumes should be sent in advance. The valet, Constant, obeyed and attended his imperious master and commenced to dress him in a manner which might, had the emperor followed the valet's advice, have defied detection. Constant had some trouble with Napoleon over one or two minor matters, but when it came to changing his top boots for shoes the emperor resolutely refused.

Going into the ballroom, Napoleon at once relapsed into his accustomed attitude and, wishing to engage a lady in conversation, approached her with his hands behind his back. To his first question she prefaced her reply with "sire." Turning away abruptly, he went back to his room and said: "You were right, Constant. I have been recognized. Give me another costume and shoes this time."

The valet redressed his master and warned him to keep his hands at his side. No sooner had he entered the room the second time than once more he relapsed into his natural attitude. This time a lady addressed him, "Sire, you are recognized." Once more the emperor left the room in disgust.

Returning to his room, Napoleon was disguised for the third time. His toilet complete, he went back to the ballroom, which he entered as if it were a barrack room, pushing and swaggering. He was at once detected, and some one whispered to him, "Your majesty is recognized." Another disappointment and another change, still with the same result, and in the end the emperor left the embassy convinced that it was impossible to conceal his identity.

The Mathematical Problem.

Little Marion was busy at her "home work." After a great many perplexed frowns and much nibbling at her pencil she looked up and said:

"The only answer I can get to this example is 'five and three-fourths horses.' Do you s'pose that is right, mamma?"

"Well, I don't know," answered her mother cautiously. "It sounds rather queer."

A long pause; then the small arithmetician's face lit up with a smile.

"Oh, I know," she cried; "I'll reduce the three-fourths horses to colts!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Missed the Name.

Guest of the Doctor's date home from the theater)—Hurry up, old chap, and let me in. Absentminded Doctor (who has forgotten all about his visitor)—Who are you? Guest—Mr. Trane. Doctor—Missed a train, have you? Well, catch the next.—London Fun.

Well Enough.

"Didn't I tell you to let well enough alone?" said the doctor to the convalescent who had disobeyed and was suffering a relapse.

"Yes, doctor," whined the patient, "but I wasn't well enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Passionate Fondness.

"Do you think that most people nowadays worship money?"

"No; I won't go as far as that," answered the home grown philosopher, "but I will say that the love of money is seldom platonic."—New York Journal.

The British Royal Bodyguard.

To stand in a ring around the king of England, should he go out upon the battlefield, and protect him with formidable battleaxes was the original duty of the honorable corps of gentlemen at arms. The ancient bodyguard, however, still have duties when the king is in London. At levees in St. James' palace they are required to be in attendance, standing solemnly in quaint scarlet coats and with white plumed helmets, officially keeping clear a passage to the royal presence. It is their duty also to be present when there is a court at Buckingham palace and when the king opens parliament. Their battleaxes date far back to the days of the Spanish armada. They were actually brought over on the ill fated Spanish galleons and, falling into the hands of the English, were given to the king's bodyguard.—London Mail.

Failure after long perseverence is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.—George Eliot.

BRIBERY IN RUSSIA.

An Incident of the Reign of the "Czar-Liberator."

An old and long retired Russian general, a man of the "old school," related the following story in illustration of the official bribery that prevails in Russia, the incident being one within his own personal knowledge:

During the reign of Alexander II., the "czar-liberator," the widow of a distinguished general endeavored to obtain an appointment in a certain ministry for her only son, a young man of superior education and intelligence. The minister promised the widow to reserve the first occurring vacancy in his department. She waited in vain for the fulfillment of the promise and twice repeated her appeal by letter. She learned, too, that in the meantime several vacancies had been filled by other candidates.

The widow then waited upon the emperor and told his majesty of the minister's broken promises and her own keen disappointment, and after a few moments' consideration the czar asked her if she had inclosed a gift of money to the minister with her written application.

"Why, certainly not, your majesty. I should not dare put such an affront upon his excellency."

"Do not trouble yourself about the affront, madame," replied the czar, "but renew your proshenie to the minister and inclose £1,000 to him."

"But I have no such sum of money, your majesty," said the widow dolefully.

"Oh, as to that, I will lend you the money, and the minister will no doubt repay me, and you will inform me, please, of the result of your renewed application with the inclosure."

The widow sent her son to the minister with the £1,000 lent by the czar inclosed with a politely written note, the result being that the young man received the desired appointment the same day.

About a week later the minister had just concluded his customary official report to the czar when his majesty observed, "By the way, there is a very intelligent and promising young man, the son of the late General ——, for whom you can perhaps find a fairly prospective position in your department."

"But, your majesty," said the minister, "that young man is already in my department, and I should say that he is likely to make a career for himself."

"Tell me, please," quietly asked the czar, "how much did this youth's mother pay you for the appointment?"

The minister was too wily and tactful outwardly to manifest his surprise and chagrin, and he knew, too, that his safety demanded a perfectly candid reply to his sovereign.

"Would your majesty be interested," he said, "to hear what I myself paid for the influence which procured my portfolio from your gracious hands? The total sum was £22,500, and, relatively speaking, I do not think, with all humility, that this lady has paid at all dearly for the prospects of her son."

The minister repaid to the czar the £1,000 and was not unkindly dismissed from the audience, and he also retained his portfolio.—Odessa Cor. London Standard.

DAMASCUS.

An Isolated Oasis In the Midst of a Vast Desert.

The situation of Damascus is remarkable—she stands isolated on an oasis of the vast desert which everywhere hems her in. You may see from Damascus the sunset touch with purple the low western hills twenty-five miles away. These hills mark the beginning of the great desert. Beyond them there is nothing but a rolling waste and the long roads to Palmyra and Bagdad. The permanence and prosperity of Damascus are due to the presence of two rivers, which have converted this spot of the dreary, desolate and uninhabited desert into a smiling and well watered plain. The Pharpar approaches only within seven miles of Damascus, but by means of canals and aqueducts sends its life giving waters to the gardens of the city. The Abana is the stream from which the city's main supply of water is obtained. Minerva-like, it springs full born from the base of a perpendicular rock at Ain Fijih, in the heart of the Anti-Lebanons, and runs a course of ten miles in a gorge, a large river twenty to thirty feet wide and four feet deep, its waters always fresh and ice cold, casting out branches everywhere, permeating every nook and corner of the city, until, as one has said, "literally there is scarce a street, bazaar, khan, courtyard or dwelling house which has not its marble or stone fountain constantly filled with running water supplied directly by the Abana itself." Thus the Abana, not fruitlessly wasting her waters on that thirsty land, saves them in her narrow gorge till she can fling them well out on the desert and expends all her life at once in the creation of a single city.—Biblical World.

Punished.

Jones saw Tomkins coming toward him, and he noticed that his countenance looked as though it had been through a very bad time indeed.

"I say, old chap," he said, with alarm, "whatever is the matter with your face?"

"Well," replied Tomkins, "I was walking down the street yesterday, reading a letter—foolish thing to do, of course—but I was punished for it. A workman coming the opposite way lurched against me, hit me in the mouth with a pickax and knocked a tooth out!"

"Oh, that was quite a dental operation, wasn't it?" commented Jones, who must have his little joke.

"Well, no! He said it was an accidental operation!"

"Oh, that's too thin!"

"Not exactly; it was tooth out!"—London Answers.

Animals In Haiti.

The forests of Haiti are full of birds. None of them are songsters, but mostly of gorgeous plumage, that, seen darting from their leafy coverts into the bright sunshine, look like jewels flashing through the air, crimson, green and gold. Gibbering, elfish little monkeys swing from branch to branch and in their feeble manner annoy the traveler all they dare. I have never seen a snake on the island, but there are lizards without number. Indeed, some varieties of them are eaten and are considered a great delicacy.—Stanley Du Bois in Los Angeles Times.

Weighted.

Tenderfoot (watching a funeral procession)—Do you always have four horses to the hearse? Alkali Ike—Not always. The passenger in there came out to this country bragging that he was the champion lightweight of the world, and one night when he got too pert One Eyed Bill pumped him so full of lead that it took the extra team of horses to pull the hearse.—Saturday

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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A CRUMB OF BREAD.

Its Effect on the Tip of a Vivacious Woman's Nose.

"Isn't it terrible," said the society woman, "what a tiny thing can prove a tragedy to poor, self vaunting mankind! A speck almost invisible in the eye of an athlete may disempower him utterly and render him as helpless as a baby. And a lost hairpin or the breaking of a buckle may transform the most smartly groomed woman into an object of amusement to all observers.

"At a dinner I attended not long ago a lady sitting opposite me lodged in some inexplainable manner a large crumb of bread directly on the end of her nose without being conscious of the fact, and there it remained. The ludicrous effect was beyond the power of words to describe or of human risibles to resist. She is an extremely vivacious woman, generous with smiles and little bows and motions of her head, and as she chatted gayly with those about her it was impossible for us to restrain our unseemly mirth. Naturally she thought this was caused by her remarks, and she continued to toss off jests with a lightsome air. We were all in agony, but no one summoned courage to tell her, each of us preferring to leave that kindly act to another. After a time she addressed a remark to her husband, who sat next to her and had been devoting himself to the lady at his other side. He turned to look at his wife, and in an instant a clever touch of his napkin removed the distorting fragment, but I can never forget it as long as I live."—New York Press.

He Presented an Idea.

An angular man, whose chief characteristics were a wild eye and a rusty frock coat, entered the office of a prominent investment concern. Through some fluke on the part of the office boy he gained admittance to the private office of the president.

"I wish to present an idea," the visitor said, "that will revolutionize the great dairy industry of this country."

"What is it?" asked the financier, but even as he spoke he touched the button on his desk marked "alarm."

"You are doubtless aware that down on the Amazon there is a tree whose sap consists of a fine grade of milk."

"I have heard of that nature faking tree," said the financier.

"Well, my idea is to transplant this milk tree from the peaceful valley of the Amazon up to the southern coast of America, where hurricanes and cyclones continually shake the tree."

"What then?"

"This churning would produce a fine grade of butter! Now, the National Churn company (incorporated), capitalized at $5,000,000"—

Just then the clerks rushed in and led the discoverer away.—Judge.

The Time to Break It.

There is an anecdote in some volume of French theatrical memoirs narrating an experience of Mlle. Clairon, the great tragic actress, with a pupil of hers, a girl of strong natural gifts for the histrionic art, but far too frequent and too exuberant in her gesticulation. So when the pupil was once to appear before the public in a recitation Mlle. Clairon bound the girl's arms to her side by a stiff thread and sent her thus upon the stage.

With the first strong feeling she had to express the pupil tried to raise her arms, only to be restrained by the thread. A dozen times in the course of her recitation she was prevented from making the gestures she desired until at the very end she could stand it no longer, and in the climax of her emotion she broke her bonds and swung her hands to her head.

When she came off the stage she went humbly to where Mlle. Clairon was standing in the wings and apologized for having snapped the thread.

"But you did quite right!" said the teacher. "That was the time to make the gesture, not before!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Her Request.

An English clergyman relates with much gusto the following story about himself. His present wife, by the way, is not the wife of his youth nor yet of his early manhood, but the lady of his third choice, and as a consequence the clergyman's set of olive branches spring from divers maternal ancestry.

"Such a condition of affairs," said the clergyman, "might at times become embarrassing except for the thorough amiability of all concerned. I confess, however, to a slightly disconcerted feeling when shortly before my third marriage I was approached by one of my daughters, a girl of nine and one who called my second wife mother, with the question: 'Papa, will you let me go to see you married? I have never been at any of your weddings.'"—London Scraps.

Business Cards.

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Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell
FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p. m until 9.55 p. m) 10.25 p. m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a. m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p. m., 10.25 p. m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a. m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p. m until 9.32 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre
FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p. m., then 11.32 p. m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p. m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p. m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a. m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p. m until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a. m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p. m.

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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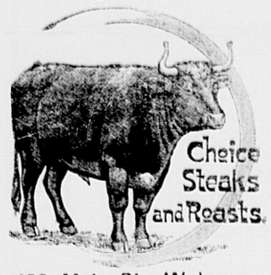
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 3.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.30, 8.00, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.40 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
26	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
34	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
37	Cor. Winow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
38	Cor. Eligh and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Coun St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Cutter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St.
64	Winn street, near Calnan's shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
371	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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SHOCKED THE HOSTESS.

A Practical Joke That Was Perpetrated by Eugene Field.

There are many stories incident to the career of the late Eugene Field, who not only wrote songs for the children, but who was at times fond of practical jokes, which illustrate his inimitable humor.

On one occasion he played an unexpected part at a dinner given in honor of himself and his wife which, while it had its serious side, was made all the more enjoyable by the grave deportment of Mr. Field.

The dinner was given by a leading Chicago family. When all were seated Mr. Field repaired to the pantry, only to return in a few moments with a dozen or more costly gold embroidered wineglasses, the property of the hostess, which, to her silent astonishment, he proceeded to hand over to each guest one by one, a souvenir of the occasion.

Great was the merriment when it was realized that the hostess had not contemplated parting with her cherished glasses. But Mr. Field was not yet content. Returning them to the pantry by previous arrangement with the butler, he took up a tray of old bottles and other broken glassware and, pretending to stumble, dropped it on the floor, apparently shattering the valuable wineglasses.

The feelings of the hostess may be imagined, for it was some time before the real situation was understood.

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BARBARA'S DONATION

The Best of All That Was Offered to the Minister.

By ELIZABETH VAN NEST.

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If the young minister had been of a sanguine, easily satisfied temperament he might have accommodated himself to circumstances and drifted along as his predecessors had done. But James Morgan brought the enterprise of a modern theologian to the little hamlet, straggling down either side of a high hill, on a summit of which perched the church, like a snow temple.

As the church occupied the center of the village, the young minister reasoned that it ought to be the center of interest also. But, try as he would, he could not awaken the devotional spirit. His parishioners were niggardly in their offerings, the attendance was small and interest slight. His sermons were lost on the slow thinking worshipers; his musical departures were a failure.

But the Rev. Mr. Morgan did not despair. He had the square jaw that accompanies the aggressive nature. The elasticity of his hopes was phenomenal. He simply would not be discouraged. He had accepted the call in full knowledge of the drawbacks. The score of shabby houses classed under the name of Mayhood represented only a tithe of the church membership. It was the prosperous farmers whose indifference he must change and conquer with his eloquence.

So James Morgan brought to Mayhood a large stock of air castle material with which he beguiled his leisure. He would institute many reforms. The church should escape from an enveloping mortgage and, assuming a paying basis, make many missions glad from its plenty. It should be the mainspring, social and ecclesiastical, on which the village turned. He even proposed that the parsonage be let and the proceeds devoted to the county hospital, a proposal that met with unanimous approval, and the minister took up his residence under Widow Fleming's roof.

Until the end of the first quarter things moved smoothly. The new minister found work to do wherever he went. And, being generous, he forgot to be cautious when need pulled at his purse strings. Hardly realizing it, he at length found his generosity must be governed by his means until he received his first quarter's salary. But at the end of the second quarter the first quarter's salary was still unpaid. With a board bill two weeks in delinquency the minister, blushing and stammering, informed his parishioners of their negligence.

While their profuse excuses satisfied him, he could not see his way clear to satisfy Mrs. Fleming. The fact that wheat was a failure would not recompense her for his board and lodging. Therefore the Rev. Mr. Morgan did the only thing possible from his point of view. He went to the city next day with a mysterious package. Shortly after the doctor drove three miles to borrow his microscope and was informed that he had disposed of it.

"I have so little time for experiments, you know," he explained, with heightened color. "I could use the money to better advantage."

From this emanated a rumor that at length reached Barbara Dean's ears. The new minister was so philanthropic he had given up his pet hobby to aid the poor.

A wee and timid question mark set itself upon her heart. Perhaps she had been hasty. There was none quite like him—so big, so firm, so brave. It was very singular that he had not asked again—he who in theory scorned defeat. Pretty Barbara did not know that the hope crushed by her laughing was the only inelastic one in his stock of dreams.

As the third quarter drew to a close without remuneration the minister mentioned the fact again, this time with fewer blushes and a graver air. His needs were urgent. Day after day he scanned his mail anxiously for the expected check, only to be disappointed. But, appreciating the hard times, other trips to the city with mysterious packages were made.

Returning from one of these visits one night, Mr. Morgan was surprised to see a motley collection of teams and vehicles around Widow Fleming's gate. Lights shone from every window of the cottage, including his study and bedroom. The minister was tired and in no mood to participate in a surprise party on his landlady. But, knowing her limited space, it would be churlish to demand privacy. He must meet her guests, who had overflowed her apartments into his, with ministerial welcome. Forcing the weariness from his face, he ran lightly up the steps and opened his study door.

Ranged around the wall was a solid row of chairs, from which smiling faces glowed upon him in welcome. Overrunning the center table and piled on the floor was a collection that at first seemed to be the stock of a grocery store. He singled out a sack of flour and various stone jugs with corn cob stoppers as he picked his way to a small oasis of bare floor beyond. But, stumbling against one of the bulging packages, the paper burst and a stream of walnuts poured forth.

"Pardon me!" he gasped, trying to repair the damage on his knees. "Very awkward of me, I'm sure."

The silence was portentous, and flushed with confusion, the minister looked up straight into Barbara Dean's eyes. The light in them, tantalizing amused, was his undoing. The walnuts slipped from his grasp and, striking another bag, liberated a peck of pop corn. He stood up guiltily.

"Please forgive me, Mrs. Fleming," he apologized. "I am sorry if my awkwardness has disclosed your gifts too soon."

"They're not Mis' Fleming's," corrected Deacon Brown. "They're yours. We thought we'd give you a donation 'stead of money, times are so hard."

The Rev. Mr. Morgan unconsciously backed a step. "For me? But, deacon, I have no use for these—er—raw commodities. It is very kind of you—but—but"—

"Besides this, there's a side of meat and a firkin of butter outside," put in Mrs. Fleming proudly. "Now that you've seen them I'd better take the molasses out too. It's so warm in here," picking up two of the jugs.

"By all means," said the minister, wiping his forehead, and in the general conversation that ensued he found himself near Barbara Dean.

"I did not expect to see you," he said in a low voice.

"I am spending a few days with Cousin Bess," she answered. "Are you so devoted to Maywood that you have forgotten your old friends?"

"Only those who wished to forget me," significantly; then, with a despairing glance at the loaded table, "What shall I do with it?" he asked. "A family of ten could not consume that perishable stuff before it spoils. Why did they bring so much?"

"The unwritten law of a donation party is that none may attend without bringing a present," she said composedly.

"Then what special donation must I thank you for," ironically—"the sack of flour?"

She laughed. His dismay was so comical. She did not know the desperate state of his finances. "I did not bring anything," she said. "I could not—to you."

Something in her voice lent sudden flexibility to his most inelastic hope. With her love to cheer him on he would yet make of Maywood his ideal church.

"Come with me a moment," he said, leading her to the deserted window nearest the church. "I had bright dreams when I came here, Barbara," he went on. "I have learned to love the church and the people. If I go away now my work will be wasted. But I think I shall go when my year is up."

"Where?" she asked quickly.

"Anywhere—to any church that pays a salary," desperately. "That collection represents my work for nine months. It is not enough, Barbara. You said that no one may attend a donation party without a present. I am waiting for yours. If you want me to stay here you must do your part. The deacons and elders have looked after the needs of the material man. You must provide for his spiritual nature."

She played with the widow's best curtains nervously. "You said you would not ask me again," she reminded.

"I have not. You did well to say no," bitterly. "If my work is worth only butter and flour you are justified in forgetting me as quickly as possible. Maywood can keep its donation I shall leave at once."

A change flashed across her pretty face. The mischief vanished, and in its place stole a tender blush. "Don't be hasty, James," she whispered, with a furtive glance over her shoulder. "Perhaps with my donation we can use the rest. When will the parsonage be empty?"

"I'll give the tenant notice tomorrow," he answered happily. Then, under cover of the widow's voluminous curtains, with the church looking on in solemn witness, he accepted her donation with a kiss.

Using a Life Preserver.

"The worst trouble about a life preserver," said an old sailor, "is that few people know what to do with one when it's thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head. The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life ring and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs.

"The proper way to approach a life preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the farther side to fly up in the air and down over your head, 'ringing' you as neatly as a man ringing a cane at a country fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some Sayings of Napoleon.

You know my army. It is an ulcer that would eat me up if I stopped giving it other food.

You have made great use of algebra in all your campaigns. I seem to recollect that you had strength in it and that you could understand how minus multiplied by minus gives plus. I have applied this rule fairly well—Germany minus, Austria minus, Prussia minus, Italy minus—but you must allow that I make a the plus.

Our text book told you and me that mass multiplied by velocity gives force in action. I have what makes mass; I shall not fail in velocity, and all will be over before the sunset. The days are long in Russia when the sun shines. I shall fight two or three battles if he will stop to meet me.—"Baron de Comeau's Memorials."

A Strange Case.

Beacon—Fusser doesn't anticipate his vacation.

Hill—No; says he can't enjoy the thoughts of some one else doing his work.—Boston Globe.

Two Kettles of Water.

Sir Robert Hart, speaking of marriage and death customs in the far east, told a story of a great Chinese scholar and high official who said that the foreign way of letting the young people fall in love and choose and the Chinese way of first marrying and then making acquaintance reminded him of two kettles of water. The first—the foreign—was taken at the boiling point from the fire by marriage and then grew cooler and cooler, whereas the second—the Chinese—was a kettle of cold water put on the fire by wedlock and ever afterward growing warmer and warmer, "so that," said his friend, "after fifty or sixty years we are madly in love with each other!"

As people get older and see real trouble they wonder that they ever cried because rain fell on a picnic.—Atchison Globe.

HE BROKE A SPRING.

And the Owner of the Wagon Was Grateful For the Truth.

In a small southern Indiana town is a liveryman who has ideas of his own about conducting his business.

Not long ago an Indianapolis drummer, known for his ability to get over ground in a hurry, had one of old Henry's rigs with which he drove to a neighboring town. Part of the way was over a corduroy road. The drummer's business detained him longer than he expected, and when he finally got back in the buggy for the return trip he found that he would have to drive some to catch a train.

He made the livery outfit scamper along the road at a lively pace. Finally, when he struck the corduroy road, he felt something snap and knew that he had broken a spring on the buggy. He saws visions of having to make the damage good to old Henry. When he reached the barn he jumped out and said:

"Henry, I broke a spring. How much do I owe you?"

"How did you break it, Gus?" asked the liveryman.

"Driving like the dickens over a rough road," the drummer answered frankly.

"Then you don't owe me anything."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, that's the first time I ever had a spring broke that way. It's a new way o' breakin' them. All I ever had broke before was broke drivin' easy over a smooth road."—Indianapolis News.

A STOP WATCH.

Lots of Ways In Which It Can Be Made to Amuse Its Owner.

"Having a stop watch," says the man who has just bought one, "reveals a whole lot of ways of amusing yourself that you'd hardly think of before.

"Since I've had a watch I've been able to while away a lot of time—not a pun, either. For instance, walking in the city where the numbered blocks make calculating easy, I am continually holding the watch on my pedestrian efforts.

"I figure first how long it takes me to walk a block. Going at top speed so that some folks think I'm mad, I have been able to do eighty-eight yards in twenty-nine and two-fifth seconds, or about seven miles an hour.

"Then, of course, I time all intermediate distances up to a mile. I've learned pretty well just what four miles an hour means, and I want to tell you that folks who speak so glibly about doing that ought to hold a watch on their performances to see what it means.

"The other day I got up a few sprint races between some boys just so I could time their running. I find there's a lot of fun, too, in making imaginary bets with myself how long it will take me to catch up with some one else walking in the same direction or how long it will be before a car gets to a certain crossing.

"Also a stop watch is a great thing for timing how long you can hold your breath."—New York Sun.

The Game of Cricket.

Cricket dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth and had its origin in rounders and stool ball. Lord Chesterfield was the first man of weight to take it up seriously and Eton the first public school. In those days scores were notched upon tally sticks, the ball had heavy cross seams, the bats were curved, and the fielders stood almost in Indian file. The early laws of the game had their inception at the Star and Garter inn, Pall Mall, and one of the few of these original laws which obtain today is that of the tossup. The wickets were twenty-two inches high and the ball six inches in length. The first county match was when Kent played England in 1711, and on this occasion vast sums of money changed hands.

Wide Doorways.

In the making over of an old house, as also in building a new one, it is always a good plan to have the doorways in the rooms on the first floor made unusually wide, almost as large as the rooms themselves, for in this way a greater sense of space and airiness is given even when the house is not large. Portieres may be hung in these roomy doorways to keep away drafts and to give a certain privacy, but in warm summer days and also when entertaining a large number of persons the portieres may be drawn back and almost the entire ground floor thus transformed into one large room.—Baltimore American.

Jealousy.

"My dear," said the wife of the eminent professor, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant seed you sowed."

"Ah, jealousy!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty page article on the "Development of Envy In the Minds of the Lower Grads of Breeds."

Stops Hair Falling

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly stop falling of the hair. Indeed, we believe it will always do this unless there is some disturbance of the general health. Then, a constitutional medicine may be necessary. Consult your physician about this.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor.

Ayer's Ask him about it, then do as he says

The reason why Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair is because it first destroys the germs which cause this trouble. After this is done, nature soon brings about a full recovery, restoring the hair and scalp to a perfectly healthy condition.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

MAKING FIREWORKS.

Some Pyrotechnic Products Must Dry In the Open Air.

TRYING FOR NEW DESIGNS.

Staffs of Artists Continually Devising Color Schemes to Be Worked Out In Fire—The Construction of the Set Pieces—Work of the Chemists.

The first step in manufacturing fireworks is the making of the cases, or shells, as the cylinders or other receptacles in which the explosives and the chemicals are placed are called. Practically all of these are made of innumerable sheets of tissue paper pasted and rolled together until the thickness required is attained. Most of these cases are made by machinery and are delivered as wanted to the places where they are to be filled or charged with the materials that have been prepared. All the charging is done by machinery except in the big shells that throw forth sets of stars of varying colors. In these each "star" has to be placed in a certain position so as to explode in just the right way at the proper instant.

Out of doors in pleasant weather the long lines of fuse—"quick match" they are called—are made. These are wound on reels six or seven feet across. Their basis is loose cotton cord covered with various highly inflammable chemicals. "Quick match," roman candles and a number of other pyrotechnic products cannot be dried by artificial heat. They must lie in the open air until the moisture used in mixing the chemicals evaporates.

All the year around the artists on the staff of the pyrotechnic manufacturers are taxing their brains designing color schemes to be worked out in fire. Outside of the big set pieces, which are much in vogue, a great deal of attention is given to rockets, bombs and rocket bombs, of which there are innumerable kinds. When the artist has evolved some striking color effect he turns over his painting to the chemists, whose task it is to combine various combustible ingredients so as to reproduce what the painter has put on his canvas. The race between the art department and the staff chemists is unending. It is the boast of the chemists that they can duplicate in their burning colors any combination of paints that can be presented to them.

These colors are imparted by the heated vapors of certain metals. Sodium, for instance, gives a yellow light; calcium red, strontium crimson and barium green. The number of chemicals, common and rare, employed in the manufacture of fireworks is prodigious. Take blue stars, for instance. These are commonly produced by a combination of chlorate of potash, calomel, sulphuret of copper, oxychloride of copper, dextrin, stearin, black oxide of copper, copper filings and sal ammoniac.

Every fireworks manufacturer has his carefully guarded trade secrets. Pyrotechnics in its various branches and as a whole is taught in no university, and there is little printed literature on the subject.

The construction of the set pieces, especially if they are large, is a huge task. First the artist draws the picture. It is complete in every detail of outline and shade of color. This is marked off into equal squares, each of which represents a square foot in the actual reproduction in fire. Sections of light boards, say, 20 by 25 feet are built and laid flat on the ground, and rectangles a foot square are marked thereon. On the section is outlined the picture that the artist has made, with the different colors indicated in their proper groupings. Loose over this is built a checkerboard framework of light lathe. Then come men with strips of rattan. They tack these to the framework, following exactly every line that has been indicated on the boards below, leaving practically a huge line drawing in rattan.

Then come men with thousands of big pins—ordinary pins, but about an inch long. These are set in the rattan an inch apart. These are followed by other men, who cut the heads off the pins. After this comes a gang of men with bundles of little fireworks, two inches long by one-quarter to three-quarter inches in diameter, in varying colors or combinations of color to correspond with the original drawing. These are called "gerbes." When ignited they emit sheaves of fire. These are stuck on the pins and glued, each shade of color in its proper place along the framework.

After this has been done another gang comes with hundreds of feet of "quick match" and connects all these thousands of "gerbes" together. Loose ends are left here and there for firing when the piece is in place ready to be set off. Then these sections are hoisted into their proper positions, and after infinite labor everything is ready for the wonderful delight to the eye, which may last between one and four minutes. So swiftly does the fire run from "gerbe" to "gerbe" through this "quick match" that the biggest "picture" that is usually shown will be aflame in every part in three seconds.

There is said to be little or no danger about firing these set pieces or even in setting off the bombs that explode with such fearsome noise. The ends of the "quick match," where the "port fire" is applied by the men who do the igniting, are carefully timed so that they have plenty of chance to get out of the way.—New York Press.

Only a Man.

Mrs. Peck (contemptuously)—What are you anyhow, a man or a mouse? Mr. Peck (bitterly)—A man, my dear. If I were only a mouse I'd have you up on the table yelling for dear life right now!—New York Life.

As a Remedy.

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the visitor to the newspaper office.

"Wouldn't it be better to try a porous plaster?" suggested the facetious clerk.—Philadelphia Record.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1909.

☞ Some corrections and a few additions to the story of "Lovewell's Fight" between a Company of Massachusetts Rangers and the Pequawket tribe of Indians at Fryeburg, in the Province of Maine, on May 8, 1725, which appeared in a highly esteemed local cotempory a few days ago, would have caused it to accord more exactly with history than it did. By way of illustration of the point here raised, the story which was published in the usually veracious columns of our highly esteemed, etc., says the Battle at Lovewell's Pond was the final conflict for Indian supremacy in New England, whereas, it had no bearing whatever on the final loss of power by the Red Men, which was sustained by them when the Norridgewog Tribe, whose home was at Indian Old Point on the Kennebec River in the town of Norridgewock, was wiped out of existence by a Company of English from the Lower Kennebec in August, 1824, nearly a year before. Seth Wyman of Woburn killed Paugus, Chief of the Pequawkets, at the battle of Lovewell's Pond. Hostile raids by the Indians of Maine on the English ceased with the virtual annihilation of the Norridgewogs in 1824.

☞ The speech of Senator Lodge on the subject of free hides was an able setting forth of the Republican sentiment in New England on that subject, which is almost wholly opposed to a duty on foreign hides. While the question was under consideration in Congress the shoemakers of Massachusetts appeared to be more deeply interested in it than the tanners, and at the same time, it was shown in debate that the Dingley tariff does not increase the cost of men's shoes more than 3 cents a pair. When General Hancock was the Democratic candidate for President, a few years ago, he said the tariff was largely a local issue and the present work of revision seems to prove that he was not very far from right.

☞ Last Wednesday Mr. William E. Whittier died at his home in Stoneham after an illness of only a week of Bright's disease, aged 55 years. He was a member of the late firm of Whittier Brothers, publishers of the Stoneham *Independent*, and well known job printers. His brother, the other member of the firm, died a year ago. The deceased was a gentleman greatly esteemed by his fellowtowns men and the newspaper fraternity. The funeral is to be held tomorrow afternoon, July 17.

☞ After four days of view and hearing the State Railroad Commissioners last Friday adjourned to Sept. 6 for further consideration of the petition of the Boston, Lowell & Lawrence Street Railway Co. for authority to build their proposed Interurban line. This will give Mayor Bond, Lawyer Sam Mendum, and the few others who favor it, time to study the situation more carefully.

☞ The June number of the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, is worthy of careful preservation for its excellent photographic reproductions of famous paintings and sculpture. It is wholly devoted to the great works of the "Old Masters" contained in the Fogg Museum of Harvard University, among which are many "Madonnas," with "Child," and Angels.

☞ Latest advices from Congress furnish the interesting information that the Senate and House Conferees, of which our own McCall is one, were earnestly endeavoring to please President Taft in the matter of Corporation Tax amendment to the Tariff bill, on the passage of which he has set his heart.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

John G. Maguire—Mortg. Sale.

— The City Council held a regular meeting last evening.

— W. R. C. 84 are going to have a salad supper on July 30

— Ex-Mayor Linscott, wife and children are at Plymouth.

— It has been awful hot in the patent leather shops this week.

— W. R. C. 161 held their regular meeting last Tuesday evening.

— Labor Day comes this year on Sept. 6. It will soon be here.

— Bertha Smith, niece of Mrs. Plannett, is at Belfast, Maine.

— It is reported that Judge Johnson is very proud indeed of his new auto.

— Mr. A. S. Wood talks of paying a visit to his cousin in Nebraska, soon.

— Last Monday was another hot one. The humidity was something fearful.

— Mrs. J. J. Grothe and family are passing their vacation season at West Gloucester.

— The churches were pretty well deserted last Sunday—at least, some of them were.

— The St. Charles Ladies' Auxiliary are to hold their annual beach party this evening.

— Miss Louise Ekman of Woburn has been elected a teacher in the Reading public schools.

— Supt. Myers had his hands full handling the immense travel on the B. & N. last Sunday.

— Thetford Centre, Vt., is the present summer home of Mr. John Jaquith and family.

— The farmers in this neighborhood are getting in their haycrop in the most lively fashion just now.

— Principal Hoag of the Cummings school and family are taking their vacation delights up in N. H.

— Last Monday evening the School Board or the Committee on buildings, awarded contracts for repairs on schoolhouses to H. H. Blye & Co., the Woburn Machine Co. and others.

— Organist Hood of First Church and Mrs. Hood go out on their month's vacation on Aug. 1st.

— Ernest Hartwell, son of Mr. F. A. Hartwell of Pleasant street, is visiting his brother, Dr. Hartwell, at Greenville, N. H.

— The wife and children of Dr. Robert Chalmers are passing an agreeable vacation season at Craigville, down on Cape Cod.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hill and Elizabeth, all of Ward 6, are enjoying themselves down on Saco River, close by the Atlantic Ocean.

— Maine is filling up with summer visitors rapidly, and the B. & M. and Maine Central Railroads have all they can do to take care of them.

— Dr. Harry G. Wyer, son of Postmaster Wyer, his wife, son Richard and daughter Beatrice, of St. Louis, left here this week for Chatauqua.

— The coast seems to be clear for Com. Kelley to get his coveted grandstand on Library Park. The B. P. W. say they are are agreeable.

— Mr. H. H. Leathe is spending his vacation at Block Island, where is, also, Dr. Frank Clarke, former Submaster of the High School in this city.

— Mr. Philip Owen of Waterville, Maine, whose convalescence the JOURNAL mentioned the other week, is now the Stoneham B. & M. telegraph operator.

— Mrs. W. H. Slater is visiting friends and enjoying the climate and scenery of New Brunswick, while her husband is doing the best painting in this city.

— A postcard received by Miss Marian T. Hosmer this week conveys the intelligence that the David Cuneo party of Woburn were visiting Rome on July 3.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Mr. James Skinner, President of the Woburn Cooperative Bank, Mrs. Skinner and daughter Annie, are spending their vacation at Chatham down on the Cape.

— Last week the Bath Hardware Co. was incorporated at Bath, Maine, with a capital of $10,000. Mr. George G. Hart of this city was one of the promoters and incorporators.

— The Methodist Sunday School picnicked, in great numbers, at Thompson's Grove in Wilmington last Wednesday. Games of various kinds were indulged in, and a fine time was enjoyed.

— Whitcher, the old and always reliable druggist, is pleased to show the plans of the B. L. & L. St. Ry. Co. for their Interurban Railway to all persons desirous of seeing them. He will also explain the whole business.

— The following girls attended the second annual meeting of the M. E. church Anticamba Club last Monday night: May Copeland, Nellie Estabrook, Lottie Rollins, Carrie Armstrong, Estelle Lent, Edith Nelson.

— A host of people went to Library Park last Monday evening to witness the military drill and were greatly disappointed because the absence of light prevented their seeing any of it. There ought to be electric lights on the Park.

— Last Friday night the farm buildings of Mr. Ansel Cummings at West Ossipee, N. H. were destroyed by fire. He is a brother of Mr. Samuel Cummings of the coal and wood firm of Cummings, Chute & Co. of this city.

— The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for Miss Mary L. Bacon, the estate No. 102 Pleasant street, consisting of house with modern improvements, and about 12,000 feet of land. John G. Maguire, Esq., was the purchaser.

— Are you aware, gentlemen and ladies, that Dog Days will arrive here in a little more than a week from this date—July 25? Surely the summer is shortening up in a wonderful way. Six weeks are allotted to Dog Days, or until Sept. 5.

— Mr. James H. Linnell, Manager of Linnell's market, and wife are taking their vacation at Edgartown, one of the most comfortable hot weather resorts on the New England Coast. Mrs. Amanda J. Leathe and daughter Dora are, also, down there.

— Commissioner Kelley is bound to get his Southend playground, or perish in the attempt. He is a great friend of the boys and is determined to see that they get their share of the plums which the city is so liberal in scattering among the people.

— Through the persistent efforts of Judge John G. Maguire, Mr. Timothy Keating, who Mayor Blodgett removed from the police force after the shooting up of the city by Yeggs two years ago, has been reinstated by the Civil Service Commissioners, and is happy.

— The Corner Store Boys won from the Plympton Stars last Saturday a score of 14 to 3. The line up of the C. S. B. were: W. Looney, p; E. Walsh, c; G. Coleman, 1b; W. Coleman, 2d; W. Keaney, 3b; J. Reddy, rf; B. Kenney, ss; T. Salmon, lf; T. Murray, lf.

— W. Prior Chute, Managing member of the firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., wood and coal dealers, is, or soon will be, at Bridgetown, N. S. In the mean time, Miss Cummings, the talented and accommodating bookkeeper, will see to it that everything goes right straight along in the office.

— Mr. George Buchanan of Bennett street has been visiting his son Frank and wife at Canton this week. If visits to towns and cities near Canton were included in his itinerary his traveling expenses have been light, for Frank is Superintendent of a street railway over in that section of country.

— Philip Hyde, 50 years old, an employee in the Skinner factory, this city, was sunstruck at Winchester last Tuesday and died at 5 30 that afternoon. He was alive when found by the Winchester policeman near the Mystic Parkway, but failed to rally and died as aforesaid. He was a native of New Hampshire, and had lived in Woburn but a short time.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— The banks of Concord and Shawsheen Rivers are favorite camping sites for many Woburn people.

— Rachel Blodgett is visiting at South Duxbury, one of the most interesting historical towns in the State.

— Grace L. Norris, Esq., leaves on next Tuesday for Great Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, for her vacation.

— Copeland & Bowser are still doing business at the old stand and a good deal of it. Satisfaction guaranteed.

— St. Joseph's Parish of Montvale are to hold their annual picnic and field day July 24 on the Parish grounds.

— Editor Haggerty was seen set'n 'em up in great shape last Tuesday. It was a boy, and Haggerty's joy knew no bounds.

—Manager Hearn says he is no hog, as some have accused him of being, but he is going to find out, if possible, what became of the money collected at the great 4th of July game, ostensibly for the winning team, but which neither he, nor his team, has yet caught sight of. The investigation may prove a surprise.

— The Choate Hospital is already doing a large business. With a location unsurpassed for health and beauty; a house furnished with every modern convenience; fully equipped with all the latest and best medical and surgical appliances; it is not surprising at all that the institution is liberally patronized.

— It was discovered last Tuesday evening that the browntail moths are here again in mightier force than ever. They fairly swarmed and covered the electric light poles and fences near them. By the way, hasn't the JOURNAL remarked, at some time or other, that it is impossible to exterminate the browntails and gypsy moths.

— Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Melrose, Malden, and all along shore, have suffered an invasion of browntails this week that beat, in number, all that those towns have ever yet experienced. And, still, the State goes right on spending hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in ineffectual efforts to exterminate the critters.

— Expert judges of bouquets declared that they never before saw such an elegant one of sweetpeas as that presented to the Editor of the JOURNAL by Mr. Fred E. Dockham last Tuesday evening, and they were free to confess it. They said that, for size of individual flowers, and brilliancy of color, they beat all ever seen by them before.

— Miss Nellie J. McCarthy, Assistant Postmaster, or Chief Clerk at the Woburn office, a lady well known and highly esteemed, goes to Cape Cod for vacation pleasures, which is a departure from her practice of several years past, which has been to seek summer rest and recreation in more nothern latitudes. Capt. E. F. Wyer, the principal character in our postoffice, has not failed to spend his vacation in Vermont once in 25 years.

— The 40 or 50 teachers in our public schools are leaving for various summer resorts, or quiet vacation retreats; some for the seaside, others for the mountains, country villiages, farmhouses; and all of them on rest and pleasure bent. Submaster Brock of the High School is at his home in North Conway; Principal Low has gathered up the odds and ends of last year's work, and will soon leave; Supt. Clapp is, likewise, getting his affairs into shape for an outing; and the teachers are headed in all directions for spots whereat to enjoy the long summer days.

— About 3 years ago Samuel Armstrong, one of Fred Stanley's smart Boston Branch salesmen, picked up on Lexington street a copper coin, which he still carefully preserves. In size it is a little less than the oldfashioned American cent, and although it is dated 1739, or 36 years prior to the Battle of Lexington, every letter and figure on it is as perfectly preserved and clearcut as on the day it was moulded. On one side is "Georgia II, Rex"; on the other "Britania." Samuel was offered $5 for the piece the other day, but preferred to keep it.

— Officer Thomas Mulkeen is getting ready to take the school census of this city, as he has done many years past with great credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the people. There is one thing, at least, about the business for which Officer Mulkeen deserves great honor, and that is his remarkable achievement of never failing to increase the number of scholars from year to year. If our memory serves us correctly, there has not been a single census during his administration of the affairs of the office when the total of persons of school age has been less than any preceeding one, which is a record that but few, if any, school census enumerators in this county can boast of.

— It is exceedingly doubtful if there was a more surprised individual in Woburn last Saturday than the Editor of the JOURNAL on receiving a call that day from Mr. Warren Foster of Chicago, a Chicago University man and Iowa College Professor, who is now temporarily connected, in a literary capacity, with the *Youth's Companion* in Boston. His family were Illinois neighbors of the present JOURNAL people, and still pleasantly remembered by them. Charles Dunham, his maternal grandfather, was one of the most eminent lawyers in Northern Illinois; and his father's mother is Mrs. J. Ellen Foster of Washington, D. C., the famous Republican politician and campaign orator. His forebears were all New England people, of Puritan stock, and their Chicago scion has come down here to see the fair country they exchanged for the West, and spend a pleasant vacation.

— There hasn't been a drop of rain in Boston in the last three weeks.

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow and Mrs. W. I. Clewley are at Plymouth for the balance of July.

— On July 11, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Ottoway of Somerville. Mrs. Ottoway is the daughter of Mr. George F. Hosmer of this city.

— Last Wednesday, Mrs. Angelo Crovo, Manager of the popular Crovo fruit store on Main street, sent to the JOURNAL establishment, neatly packed, a great variety of fruit, which included samples of all the nice things kept for sale there, for which the JOURNAL hereby returns its best thanks. Among the contents of the box was some "Ete" which was highly enjoyed by the Editor.

— With the mercury ranging away above the 90 mark in the shade, and an atmosphere out of which it was no trick at all to wring hot water, the heat of Tuesday, July 13, 1909, was something long to be remembered, and its repetition dreaded. This has been a very torrid week, and in Boston there have been many prostrations and a number of deaths caused by the heat. The severe drouth still continues.

— The huckleberry season has come around once more, and, it is fair to presume, Mt. Misery, the name of a high, bushcovered hill near the confines of this city to which the late lamented Mark Allen gave a more euphoneous cognomen, is now rejoicing the hearts of the tinbucket brigade with a generous yield of the lucious fruit for which it has always been famous. The pitchpine plains of York County was the real habitat of the "lowbush" variety, and in those faraway days when the womenfolks used to go huckleberrying in the forenoon and rake hay in the afternoon, Daughty's Falls, a pretty little village, a suburb of Perkinstown, was the principal market for the berries brought from the plains. Then and there the tinbucket brigade flourished in all its glory. Faint imitations of the scenes there enacted may be witnessed today in Burlington, Billerica and Wilmingtonn, but for the real article one must visit Daughty's Falls, a sweet little hamlet snugly tucked away among the hills and groves of Old York, which is still the Mecca of the berrypickers.

New Inspector Of The Fifth.

Captain Thomas McCarthy, commanding Company G of Woburn, has been tendered the position of Inspector of Small Arms practice of the Fifth Infantry. He is selected to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Captain Maurice W. Parker, who has removed to the West. Captain McCarthy will not officially assume his new duties until after the return of the regiment from the summer manoeuvres. Captain McCarthy has commanded the Woburn company since May 1901, is one of the best shots in the National Guard, and Company G is known as the shooting Company of the Fifth, having won many annual competitions, both State and Regimental. The Company has the distinction of qualifying every officer and man last winter with the new 22-calibre musket on the gallery, or indoor, range.

—*Boston Transcript.*

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

ABOUT THAT GUN.

This fieldpiece which has been secured by the efforts of Capt. E. F. Wyer, A. W. Whitcher and Mr. Remington for the Soldiers lot in Woodbrook has arrived from the Augusta, Ga., Arsenal, and is now in the care of Dr. H. G. Blake. It weighs 1820 pounds; is a 3-inch Rodman rifle; 5 1-2 feet long; muzzle loader; and has seen service. On the muzzle is stamped: "J. M. W. No. 468, P. I. Co., 1862, 816 lbs." When the carriage has been painted and put in thorough war shape by artist Slater it is to be set up in Woodbrook.

Woburn is fortunate in being able to own such a fine specimen of artillery as this that comes to us as a relic of the Civil War.

By the way, what has become of the brass cannon that Tom Boyce used to open the 4th of July festivities with? It cost Woburn a good many hundreds of dollars, and I suggest to Mayor Bond and the City Council to look it up and locate it.—X

Electrical Show In November.

An Electrical Show—the first of the kind in this section—will be held in Mechanics Building, Boston, November 15 to 27 inclusive. Such shows are held annually in New York and Chicago. They have proved of great educational value to the general public.

Exhibits will be made by the leading electrical supply houses. All the novelties in time and labor-saving and comfort-giving devices—in fact, everything up-to-date in the electrical world will bs displayed and operated.

The decorations and lighting effects will be novel and elaborate. The show will be a "wonder world."

The Edison Company will make no exhibits of apparatus or methods of handling business, but extensive plans are being made for entertaining customers and friends from every city and town in its territory. All will be made welcome and nothing will be omitted for their comfort. Pleasant surprises will happen every minute.

Real Estate Transfers.

Through the office of C. E. Smith, the Haverty farm, 120 Lexington street, has been sold consisting of 10-room house and stable, and about 17 acres of land. The purchaser is Edward Costello of Somerville, who will improve and occupy.

Through the same office papers have been passed for the transfer of the Harriet E. Feitch estate, 83 Green street, consisting of single house and 7,100 feet of land. The new purchaser is C. A. Huckings of Boston, who buys for occupancy.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

The Victim Said Nothing, but Did a Heap of Thinking.

At a railway station the other day "a gentleman from the country" yielded to the pressing solicitation of a persistent newsboy and bought a penny weekly paper.

But here was a difficulty—a shilling, no change and the engine of the train giving unmistakable evidence of a speedy departure.

The bargain was about to be canceled when the boy volunteered to get the shilling changed into pence.

"But," said the gent, "perhaps you will not return with the 11 pence."

The boy's face wore an injured look.

"If you are afraid to trust me, sir," said he, and there was the least trace of emotion in his voice, "you can have the other eleven copies as security."

Something suspiciously like moisture came into the old man's eyes as he glanced into the bright, open countenance of the boy, and he felt heartily ashamed of himself as he mechanically held out his hand for the remaining eleven copies.

He watched the little fellow as he trotted down the platform till he sailed round a corner and was lost to sight.

Fifteen seconds later the engine gave a final shriek, and the train slowly glided out of the station.

The man glanced round at his fellow passengers and handed a copy of the paper to each one from his pile.

He said nothing, but he seemed to be thinking.—London Tit-Bits.

DROPPED THE "TUB."

And Like a Good Girl Pronounced the Word Correctly.

W. S. Gilbert contributed an amusing article on "Actors and Authors" to a program of the London Drury Lane theater. The following extract will be read with appreciation:

The author's greatest difficulty lies in the necessity of directing an actor's attention to an obvious mispronunciation—a feat that must be achieved without humiliating the actor in the presence of his professional brethren.

Many years ago I was engaged in rehearsing a burlesque, and a very clever young lady had to sing the couplet:

Indubitably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

The clever young lady, whose pronunciation was not always beyond reproach, delivered the lines thus:

Indubitably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

This, of course, would not do, so I determined to alter the word to "inevitably." The young lady agreed that the alteration greatly improved the verse, but she was not to be deprived of her "tub," so she sang it:

Inevitably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

This was just as bad, so I made it "unquestionably," and, of course, it came out:

Unquestionably if you do
It will be the worse for you.

I could think of no other word that would answer the purpose, so, as a last resource, I said to her:

"Do you think it advisable to give the word its French accent?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, 'unquestionably'—that's the way it is pronounced in Paris. In addressing an English audience perhaps the simple English version of the word would be better. Try it, at all events, 'unquestionably,' 'a' instead of 'u.' 'Unquestionably' would be all very well for the stalls, but the gallery wouldn't understand it."

"Of course," she said, "the English accent would certainly be more appropriate."

And she sang it "unquestionably" like the good girl that she was.—Argonaut.

A TUSK HUNTER'S ESCAPE.

So Close a Call the Native Really Thought Himself Dead.

Hunting elephants for their tusks involves courage, patience and infinite cunning. Frequently the hunter becomes the hunted, and the tables may be turned fatally. A writer in McClure's Magazine tells of an escape vouched for by "an Indian dealer who never lied about anything and who claims to have seen this deliverance exactly as he reported it."

Some natives were hunting elephants in the neighborhood of Lake Rudolph, and he was with them for the purpose of trading cotton cloth for ivory. Elephants like old bunch grass that has become dry like hay, and a herd of them, attracted by "dry grazing," as it is called, came suddenly within an eighth of a mile of the camp.

One native named Juma, from the coast, an unskilled hunter, observing that the wind was in such a direction that it blew news of the herd to him rather than blowing his whereabouts to the knowledge of the herd, ran out in the open with his rifle and aimed at short range at a powerful creature which was watering a straggling shrub with water he had taken in his trunk from the pond.

Once hit, the elephant was correspondingly furious and rushed at Juma after a deliberate scrutiny of the immediate foreground to discover his whereabouts. Having determined where his assailant stood, he tore along, crazy with rage, toward the shaking savage.

Juma, with an oriental's instinct of prostration before such an overwhelming force, merely threw himself flat upon the ground.

The elephant rushed completely over him, but by accident left him safe, although choked and blinded with the disturbed and sandy soil. The great feet cleared him, and the tusks missed him.

Almost twenty-four hours passed before Juma dared believe himself alive and sound, and for the first twelve hours after the excitement he spoke of himself only in the past tense, as of one dead.

The Clothesline Test.

"Let me see her clothes on the line," said an old fashioned woman recently, "and I can tell if she is a good housekeeper." The test lies in the way the garments are hung. If the shirts are scattered around promiscuously the woman lets garbage stand on her kitchen table overnight. The shirts, like we men, should always hang together, shoulder to shoulder, and everything of its kind should hang in a row.—Atchison Globe.

Not Desired.

Having at enormous pains got her length, breadth and thickness about right, the woman heaved a sigh of relief. "No fourth dimension in mine, if you please!" she exclaimed with unmistakable feeling.

Some aver that the feminine mind is not attracted by metaphysics anyway!—Exchange.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

There is no better indication of the rapid strides made in vaudeville and the degree to which it is drawing upon the legitimate stage than is shown by the Romany Opera Company at Keith's. Here is a company as large as one you would find on the road, giving a full evening's entertainment of the most pretentious operas. In fact it has more soloists and more good voices than one would find in the average road company, and yet it is only one act in the bill at Keith's, a part of an up-to-date vaudeville performance. This company has made a tremendous hit during the week, presenting an operetta amid beautiful stage settings, and in which is introduced some of the best known and most tuneful selections from grand opera.

Great Free Show.

"Cinderella" arrives at Wonderland every evening promptly at 8 30 o'clock. She is accompanied by a large entourage of handsomely dressed ladies of the court, pages, fairies, a host of dancing girls, the two jealous sisters, the Prince and all the other characters of the story-book so dear to the hearts of all the little ones and to the children of larger growth. Then upon a great stage in the very heart of Wonderland, so that thousands can plainly and comfortably see, is presented every night the picture in action of Cinderella and the golden slipper.

MRS. WARREN.

The funeral of Mrs. Sarah C. Warren, the beloved wife of Adjutant W. P. Warren of Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., was held at her late home, 89 Mishawum Road, at 2 o'clock last Sunday afternoon. It was attended by a great many friends.

She was a charter member of W. R. C. 84, and has always been one of its most zealous and efficient workers. The funeral was attended by the Corps, by whom respect was paid to the memory of their member, who departed this life on Friday, July 9, 1909, aged 67 years.

Rev. Henry B. Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church, conducted the religious exercises, and paid a warm and well merited tribute to the virtues of the deceased.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

— Prior, the real estate dealer, finds something to do in his line about all the time. The other day he sold for Mrs. W. H. Cummings a good dwelling house on Cleveland avenue to Mr. Ayer.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sewall D. Samson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Lewis W. Thompson, dated June 1st, 1905, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3238, Page 453, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Saturday, the seventh day of August, A. D. 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn on Montvale Avenue (formerly known as Railroad Street) containing about thirty three thousand one hundred and forty-four (33,144) square feet, and being lots numbered ten (10) and eleven (11) shown on Plan of the Montvale Manufacturing Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Plan Book 2, Plan 29, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by Central Street about one hundred and fifty (150) feet; Northerly by land now or late of Catherine A. Loring about one hundred and ninety (190) feet; Easterly by other land of said Samson one hundred and forty-seven (147) feet; and Southerly by said Montvale Avenue, there measuring about two hundred and thirteen (213) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to said Sewall D. Samson by deed dated November 30, 1854, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 696, Page 461.

Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage, also to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes and assessments, if any thereon. One hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers, at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main Street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

LEWIS W. THOMPSON, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., July 14th, 1909. july 16, 23, 30

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Joseph H. Buck of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Frank E. Johnson, executor of the will of Aaron Thompson, dated June 1, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex (South District) Deeds, Book 2204, Page 290, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, August 2, 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—

Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, on the northerly side of Lawrence street, extended, and at land of Jane C. Butman, from thence the line runs northerly and with said Lawrence street, seventy feet (to land now or formerly of William S. Whitford; thence turning at a right angle the line runs northerly by land last named one hundred thirty feet and 3-10 feet (to land of Edward W. Hudson; thence turning the line runs easterly, on and by said land of Hudson and on and by land of Frank E. Soles, seventy and 1-100, to land of said Jane C. Butman; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Butman one hundred thirty four and 25-100 feet to the point of beginning. Containing 9,454 square feet. Being lot No. 5 on plan of land belonging to J. A. Buck and W. S. Whitford, dated March 1, 1893 and now on file in the Middlesex (So. Dist.) Registry of Deeds. With a right of way over said Lawrence street, as shown on said plan, throughout its length.

Three hundred dollars in cash will be required from the purchaser at the time and place of sale, and the sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any.

KATIE WINN, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, July 9, 1909.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Charlotte Flint Clark Higbee, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Frederick L. Hunt who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the others having declined the trust, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

jly 9, 16, 23.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles J. Sargent to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation duly established under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at Woburn, dated September 29th, 1891 and recorded with Middlesex Northern District Deeds, Book 234, Page 327, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosure the same will be sold at public auction on the premises,

WEDNESDAY, August 4th, 1909,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises thereby conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing one acre of land, more or less, and bounded as follows namely:—

Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on the southerly side of Andover road at a corner of the wall at land of Horace Sheldon, thence the line runs southerly by said road one hundred sixty-five (165) feet to a stake at land of Henry Sheldon; thence westerly by said land of Henry Sheldon three hundred eleven and 6-10 (311 6-10) feet to a stake; thence northerly still by land last named, one hundred fifty two and 25-100 (152-25-100) feet to the center of the wall by said land of Horace Sheldon; thence easterly by the wall by said land of Horace Sheldon two hundred sixty four (264) feet to the point of beginning. The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any, and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee,
By Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Massuchusetts, July 7th, 1909.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Costello and Hannah Costello his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Cooperative Bank, dated September 5, A. D. 1904, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3407, Page 130, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises herein after described, on

SATURDAY, August 7th, A. D. 1909,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Mann's Court, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing about four thousand three hundred and eleven (4,311) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Mann's Court, there measuring seventy and 1-10 (70.1) feet; easterly by land now or formerly of Heirs of James A. Mann, there measuring sixty one and 4-10 (61.4) feet; Northerly by land formerly of Daniel Sutherland and land formerly of Anne Connolly, there measuring seventy and 8-10 (70.8) feet; and westerly by land formerly of George Flagg there measuring sixty one (61) feet.

Being the same premises conveyed to said Hannah Costello by Mary E. Fitzgerald or Minnie E. Fitzgerald, by deed dated April 26th, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3157, Page 277.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes, and assessments, if any thereon.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers, at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN COOPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee, by John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., July 6, 1909. July 16, 23, 30

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

REPAIRS BY MAIL.

Glasses for repairs can usually be returned same day they are received.

Do not send the case.

Satisfactory prices.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St. | Boston.
310 Boylston St. |
75 Summer St. |
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 26,334 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner at Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 58 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

TELEPHONE TOLL RATES

To familiarize the public with the low rates of TELEPHONE TOLL MESSAGES the following table is published. It is approximate rather than exact, but it will serve as a fairly accurate basis on which to estimate the charges for a THREE MINUTE CONVERSATION.

Distances of:	Approximate Rate:
10 miles or less	10 cents
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15 to 25 miles	20 cents
25 to 35 miles	25 cents
35 to 45 miles	30 cents
45 to 55 miles	35 cents
55 to 65 miles	40 cents
65 to 75 miles	45 cents
75 to 85 miles	50 cents
85 to 90 miles	55 cents
90 to 100 miles	60 cents

Proportionately Low Rates for more distant points

The telephone furnishes the QUICKEST, MOST SATISFACTORY, and in many respects the MOST ECONOMICAL method of communication. You are assured of:

Prompt Delivery of Your Message.
Knowledge of When and to Whom Delivered.
Direct Personal Communication.
Service at Almost Any Hour—Day or Night.

No special equipment is needed. You may be connected from your own Telephone to Toll or Long Distance points. If the person with whom you wish to speak has no telephone the Toll Operator will arrange to send a messenger to his residence or place of business and ask him to come to a Pay Station to talk to you.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.
Commercial Department.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John R. Carter of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John M. Harlow, Trustee under the will of Charles Choate, late of said Woburn, deceased, dated May 24, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2369, Page 385, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

Thursday, July 29, A. D. 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, (exclusive of the parcel heretofore released therefrom) namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing about one and one-half acres, and bounded as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Main street, at land of heirs of C. Frankford Trull, from thence the line runs southerly by and with said Main street, one hundred fifty and 75-100 feet to a stake at land of Burdett; thence turning, the line runs easterly, on land of Burdett, one hundred fifty-four and 27-100 feet to a stake; thence turning, the line runs south, 9° 59' east on land of Burdett, one hundred six and 16-100 feet to Mishawum Road, formerly New Boston Street; thence turning the line runs northeasterly, by and with said Mishawum Road, twenty and 44-100 feet to land of Everett P. Fox; thence turning, the line runs northerly, on and by said land of Fox, one hundred fifty feet to a corner; thence turning, the line runs north of east, still by said land of Fox, sixty-seven and 2

20 per cent Saving on Your BREAKFAST CEREALS

Quaker Toasted Corn Flakes 8c. package.
Mazall Toasted Corn Flakes 5c. package.
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Shredded Wheat, 10c. package.

Why Do You Pay More?

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER.
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

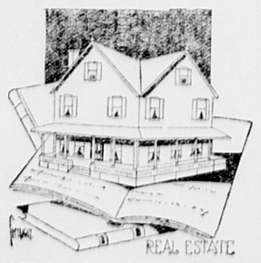
Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



REAL ESTATE

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures hair diseases & hair falling.

WINCHESTER.

As expected, considerable building of residences is going on here this summer.

Rev. W. I. Lawrence is at the Isle of Shoals attending the Unitarian conference.

Many of our people have left for their vacation outing and many others are preparing to do so.

There will be forenoon services at the Episcopal church every Sunday during the vacation season.

The gradecrossing still agitates the public mind and serves grandly as a theme for public debate.

Everything, except the people, is as dead here as a doornail. Mighty quiet, and local news scarce as hens' teeth.

The Woburn Brass Band, Thomas J. Marrinan, Leader, gave a fine concert on Manchester Field, this village last Saturday afternoon. A large audience enjoyed it.

Brother Tuck, a highly esteemed citizen, is strongly in favor of the projected Interurban, or Butler Ames, street Railway from Boston to Lowell and Lawrence, via Woburn, and says a great many Winchester people are on his side, the latter half of which proposition I very much doubt. Our town don't want that road, and will do all it can to head it off. Somehow, Tuck is almost always an "off ox."

Winchester, July 11.—In boarding the midnight train from Montvale station for Stoneham, Luigi Catarijaro, boarding at 5 Washington street, Montvale, fell and was killed. John Hart, a brakeman on the train, saw the body lying by the track as the train pulled out of the station, and pulling the bell for brakes, jumped off and examined it. He found the man's skull was fractured and that death, in all probality, had been instant.

NATURE AS A CHEMIST.

Feats Which the Highest Exactitude of Science Cannot Rival.

The bursting leaves of springtime illustrate nature as a chemist who performs feats which the highest exactitude of science cannot hope to rival. In a leaf the living matter is his chemist, and the cell is his laboratory. By daylight the leaf chemist is absorbing the carbonic acid gas and is decomposing this gas into its component elements—carbon and oxygen. The carbon it is retaining as part of the plant's food to enter into combination with water, and the oxygen it sets free into the atmosphere. By night this process ceases, for light is an essential feature in the operation.

Out of the carbon and the water the leaf chemist will elaborate the sugars and starches which the plant world affords. As sugar the products will pass from the leaf to be stored up, as in the case of the potato, for example, so as to afford a storehouse of food whereon the plant may draw for its sustenance and for the development of its leaves and flowers when occasion comes. All the vegetable essences and acids, the scents and gums, the juices which yield India rubber, the flavoring of fruits and even the color of the flowers are similarly the products of a constructive chemistry which beats man's best efforts to imitate. Man follows nature, but at a distance.—Chicago Tribune.

America the Comfortable.

People with an average income of from $1,000 to $3,000 a year live in far more convenient houses in America than in England. The matter of water, heat, lighting, suitable kitchens and laundries is insisted upon with us and is lacking to an appalling extent in English country or even town houses and also in the more pretentious country houses themselves. The houses of the poorer classes, laborers, clerks, servants and the like, are mere boxes, with none of the conveniences to which Americans even of the poorer classes are accustomed.—Scribner's.

First War Balloon.

At the battle of Fleurus, June 26, 1794, in the French revolutionary period, the balloon was for the first time used in the service of the army. The Austrians, stupefied, saw the captive airship Entreprenant above their heads at a height of 300 meters. This apparition greatly angered the Austrian General Coburg, who cried out, "Is there anything these scoundrels will not invent?"—Le De Dian-Bouton.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures hot, tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet and makes walking easy. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. All druggists 25 cts. Don't accept any substitute.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 19, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Married.

In this City, July 13, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, D. D., Mr. James Louis Vidito, and Miss Eunice De Vitt, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 10, Luigi Caponicio, aged 25 years.

In this city, July 13, James L. Finen, aged 50 years.

In this city, July 13, Tony Jabowsky, aged 3 years.

CITY OF WOBURN.

DEPARTMENT OF Weights and Measures.

Woburn, Mass, June 30, 1909.

Notice is hereby given to all public weighers, and to all persons, firms and corporations using scales, weights and measures in buying or selling goods, wares, merchandise or other commodities in the City of Woburn to bring in such scales, weights and measures and have them sealed.

The sealer will be at his office Basement of Court House Tuesday evenings from 7 to 8.30 and Friday afternoons from 3 to 4.30 o'clock.

GEORGE F. HOSMER,
Sealer of Weights and Measures.

A MEAL WITH A MOOR

The Repast Began With Green Tea Served In Glasses.

FOOD EATEN WITH FINGERS.

Table Manners In a Moorish Gentleman's House—A Particular Mark of Favor by the Host to His Guests That Is Not Always Appreciated.

During my stay in Fez I took every opportunity of gaining a closer insight into the domestic life of the inhabitants, and for that reason, writes Lawrence Harris in the London Graphic, I heartily accepted an invitation to dine with Abdullah el Fasi, the minister for foreign affairs.

On arriving at his home I was ushered into a large room in which were seated five or six guests of high rank. Abdullah took me by the hand and gravely introduced me to the company. A silken cushion was placed on the divan, upon which I seated myself.

The repast commenced with green tea served in small glasses. The custom of preparing this is peculiar to the country. To the principal native guest is given the honor of making the tea. In this case it was Raisuli, who, being under British protection, had been invited to dinner in my honor. He accepted the invitation to do the honors of the evening and ordered the negress to place the native brass tray in front of where he sat cross legged on the divan. The methods of proceeding are not such as would recommend themselves to an English tea party.

Measuring out the tea in his hand, he dropped it in the pot. The negress slave then poured boiling water over it. This was swilled around and the water poured off. The pot was then filled with huge lumps of loaf sugar, broken roughly from a sugar loaf, and a little mint was added. A small quantity of the concoction was poured into a glass, sipped and poured back again into the pot. This process was continued until the required delicacy of flavor was reached.

The company then drank the customary three glasses of this sirupy mixture, drawing it through their teeth with a sound like a horse drinking. As each glass was finished and replaced in the tray it was refilled and handed back by the "keeper of the pot," who was supposed to remember to whom each glass belonged. At a sign from the host the tray was removed, and another slave approached each person with a brass bowl, soap and towel and a bronze kettle of warm water. The guests washed their right hands preparatory to the dinner.

We all sat around a small table about six inches high, upon which was placed the dish. The courses were many and varied. As says the Hadith, "The blessing of God rests on the food taken with the fingers," so all good Mohammedans follow the words of their prophet. No knife must be used on bread, and the small round loaves are broken up and handed around. The tajin, or stew, is not difficult to manipulate, although the olives floating in argon oil slip through your fingers. Miniature tugs of war occur with your vis-a-vis in the effort to dismember a fowl or divide tough meat.

As a particular mark of favor the host will from time to time place before you a little titbit which he has torn off with his greasy fingers. However your stomach rebels against it, you have to swallow the morsel. During the meal the national dish of couscous is invariably served. This dish is made from broken grains of wheat specially prepared by the women. It is served piled up like a huge cone, with the meat on top. Each person scoops out his own little hole in the side and must not trespass on his neighbor's portion.

To the inexperienced it is difficult to manage the couscous without making an awful mess of it. The small grain must be judiciously compressed into a loose ball and then shot into the mouth with the back of the thumb. The Moors take extreme delight in watching the ineffectual efforts of Europeans who are in difficulties with their couscous. Moors are very great eaters, and little conversation is carried on during the meal. A bowl of water is passed from hand to hand for those who require drink. The last course finished, the bowl and water are once more requisitioned and the hands and mouth washed.

The Poor Man's Gym.

"Would you mind telling me," asked Mrs. Bourdalot, glancing admiringly at the athletic shoulders of the prospective boarder, "how do you keep in such splendid physical condition?"

"I go through a few gymnastic exercises every morning," confessed the young man, flushing.

"Well, I'm sorry, but we can't board you. I've had the bathroom monopolized that way before."—Kansas City Times.

His Criticism.

Mrs. Golightly (to eminent musical critic)—What do you think of the new opera, Mr. Crochet? Eminent Musical Critic—Well, it wouldn't be bad if somebody would set it to music.—London Pick-Me-Up.

His Definition.

Teacher—Wilfred, a bee is something we get wax from. Now, tell me, what is a bee? Wilfred—Our teacher is a bee because he's something we get whacks from.—London Telegraph.

One "Take this" is better than ten "God bless yous."—German Proverb.

Lightning Change.

The three-year-old boy on the side seat in the street car turned suddenly to look out of the window, thereby wiping his muddy shoes on the light colored trousers of the middle aged man sitting next to him.

"Madam," exploded the man, "is this your nasty little"—

Here the boy's pretty mother turned her head and looked at him.

—"angel boy?" he finished with a gasp.—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

Young Girl (glancing at her pedal extremities)—Oh, dear! My feet are so awfully big! Practical Auntie—But you stand on them all right, don't you? Young Girl—Oh, yes, but so do other folks too.—New York Tribune.

Needless Trouble.

"Did you wash the fish?" a Springfield woman asked her new servant. "Shure, an' phwat's th' use of washin' anything that's always lived in th' water?" asked the girl."—Kansas City Star.

A TRAGIC EXPERIENCE.

The Climax of a Woman's Return Trip to Her Home.

A New York woman had a curious and tragic experience, one that seems more like a grewsome page from French fiction than the plain recital of fact.

This woman started out with her husband to accompany him part way on a business trip he was taking to a southern city. It was arranged that she should stop to visit some friends at a point about halfway on the journey and after a two days' stay should proceed and rejoin her husband at his destination and return with him. She made her visit and when she reached the town where she had expected to meet her husband found that he was not at the hotel where he had been stopping, but had left hurriedly for New York the day before. She waited long enough to send telegrams to her husband's office and to their house in New York asking if he had arrived and to receive a negative answer from each place.

Concluding that he had been unable to reach her by telegraph while she was on the road, she decided to return home. She was disappointed, but not at all perturbed, as she journeyed northward. She had to change cars twice on the way. Each change involved a wait of ten or fifteen minutes at a small junction town. As she was pacing up and down the station platform at each of these places she saw a big, pine covered coffin box unloaded from the express car and put aboard the northbound train. At Jersey City the same box was being unloaded, and it crossed the ferry with her in a hearse. She noted idly that one of the hearse horses was white and the other black. She went first to her husband's office, but the hour was late in the afternoon, and it was closed. Then she went uptown to her home.

As she was about to enter the apartment house a hearse drawn by a white horse and a black one drove up, and the undertaker climbed down and pressed the button below her name on the row of call bells at the entrance. She asked him what it meant. Thinking she was some inquiring stranger, the undertaker told her that he was bringing home the body of a man who had died on a train near the city whence she had just come and that the undertaker who had taken charge of the body had forwarded it in compliance with the dying man's request. In a daze the woman asked the dead man's name. Then she fell fainting to the floor. It was her husband.—New York Press.

JUSTICE IN HAITI.

Why a Trader Was Consigned to Jail by a Magistrate.

In most lands that maintain a court of justice the institution commands the respect of the public. It has in its hands the means of securing an outward show of respect under any circumstances. In Haiti this power appears to be made a source of revenue, according to a story told by H Prichard in "Where Black Rules White."

A Haitian owed a trader $28. A judgment requiring the Haitian to pay $4 a week into court was given, and the trader agreed to send a messenger to the magistrate every week for the money.

In due time he sent for the first installment and was informed that the Haitian had not paid up, but that he should be put in prison for his failure.

Three weeks passed with the same result. One morning the Haitian went to the trader's store. What good, he asked, would come to the trader if he, poor man, were thrown into prison? Let the trader forgive him his debt and earn thereby untold rewards in a future state.

After some talk the trader gave him a letter of remission, which he went off to present to the magistrate. The affair was settled, but the Haitian was struck by the bad grace with which the magistrate dismissed him.

He forthwith returned to the trader and asked him if he had received the $8 already paid into court. The trader looked surprised and said that he had received nothing.

"Then, since you have remitted the debt, that $8 is mine," said the Haitian.

Accordingly he went to the court to present his claim. The magistrate at once committed him to prison. A consul who had heard the story asked the magistrate what the man was sent to prison for.

"For contempt of court," was the reply.

Where Tipping Is Tabooed.

It may be interesting to mention that it is neither customary nor advisable to give tips anywhere west of the Sierra Madres. I did it on two occasions and in both cases learned to my regret that the waiters became so familiar with the guests and slack in their services both to myself and others that they were discharged from their employment by the Mexican proprietor, whose watchful eye discovered the lax attention pretty quickly and without complaint from the visitors. I felt very uncomfortable about it, for my intended kindness was in both instances the root of the trouble.—Outing Magazine.

What It Looks Like.

Little Elsie, aged three, who was walking in the garden with her nurse one evening, caught sight of the thin crescent of the new moon hanging low in the west and exclaimed in great excitement: "Oh, look, look, nursie! The moon's all gone away and there isn't anything left but just its skin!"—Delineator.

Quaint Churches.

In one of the gold districts of Demerara, British Guiana, there is a little church which boasts a paper roof. The bells are merely two empty metal jars, which are struck with an iron rod. An empty flour barrel makes an effective pulpit, while the altar is constructed from a box covered with a white cloth. The minister who officiates at this quaint place of worship also holds services at another about three miles away, which is equally curious. It is really a dancing hall. The pulpit is a table, used at other times as a platform by the musicians, and the bell is a triangular piece of steel, struck with an old horseshoe.—London Answers.

Cause and Effect.

The Earl of Ennui (dreamily)—Wisht I just had er million and ten years ahead of me. Baron Beating—Well, you grab the million and you'll get the ten years all right, all right.—Puck.

He who reforms, God assists.—Spanish Proverb.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

The Debtor, the Creditor and the Promissory Note.

The inconsiderate creditor pressed for immediate payment of his promissory note.

"But I have no money," said the debtor wearily.

"I saw you pay that man who just went out," retorted the creditor indignantly.

"That was a debt of honor," replied the other, with hauteur.

The creditor immediately tore up the promissory note which he held in his hand and threw it in the fire.

"So is mine a debt of honor," he remarked simply.

So far so good, and the matter is proceeding along the proper lines for such cases made and provided.

The debtor assured himself that the promise to pay had been really consumed.

"Pardon me," he then politely said, "but you tore up that note voluntarily and from mercenary motives. I cannot therefore recognize it as a debt of honor."

Which proves that a nice sense of honor is a good thing to have lying about handy.

The creditor smiled indulgently. "Oh, that was only a copy I tore up," he replied. He took another note from his pocket. "This is the original, you see," he remarked, with pardonable pride.

Which proves again that a careful man before burning his bridges assures himself that the ferry is still doing business at the same old stand.—Exchange.

A MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

It Requires Careful Smoking to Color It Properly.

Ordinarily a meerschaum pipe is boiled for coloring in a preparation of wax, which is absorbed and a thin coating of wax is held on the surface of the pipe and made to take a high polish. Under the wax is retained the oil of tobacco, which is absorbed by the pipe, and its hue grows darker in proportion to the tobacco used. A meerschaum pipe at first should be smoked very slowly, and before a second bowlful is lighted the pipe should cool off. This is to keep the wax as far up the bowl as possible, and rapid smoking will overheat, driving the wax off and leaving the pipe dry and raw.

A new pipe should never be smoked outdoors in extremely cold weather. Fill the pipe and smoke down about one-third, or to the height to which you wish color. Leave the remainder of the tobacco in the pipe and do not empty or disturb it for several weeks, or until the desired color is obtained. When smoking put fresh tobacco on the top and smoke to the same level. When once burned the pipe cannot be satisfactorily colored unless the burned portion is removed and the surface again treated by the process by which meerschaum is prepared. The coloring is produced by the action of the smoke upon the oils and wax which are superficially on the exterior of the pipe and are applied in the same process of manufacture.—London Answers.

One Use For Matches.

A clerk in the black goods department of a Broadway store put a box of safety matches in his pocket before leaving home.

"They'll come in handy for my customers," he said, "not to light cigars or cigarettes—my customers don't smoke in the store—but to test the goods they buy. No doubt their trick is antediluvian. Eve may have tested fig leaves just that way in the garden of Eden for all I know; but, no matter how old fashioned it makes a person seem, there are plenty of women who will not buy a piece of cloth without setting a lighted match to one of the threads to see whether it burns or not. If the thread burns, the cloth is part cotton, and the shopper won't have it. If it doesn't burn, it's all wool, and she buys."—New York Globe.

An Elephant Experience.

A friend of mine told me of a curious experience. He was carefully stalking a big bull elephant in a large herd, when they got his wind, and a big cow elephant charged him. He jumped behind a large tree as the elephant reached him, and, being unable to stop herself in time, the elephant drove her tusks with such force into the trunk of the tree that they snapped off close to her head. The elephant was stunned for a moment, but luckily turned and galloped after the fast retreating herd, leaving him the possessor of some eighty pounds of ivory valued at about $250.—Circle Magazine.

Taking It Too Literally.

"What do you mean, sir," roared an irate father to a rejected suitor for the hand of his daughter, "by bringing your portmanteau to my house and ordering a room?"

"I'm adopted as one of the family," answered the young man coolly. "Your daughter said she would be a sister to me!"

Mrs. Allgall.

"Who's the woman who calls every day to use our telephone?"

"The one who complained because our children take a short cut through her yard on their way to school."—Cleveland Leader.

Her Capacity.

"If teeth do just as well without nerves," she said to the dentist, "and stay just as white and don't break any quicker, why are the nerves put there in the first place?"

"I've often wondered myself," said he. "I don't know unless it is so you can suffer the pain of losing them. You'd be too happy, you know, unless you underwent a little suffering now and then."

"A little!" she shrieked. "You remember that tooth of mine last winter and how I came within an ace of dying with the pain?"

"I remember," said he, "but you have a great capacity for suffering. I've seen other people lose four and suffer less."—New York Press.

Underweight.

Brown—That coal dealer of ours got just what was coming to him. Town—How? Brown—Married a girl the other day, thinking that he was getting 140 pounds and got only 98.—St. Louis Times.

Inquisitive.

"Your husband is of a studious turn of mind, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed. Whenever we have hash he isn't satisfied unless he knows everything that is in it."—Detroit Free Press.

This world is to the sharpest, heaven to the most worthy.—Hamilton.

A QUEER PARROT.

The Old Lady Had Reason For Surprise When the Bird Spoke.

A young ventriloquist, being out of an engagement, decided to pay his widowed mother a visit for a few weeks. On arriving he found she was not at home. A few days after his arrival she appeared, bringing with her a parrot and cage which had been given her by a relative. The bird not being able to talk, mother and son spent many tedious hours trying to instruct the parrot. After several futile efforts they gave the job up in despair.

Then a happy idea occurred to the son. Bringing his ventriloquial powers into requisition, gently at first, he made it appear to his mother that the bird had really begun to talk. The mother not knowing the nature of his avocation, he was successful in deceiving her. He had an engagement to fulfill which necessitated his departure.

Coming back after the termination of his contract, he was heartily received by his mother and made very welcome. Soon after his arrival home he commenced and carried on a conversation, as before, with the parrot. Noticing the look of consternation on the countenance of his mother, he inquired what was the matter. Imagine his surprise when she replied:

"Why, the parrot died while you were away, and I had it stuffed and put back in the cage."—Pearson's Weekly.

FLY FISHING FOR TROUT.

Why an Angler Considers It the "Best of All Sports."

I am inclined to believe that fly fishing has its chief and most easily defined excuse in the existence of a certain fish—Salvelinus fontinalis, the speckled trout. Here, indeed, is something tangible, a thing which may be taken in the hand—first catch your fish—and looked upon. No one seeing a freshly caught brook trout would say that it was other than a thing of beauty. Its delicate, varicolored resplendency is not equaled by any living thing.

The tarpon, the "silver king" of southern waters; the Atlantic and Pacific salmons, the ouananiche, or land locked salmon, and the grayling comprise practically all the other fishes, excepting the various forms of brook trout, which may be said to possess both beauty of form and coloration. It cannot be denied that these fish are justifiably praised, but it is generally conceded that the red spotted brook trout has nothing to fear from their competition. Of the western rainbows, cutthroats and steel heads the rainbow is the eastern brook trout's nearest competitor, and that is praise enough for the rainbow.

So here is one good reason at least why fly fishing for trout is considered by many the best of all sports.—Samuel G. Camp in Recreation.

Pathos and Humor.

The study of the art of putting things is to be recommended to every one who meditates a plunge into print. Even the writing of a death notice involves a certain amount of genius if the author wishes to keep clear and well defined the fragile line which lies between the serious and the funny.

That this is true is shown by certain quotations from a Leipzig paper given in Bishop John F. Hurst's "Life and Literature in the Fatherland." Here are a few sentences extracted from these obituary notices:

"Today death tore away from us for the third time our only child."

"Last night at 5:30 the Lord took to himself during a visit to the grandparents our little daughter Antoine of teething."

The last speaks better than it knew.

"Here died Marie Wiegel, who was mother and seamstress of children two."

It Told the Truth.

A countryman on a visit to Glasgow while walking along Argyll street reading the signboards and the tickets in the shop windows said to his companion: "Hoo can a' thae ham shops be the best and cheapest? Every yin o' them says that, and the same wi' the clothes shops tae. They are jist a lot o' leears."

They continued along the street until, coming opposite a plumber's shop with a big bill in the window with the words "Cast Iron Sinks" printed in large letters on it, he exclaimed: "Well, Jock, here's yin that tells the truth at ony rate. But any danged fool kens that cast iron wad sink."

"ORAN AMOK!"

The Bloodthirsty Malay When He Is Maddened by Frenzy.

"Amok" is a religious fanaticism, a madness under which a man makes up his mind to kill any one he can until he himself is killed. Brought on by drink or religion or from whatever cause, the process is the same. The madman seizes his creese and rushes headlong down the street, cutting at every one he meets. To any one who has seen a creese or a parang further detail is unnecessary.

A man running amok is as a dog with hydrophobia, but the panic caused by the former is by far the worse. Like the mad dog, the madman is followed by a noisy rabble, who sooner or later run into their man and exterminate him. When this vengeful rabble is made up of bloodthirsty Malays and Chinamen its wild rage and fury are beyond control, beyond description. The clamor and bloodcurdling yells of the pursuing crowd and the ever nearing shout of "Oran amok, oran amok!" are incidents which can never be forgotten by any one who has seen or heard them. The bravest quails when suddenly turning the corner of a street his ears are greeted with the cry of "Oran amok!" and a few yards off he sees a Malay running straight at him, brandishing in his hand the bloody creese with which he has already slaughtered all in his way.—London Chronicle.

Butterfly Shooting.

"This is my butterfly gun," said the brown man. "At the mouth of the Amazon I shot with this gun a butterfly that Baron Rothschild paid me $125 for. You see, in those tropical jungles the flowers the butterflies flutter about are very high up on tall trees. You can't climb to them. The matted creepers, the poison orchids and the big thorns see to that. You must just shoot. It's your only chance; hence this butterfly collector's gun. It is made with a bore like a needle's eye, and you shoot from it a tiny cartridge filled with water. A good shot brings down a butterfly without so much as brushing a grain of dust from its bright wings."—New York Press.

To commonplace people the extraordinary seems impossible.—De Retz.

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☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

THE PREDICAMENT OF ANGLIN, SENIOR.

His Own Love Affair and That of His College Chum.

By HENRIETTA G. ROBINSON.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Halfway down the steps of the fraternity house Anglin turned and went thoughtfully back to the room that he shared with Beresford.

"You're dead sure you'll not change your mind and come?" queried Anglin.

Beresford, with a volume open on his knee and a pipe gripped between his teeth, nodded emphatically.

"Then I suppose you don't mind if I take your skates? They're sharper than mine."

"Take them, of course."

But when Fred Anglin had slung the skates over his shoulder and buttoned on his thick gloves he still lingered. It seemed as though this were not what he had come back to say after all.

"I ought to tell you, Tom—we've been such pals right along—that I'm going to put my fate to the test tonight. The Tremaine girls will be at the skating party. And tonight I intend to speak to Gerla."

Beresford jumped up and wrung his friend's hand enthusiastically.

"Good for you!" he cried. "Go in and win! As long as it isn't Geraldine I can endure the thought of your happiness if she says yes. I'll be able to listen to your raptures without experiencing a perfectly legitimate desire to sling you through the window."

"Thanks, old man," laughed Anglin, adding: "Lucky we've not set out respective hearts on the same sister. Now, I'm blessed if I understand your infatuation for Geraldine. But, as long as you are her captive, why do you hold back? You are older than I and"—

Beresford shook his head with a grim smile.

"It isn't that. You've a wealthy father and a settled income. I've only enough to pull me through this final year. When I get my diploma—well, I shan't have much more, in a material line. I don't dare ask Geraldine to wait until I have attained—achieved—arrived. It wouldn't be fair to her."

"It would—her promise—be a tremendous incentive to you!"

"Oh, I know that. But she must be considered first."

There was another handclasp, a firm and silent one. Anglin swung away for the tramp into the country, where the skaters were to assemble at Pilgrim's pond.

The star studded night closed down early. When Anglin reached the appointed place the amusement of the evening was already in full swing. The expanse of ice was clean swept and of an opaque, turquoise tint. Strings of Chinese lanterns dangled in the multi-hued propinquity from bare tree to tree and from pole to pole. In a declivity, semi-shaded by a fly tent, a royal fire blazed and crackled. In and out, around and about, in dullness under the sullen stars or in red relief where the flambeaux, set at regular intervals, flared fantastically, sped and flashed the dark figures of the skaters.

Fred Anglin got on his skates as quickly as possible and started out across the frozen pond. Many turned to look after the athletic young figure circling through their midst with such easy, swallowlike grace of motion.

But he noticed neither their presence nor their admiration. He was looking for one particular little figure. She would wear a short skating costume of blue velvet, the Russian blouse, which was girt with heavy cords that swung backward when she raced. The high peaked cap would make a penthouse over a mass of fair curls and mischievous eyes, bluer than any violets that ever mocked the blueness of a June time sky. And—

"There she is!" he said suddenly to himself.

Alone in the shadow of the wigwam shaped refreshment tent, apparently fancying herself unobserved, a slender young form was whirling on heel and toe, cutting a pattern of intricate tracery on the ice.

"Come with me," he cried as he dashed to her side. He held out his hands, crossed at the wrists in the old approved carry-the-lady-out-of-town style.

Together they swung gracefully down the strip of gleaming ice which was least covered.

But when they were quite away from the merry crowd of skaters, whose voices came to them musically through the frosty night air, Anglin turned their impetuous progress to one very deliberate. And then, as he took a firmer hold of her mittened hands, he began, after the manner of many another lover who has been compelled to force his courage to the sticking point:

"Dear," he said desperately, "I can't keep silent any longer. You know how I've cared for you ever since—well, ever since I entered college. Although I've never been obliged to consider ways and means, still a legacy has made it possible for me to ask you to give me your promise. I know," he added hastily, "you won't care about this sort of thing, but I ought to mention it. There's only one question now—do you think you will ever love me—a little?"

His words, voice, even the tensity with which he retarded her flight, holding her hands tight pressed to his side, did not escape the girl's alert consciousness. But she answered in unsteady accents. There were trepidation in her tone and dread, the dread a sweet girl experiences who hates to give pain.

"I'm sorry—sorry—sorrier than I've ever been about anything in all my life," she began. "I—I did not dream it was I for whom you—cared. Had I done so I never would have permitted you to say—this."

As one stunned he relaxed slightly his grip on her fingers, while he accelerated their speed.

"Don't worry!" he answered bravely. "I must have been awfully stupid to have fancied—you are sure you're quite warm enough? We are almost at the tent now. I'd better bring you some hot coffee, Gerla."

They were at the tent. Yellow streaks of light from its canvas apertures were glinting out at them. The girl came to a standstill, her hand still on her companion's arm.

"What was that you said?" she asked sharply.

"Gerla. I suppose I should have said Miss Tremaine," and then, as she did not at once reply, he wheeled swiftly and confronted her.

She had dashed back the peaked hood of her skating coat. He saw a little, dark, mignonne face looking up at him in the wavering amber light—a face that looked uncertain as to whether it ought to break into smiles or quiver into tears—the face of Gerla's twin.

"Geraldine!" he exclaimed as he fell back in astonishment.

It was her turn to be amazed. "Why, did you think it was Gerla?" she cried. "Sure," he added, with enthusiastic relief. And then when her merry peal of laughter had died away he queried, "But how do you happen to be wearing Gerla's costume?"

She laughed again—a relieved sort of merriment that made Anglin think suddenly of his roommate.

"Oh, that's what—what fooled you, was it? Why, we changed them just for fun. But is Tom"—she flushed furiously at her slip of names—"I mean if Gerla had thought"—

"What!" exclaimed Anglin ambiguously, "Geraldine, do you think"—

"Oh, as to Gerla," she broke in, "she is coming back of you. Ask her yourself." And she skated swiftly away.

The next instant Anglin was facing a girl in a suit of wine colored velvet. The peaked cap was drawn high over tousled golden curls and eyes of deepest blue.

"How you stare!" she laughed. "Am I an uncanny spirit?"

"I've proposed to one girl tonight," he confessed as he whisked away to the waltz the band was playing, "and I don't want to make a similar mistake again, for she was not the girl at all whom I meant to ask to marry me!"

"Are you quite sure you're not mistaken now?" she asked quizzically.

"Quite!" he assured her. "But I would like positive proof—and corroboration!"

And both Fred Anglin succeeded in securing before he strode home to ask Tom for congratulations and to hearten him with the fondest of hopes.

A Transformation Scene.

That great statesman William Pitt, upon whose word so many tremendous issues hung, was in the habit of retiring to his country house for seasons of relaxation. There he dropped his character of august prime minister and became for the time a romping schoolboy. One day he had been skylarking with his young friends. He rushed into every fray with the ardor of the youngest present. When the fun was most furious a servant entered the room and informed the prime minister, who was coatless and embellished with burnt cork, that Lords Hawkesbury and Castlereagh had arrived from London on important business. "Ask them to wait," remarked Pitt and proceeded with the game. When that was finished Pitt said that he must attend to two noble lords and retired to his dressing room to repair damages. Presently he returned, and a remarkable transformation took place. Standing in the middle of the room, the prime minister drew himself up to full height of unapproachable dignity. To the astonishment of the young people present the two lords came into the room almost on their hands and knees and with abject obsequiousness explained the object of their visit. Mr. Pitt listened with an air of distant hauteur and with a sentence or two dismissed his noble guests.—Westminster Review.

A Train Load of Monkeys.

A plague of monkeys some years ago sorely troubled the officials at a small station on the Saran railway, in northwest India, says the Bombay Gazette. Trucks full of grain for export were often stored up in the station, and the monkeys came down in large numbers from a neighboring grove to help themselves to the grain, picking holes in the tarpaulin roof of the wagons. The officials were wearied out with keeping watch and scaring away the thieves, who daily grew bolder, till an ingenious guard hit upon a stratagem. For several days sweets and fruits were put on the roofs of the wagons, with the result that the whole of the monkey colony were attracted to the spot and soon became perfectly indifferent to man. One morning when they were all busily feeding an engine was stealthily attached to the wagons, and suddenly the train moved off. The monkeys were quite scared and made no attempt to escape, sitting crouched together till the train had gone several miles and stopped at the jungle. Then they wanted no hint to leave. Every monkey leaped down howling and fled into the jungle, whence none ever returned to trouble the railway.

Reward of Industry.

Faithful Housewife—Mrs. Candour, is it? I can't stop my sewing now. Tell her I'm not at home.

Ann—Please, mum, I've been tellin' so many you're not at home I wish you'd see some uv 'em.

"Why, Ann?"

"I don't like the way they act. They look at each other and snicker so."

"Mercy! Do they suspect I am at home?"

"No, mum; I wish they did. I heard one uv 'em say they wouldn't like your husband to know uv your goin's on."

"Goings on! What do they mean?"

"They think, mum, you're the worst gadabout in town!"—Exchange.

With Reservation.

Here is the story of covenanting times in Scotland, of which an old laird of Galloway was the central figure:

Learning that he was about to be raided by Claverhouse, whose dragoons were coming in search of him, the old laird effected his escape disguised as one of his own plowmen. As he was leaving the house he was stopped by the dragoons, who asked if the laird was at home.

"Well," said the old covenanter, "he was there when I was there."

The dragoons went their way, and the old laird went his and lived to tell the truth another day.

His Mite of Sense.

"Well, gentlemen," said Tompkins to a couple of his friends, "you can talk as much as you please about the inferiority of women, but there are lots of them that can discount most of us for brains. Take my wife, for instance. She's got twice as much sense as I have, and I ain't ashamed to acknowledge it, either."

"But don't you think," said one of his auditors, "that you put rather a low estimate on your wife's intellectual powers?"—Liverpool Mercury.

More Interesting.

"At the last meeting of our club we were scheduled to discuss Henry VIII. and his numerous divorces."

"And didn't you?"

"No; one of the members knew of an impending divorce right in our own set."—Kansas City Journal.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

It Lies Just Beyond the Limit of Our Own Understanding.

Here is a striking parable by Miss E. Fox Howard, which we take from the "Friends' Fellowship Papers:"

"A dog tried to open a door. He scratched it, threw himself against it, struggled to get his nose under it and burrow his way out, but at last he decided that the door would not open and never could open, so he lay down before it and went to sleep.

"A child was watching the dog, and he laughed and turned the handle with his small fingers, and the door was open. Then he took a book, and, sitting on the floor, he turned over the leaves one by one and gazed at the queer black marks upon them without knowing what they meant, for he was a very little child and he could not read. As there were no pictures to be found he tossed it away.

"But a boy picked up the book and laughed and read page after page of a wonderful fairy tale. Then he went to school and puzzled his head over a sum which had to be brought to the class that morning. Try as he might the sum would not prove, and the boy said: 'I can't do it. I'm sure it can't be done. There must be a mistake in the book.'

"But the pupil's teacher laughed, and, taking the blotted exercise book from the boy, he quickly worked out and proved the sum. Then he turned to his own studies and went into the laboratory, for he was learning chemistry. All the morning he labored among the gases and the acids, but he could not get the right combinations and only succeeded in making a loud explosion. 'It's all rubbish to say that potash and carbon form potassium!' he said. 'They simply explode, and I defy any one to say they don't!'

"But the master, who had heard the noise, came and took it into his own hands, and soon the metal was dropping from the condenser. After school was over the master, who was getting an old man, sat in his study reading a paper on modern scientific thought. As he read his brow darkened, and at last he flung it down and said: 'It is a monstrous idea. How can the creation of the world have taken millions of years? The good old Bible account of the six days of creation is good enough for me.' And he wrote an angry letter of remonstrance to the great professor who had sent him the paper.

"But the professor only smiled, for he was a geologist and had read the message of the rocks. He himself, one of the deepest thinkers of the day, sat late into the night among his books, trying to fit some newly discovered laws of physics into his schemes of things and to bring his mind nearer to a solution of the great why of the universe. At last he bowed his head and said: 'It is impossible. Facts are too conflicting. I cannot explain them, and I doubt if there is any explanation.'

* * * * * * *

"Just beyond the limit of our own understanding lies the impossible."

PONT DU GARD.

An Ancient Concrete Bridge In the South of France.

In the south of France is a concrete arch bridge known as the Pont du Gard, which was erected in the year 56 B. C. The concrete in this was not composed of crushed stone or other small aggregate of the variety now employed in concrete bridge work, but was of the old style, consisting of alternate layers of large and small stones, gravel, etc., and of cementitious materials. Vitruvius describes the materials and methods in use before the Christian era, and other writers like Alberti in 1845 and Polladio in 1570 accurately describe the method which "the ancients" (as they call them) employed "of using boards laid on edge and filling the space between with cement and all sorts of small and large stones mingled together."

It is very improbable that the Pont du Gard would have withstood the rigors of climate of the northern United States, but its actual state of preservation, as well as that of many other specimens of ancient concrete work, proves that if modern work is honestly executed it will many times outlast any reasonable bond period, so that a very small yearly sinking fund per cent is all that is required for properly designed and erected concrete work.—Cement Age.

Concerning Two Sounds.

When Joseph Henry Lumpkin was chief justice of Georgia a case was brought up from Columbus in which a wealthy citizen asked for an injunction to prevent the construction of a planing mill across the street very near his palatial residence. His grounds for complaint consisted chiefly in the proposition that the noise of the mill would wake him too early in the morning.

"Let the mill be built," said the chief justice in rendering his decision. "Let its wheels be put in motion. The progress of machinery must not be stopped to suit the whims or the fears of any man. Complainant's fears are imaginary. The sound of the machinery will not be a nuisance. On the contrary, it will prove a lullaby. Indeed, I know of but two sounds in all nature that a man cannot become reconciled to, and they are the braying of an ass and the tongue of a scolding woman."—Atlanta Constitution.

Poulticed With Mud.

A noted explorer recently returned from central Africa tells of a unique method employed by his companions and himself to alleviate the dreadful agony of prolonged thirst. In parts of the dark continent there are great stretches of country where no water fit to drink is to be found, although there are here and there pools of thick, stagnant mud. In such country the party wandered for five days without water and might have perished but for an idea that occurred to their leader. Following his advice and example, they collected the stagnant mud wherever it was to be found and made it into long poultices, which they fastened round their bodies next the skin. This simple process they found to give great relief.—London Answers.

Insurance From Italy.

Insurance came from mediaeval Italy. It is believed to date from the sixteenth century, and at that time it was known in Florence. The Romans did not know insurance. The nearest they came to it was the practice of a company supplying the army to require a guarantee from the state against the loss of ships. But this was soon abandoned, because damages had been collected for sunken ships too worthless to float.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Third Quarter, For July 18, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 1-15. Memory Verse, 11—Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Passing through the two places mentioned, they sojourn for a time at Thessalonica, where Sabbath after Sabbath they proved from the Scriptures that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the promised Messiah of Israel, and that, according to the Scriptures, it was necessary for Him to suffer and to rise again from the dead. The Lord Jesus Himself after He rose from the dead pursued this very plan and from Moses and all the prophets expounded in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself, showing that all the things which are written therein concerning Him must needs be fulfilled (Luke xxiv, 27, 44-46). The good news concerning Jesus Christ took hold of them in the power of the Spirit, for they received the message as it is indeed, the word of God and not of man, and from them it sounded out through all Macedonia and Achaia and elsewhere (I Thess. i, 5, 8; ii, 13). How simple and yet how full the statement concerning them, "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come" (I Thess. i, 9, 10). Here we have the threefold salvation most clearly stated, saved by His sacrifice when we come to God by Him, then in all the daily life living unto Him, serving Him, and all the time waiting for and expecting the return of Christ from heaven (I Thess. iv, 16-18).

There were many who believed and continued to give heed to the teaching of Paul and Silas, but there were Jews who believed not and, being filled with envy and instigated by the great adversary, set all the city in an uproar, accusing these men of turning the world upside down by proclaiming as king one Jesus. The world is indeed upside down and all wrong, and notwithstanding the boasted progress of the day the whole world still lieth in the wicked one (I John v, 19, R. V.), and God has said, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until He come whose right it is, and I will give it Him" (Ezek. xxi, 27). There is only one who is capable of making all wrong things right on this long sin cursed earth, and He is the King who shall reign in righteousness and shall bring peace and quietness on the whole earth, for He shall be King of kings and Lord of lords, and all kings and all nations shall serve Him (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17; Rev. xix, 16; Ps. lxxii, 11). According to our Lord's command, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye to another" (Matt. x, 23), Paul and Silas passed on to Berea and there pursued the same course, opening to them the same Scriptures concerning the same Jesus. Here also many men and women believed and received the word readily and thus brought joy to themselves, the joy and peace which come by believing (Rom. xv, 13), but they also were a comfort to the Lord Himself, for when on earth in His humiliation He said to His Father in Heaven, "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest me, and they have received them" (John xvii, 8). Let us remember that whenever we receive His word meekly and as the very word of God we please Him.

There was at least one point in which the Bereans excelled, and that was in their searching the Scriptures daily, that they might see for themselves the things which Paul taught and believe them, not because Paul taught them, but because God Himself had told them in His word. The only way to be established is to believe God, believe what He says to us in His word, accepting it as if He had spoken it to us directly by a voice from heaven. Then when we can say, as did the people of Samaria, "We have heard Him ourselves," we shall not be tossed about by every wind of doctrine (John iv, 42; II Chron. xx, 20; Isa. vii, 9). The majority of churchgoers are too prone to believe what the preacher says instead of doing as the Bereans did, and therefore so few seem to be established. They also ask, "How do we know what to believe when different teachers teach so differently?" The answer is in Isa. viii, 20, R. V., "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no morning for them."

The Scriptures are the only infallible guide, and our Lord said that when people err it is because they know not the Scriptures nor the power of God. The professed messengers of God will, if they are true messengers, carry only the Lord's message; otherwise they are prophets of the deceit of their own hearts, and the Lord never sent them (Jer. xxiii, 21-29). The devil does certainly hate the word of God, and so he stirred his followers at Thessalonica to go to Berea and oppose the servants of the Lord there. This resulted in Paul going on to Athens, while Silas and Timothy abode for a time at Berea until Paul sent for them to come to him with all speed. The devil's hatred of God and His word is very manifest from Gen. ii, 2, 4, onward, and I have no hesitation in saying that all opposition to and destructive criticism of the word of God today are wholly of the devil. Contrast Isa. lxvi, 1, 2.

That Treating Habit.

"What's the matter? Did the barber try to scalp you?"

"It wasn't the barber's fault. I treated a friend to a hair cut, and he insisted that I have another with him. I couldn't refuse."—Kansas City Journal.

So He Keeps His Seat.

"Would you give up your seat to an elderly woman?"

"And have her know that I regarded her as elderly? Not much! I like to be gallant, but caution is my strong point."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wisdom is neither gold, nor silver, nor fame, nor wealth, nor health, nor strength, nor beauty.—Plutarch.

A Possible Reason.

"I can't understand why Brown should have failed."

"Nor can I. I always thought he was doing finely. He often came to me for advice."—Detroit Free Press.

What the eye sees not the heart rues not.—Hugo.

UNDER THE SURFACE

An Incident That Brought Content to a Dissatisfied Woman.

By ROY RICHARDSON.

"I'm sorry we're invited," observed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband as they dressed to go out. "We shan't have a good time."

"Why?" her husband inquired. "I always liked Ned."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Edmonds. "I like them both, but, Will, try as hard as I may, they make me absurdly jealous."

Mr. Edmonds grew serious. "The old excuse, Grace. I thought you had outgrown that bad habit. We've got so much that they can never have. There!" he cried, pinching her cheek. "Let's put it aside. We have each other, while you know they quarrel. We must have them here some evening soon. You can sing while I juggle the chafing dish. Ned Constable never could make a decent rabbit. His wife won't let him learn how."

Mrs. Edmonds sighed even at her husband's picture of a pleasant evening at home. "I shall depend upon you," she said as they rang the Constable doorbell, "to keep me contented tonight, Will."

It was quite an affair. Mr. and Mrs. Constable, whatever they might be when alone, were a charming host and hostess.

"How well they do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband as they sat eating. Then, with a dangerous tone in her voice, she said, "I wish, oh, so much, that you and I"—

"There, there," Edmonds broke in gently. "We're not going to speak of that, dearie. By Jove!" he ejaculated suddenly. "I do believe there's old Tom Goodwin over there all by himself. You remember Tom, don't you, Grace—the fellow who was too poor to come to our wedding and who said he was sending forks instead of buying a railroad ticket? I haven't seen him for months. He writes things, I believe. You must meet him, good old chap."

"Do you know," Goodwin remarked a few moments later, seating himself beside his new found friends, "I always promised myself the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Edmonds. And now," and his genial face beamed with good nature, "I see how true it is that unexpected pleasures are the keenest. Funny thing, Mrs. Edmonds, but I didn't want to come here at all."

At this Edmonds smiled at his wife. "Neither did we. Now we are glad we did," he said. "But, Tom, why haven't you called? You might have found us before this in the directory."

"Oh, yes," Tom rejoined, "but you're such dreadful swells I didn't dare. You see," he explained while Mrs. Edmonds tried to tell him how modest they really were, "I'm just beginning. When you just begin people don't like you, and mostly you don't take to them, and so I have thought it best to keep away by myself until I had done something worth while."

Goodwin made himself very agreeable, and Mrs. Edmonds liked him. Her husband got deep in debate with a business acquaintance, and the two men presently drifted to the other side of the room, so when the music began in the conservatory Goodwin took Mrs. Edmonds upstairs.

"It's awfully good of you, you know," he said to her as they seated themselves next a dense mass of palms in the ballroom, "not to insist on dancing, but to talk to me. You're so cheerful and seem so contented. Will is a fortunate man, Mrs. Edmonds."

"How odd! I was discontented and blue when I came here tonight," she said, "all because I was—well, I was covetous."

Tom laughed.

"We all get that way at times, I fancy," he remarked. "Look at those De Puysters standing over there, the richest people here. You wouldn't believe it, but they are ridiculously jealous of the Four Hundred. How the Four Hundred fare we never know, but the De Puysters ape them as far as they can, while some of us are silly enough to ape the De Puysters. I am glad you are not one of those."

Before Mrs. Edmonds could confess that indeed she was one of them there came to her ear from behind the palms by which they sat the sound of voices. They both recognized the tones of their host and hostess. It was an awkward position, but they could not have escaped being seen from over the palms.

Constable was evidently remonstrating with his wife. "You can't mean to pretend," he was saying, "to be keeping pace with the De Puysters. One would think you were, to see us tonight. I tell you, Anne, I can't afford it, and that's flat."

"That's what you're always saying—can't afford this; can't pay for that!" cried Mrs. Constable, with considerable heat. "Why don't you go into bankruptcy and be done with it? You never used to complain."

"We would look well bankrupt, wouldn't we?" her spouse cut in. "I never used to complain, as you say, because I was getting rich fast then. It is changed now, and I'm often pinched for money to the verge of desperation. I've told you so, Anne. While I've no objection to your entertaining and having a good time, there's a limit to our means, you know, and where the devil the money for this is coming from I don't see."

"You never told me!" cried Mrs. Constable. "You merely said you were worried. And I'll tell you right now, Ned Constable, I do intend keeping pace with the De Puysters and flatter myself I have done so."

"He stuck me on change for $12,000 last week," muttered Constable. "You may be able to keep up the pace; but, by thunder, I can't at that figure, Anne!"

There was a pause. Then he said pacifically: "You go at it wrong, and, as your husband, I must correct you. Look at Will Edmonds and his wife. They are poor, as the world takes such people, but they are richer and happier than we are."

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Constable, "and live in a little place where you can hardly turn around and where you meet starved musicians, impecunious actors or authors who hope to startle the world some day. Perhaps you would like to change places with them."

"I may have to," Constable murmured, "before it is all over. Come, Anne; the people are going. We must get downstairs."

Goodwin and Mrs. Edmonds arose, he serious, she trembling.

"Tell me," he asked her, "should we have gone away?"

"Yes and no," she answered. "We couldn't without their knowing." Then, putting her hand in his as they came to Mr. Edmonds, she observed seriously: "A little while ago I was jealous of them, Mr. Goodwin. Now I am not, and my little place where you can hardly turn around seems sweet and good to me. Come and see us in it. We will welcome you, and you may get an idea how nice humility is. Good night. I thank you for being here."

* * * * * * *

As Grace and Will stood again in their own house later that night she said to him as she kissed him, with tears in her eyes: "I thank the Lord, Will, dearest, for our little place where some people can hardly turn around. Shut your eyes, Will, and say it after me: 'Bless our little place where you can hardly turn around. Amen!'"

Eccentric Henry Cavendish.

Whenever Henry Cavendish entertained his guests he would always give them the same fare—a leg of mutton. A story goes that one day when four friends were coming it was asked him what should be ordered for dinner. He answered, "A leg of mutton." "Sir," was the reply, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," said the host. When this gentleman died he was the largest holder of bank stock in England. He owned £1,157,000 in different public funds, besides freehold property of £8,000 a year and a balance of £50,000 on account. This large income was allowed to accumulate without attention. On one occasion, when the bankers had in hand a balance of £80,000, they thought it well to acquaint Mr. Cavendish with the fact.

"If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me." "Not the least trouble to us, sir, but we thought you might like some of it to be invested." "Well, what do you want to do?" "Perhaps you would like half of it invested?" "Do so, do so, and do not come here to bother me or I'll remove it," was the churlish finale of the interview. Cavendish was seventy-eight years of age when he died in 1810, and he had never changed the fashion of his dress for sixty years.—London Graphic.

Truth Telling.

"Pa," said little George when his father attempted to carve the Sunday duck, "I can't tell a lie. I dulled the carving knife."

"My son," said George's father after looking gravely at him for a few minutes, "I am glad to forgive you. Let me explain why I forgive you. It is because you have not tried to deceive me. You have told the truth. Therefore you shall not suffer punishment. I wish to have you realize that it is always best to tell the truth. You see how easy it is. If you had lied to me about having dulled the knife it would have been very hard for you to keep from letting us find out the truth—indeed, we should have found it out sooner or later—and then you would have been punished. Thus you would have been made very unhappy in addition to having been compelled to invent a lot of falsehoods, which would have been very hard work. A liar always creates trouble and sorrow for himself. Remember that. How did you happen to dull the knife?"

"I was tryin' to whittle off one of the limbs of that tree you had set out in the back yard 'cause it's got a nice prong for a slingshot."

"George, you come into the attic with me! By thunder, I'll teach you not to cut limbs from trees that I've paid good money to have planted!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Patti's Parrot.

Mme. Adelina Patti, staying some years ago in the fall in New York, heard of a wonderful talking parrot, one Jumbo. Forthwith she bought him at the unconscionable price of £200. Once in her possession Jumbo did not open his beak. Every blandishment failed, and at length she gave him up as hopeless. Then one morning the diva awoke with a severe sore throat. She was engaged to sing at the opera on the same night and naturally in great trepidation sent off for a throat specialist. Jumbo, whom she had quite forgotten, remained to all appearance asleep on his perch. As the door opened, however, and the specialist stood on the threshold, before ever Patti could open her lips Jumbo flapped his wings in great excitement. "Oh, doctor," he croaked, "I'm so sick!" That was the first and last time since Mme. Patti became possessed of him that he deigned to speak.—Dundee Advertiser.

Baked Tamale.

Boil until tender one small chicken or that amount of any tender meat. The meat from soup bones is fine used this way, and veal is as good as chicken. In fact, you can use to advantage any tender leftover meat. Strain off the broth, remove the bones and break into small pieces. Put into a frying pan two tablespoonfuls of lard or drippings and when hot add two tablespoonfuls of flour and let brown a little. Then add the meat, salted to taste, with one cupful of broth and two tablespoonfuls of chili powder. Stir and cook ten minutes. Set off to cool and add a small cupful of raisins (whole) and about the same of olives. Now make a stiff batter of three cupfuls of cornmeal and one of flour, salted, into which is rubbed three-quarters of a cupful of lard or drippings, moistened with one beaten egg and one cupful of broth. Line a deep pan with the batter and bake one hour.—Delineator.

Calling Names.

The late Peleg W. Chandler, who was hard of hearing, was one of the most effective of war time speakers. Every occasion illustrated his eloquence and demonstrated the quickness of his repartee. At one meeting he was frequently interrupted by a blackguard at the rear of the hall, who kept shouting, "Why don't you go yourself?" For a time Mr. Chandler' deafness prevented him from catching the exact nature of the interruption, of which he had been for some time conscious. At last Mr. Chandler caught the words of the disturber. Then, in the mildest accents, which emphasized the force of the words, he said, "Young man, if my ears were as good as yours and as long as yours I shouldn't be here tonight!"—Argonaut.

Evolution of the Modern Play.

With the decay of dialogue in importance less attention has been paid to delivering it so exquisitely as to give value to it for its own sake. And so by degrees we came to the modern play, in which everything is sacrificed to vraisemblance, soliloquies are tabooed, and people talk as they do in real life—naturally and entirely to the point.—Era.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908 cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m, then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m, then 11.00 p m)
SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Woburn, Mass.

A Sultan's Suicide.

Sultan Murad V. of Turkey was deposed in 1876 after a reign of three months. It was alleged that he was insane. He lived until 1904. In the palace which had been assigned him as a residence he was found dead one morning, and the first impression was that he had been assassinated. He was lying half across the sofa in his apartment with his feet on the floor in a great pool of blood. Nineteen physicians of different nationalities were at once called in, and all agreed that the deceased sovereign had died by his own hand. The weapon employed was a pair of scissors, with which the unhappy man had opened the arteries of his arms.

Satanic.

"Satan is represented as runnin' after folks wit a pitchfork," said Uncle Eben, "when de truth is dat so many folks is pullin' at his coattails dat he ain't got time to chase nobody."—Washington Star.

Learning is better than house and land.—Beaconsfield.

Business Cards.

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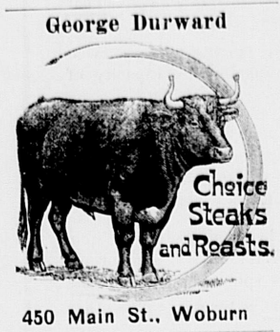
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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.30, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.30, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 5.00, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. school-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
391	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
513	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
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BUSINESS METHODS.

The Necessity of Advertising and the Efficiency of Salesmen.

A man may have several carloads of ability. He may have brains and ideas and other desirable things. But all the ideas ever "ideated" will not avail to raise a man who neglects that all important item of advertising. You simply must get attention. Of course you can get attention by firing off a revolver during office hours or you can do it by wearing loud clothes and proclaiming your kinship in the sporting fraternity. But most men who have risen from the ranks have carefully neglected to use methods of this kind.

Every office man must act as his own salesman. He must first prepare himself by increasing his efficiency. He must be able to do the work for which he is hired. Not only should he do that for which he is hired, but he must do that work better than it ever was done before. When that item has been attended to it is then time to look about for more work.

The wise employee will keep his eye on the job ahead or, better still, will look at a job which does not exist, but which should exist for the good of the business. The next step is to think out a selling talk that will get the attention, arouse the interest, create a desire and bring about in the mind of the employer a desire to do what the live employee desires him to do.—Bookkeeper

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TALES OF A TUB.

When Cupid Used Soapsuds to Ensnare His Willing Victim.

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD.

The Landors, with the exception of Dick, whose business detained him in the city, were spending the summer at their country home, some thirty miles out of C. One day Mollie decided to run in for a few days "to see Dick and shop a little."

The next morning she walked into her brother's office, much to his surprise and delight, for Dick was fond of his little sister.

"I thought you must be lonely, dear," she said, "when you go home at night, and I've come to be company for a day or two."

"That's good of you, Mollie. I'll tell Mrs. Klapper to come over early and get breakfast for us. She keeps my rooms in order, but I get all my meals downtown."

"Bless you, Dick, I can get breakfast for us both! You need not say a word to Mrs. Klapper. How surprised she'll be when she comes over in the morning! I must go to do some shopping now, but I'll take tea with you at 5, and then we'll buy bread, coffee and some kind of breakfast food. Won't it be fun camping out in the house?"



"SEE! THIS IS THE WAY," AND SHE TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE TUB.

After a jolly breakfast Mollie watched him swing into a car; then she went into the kitchen. Mrs. Klapper found her there. "Why, Miss Mollie," the good woman cried, "what ever are you in town for?"

Mollie explained. "Now that I'm here," she added, "I think I'll wash all of the bedroom curtains—those dotted swiss ones, you know. Jane should have attended to them before she went out to Hill Side."

"Oh, let me wash them, Miss Mollie! It'll spoil your pretty hands." And Mrs. Klapper looked distressed.

But Mollie laughingly declined. "No," she said, "you may sweep and dust to your heart's content, but I shall do the washing."

The water was soon bubbling on the kitchen range. Mollie scorned the basement laundry, and, with Mrs. Klapper's help, carried her wash bench and tubs to the back porch.

Enveloped in one of Jane's big aprons, with sleeves rolled up to her dimpled elbows, Mollie bent over her washboard. Mrs. Klapper, broom in hand, stood for a moment watching her. "Don't tire yourself to death," she said. "I hope you'll call me before you're all tuckered out." She turned to go into the house, but paused to say, "I'd most forgot your brother said he expected a young man here today."

"Yes, I know—it's some one that wants work, Dick says. I'm to find something for him to do. If he comes in time I think I'll let him take a turn at the tub if I'm tired. Now you can go to work in peace, Mrs. Klapper, for I shall have an able assistant," and Mollie laughed and splashed the water right and left with her vigorous rubbing.

A half hour went by, and then Mrs. Klapper appeared in the doorway. "That young man's come," she said. "He walked right up to the front door and rang the bell. He didn't look as if he needed work much—dressed as well as Mr. Dick every bit. I've left him on the porch and locked the door after me. You can't be too careful. No one knows but he stole that suit."

Mollie laughed. "Tell him to come around here where I am," she said, "if he wishes to work."

"Mercy! He ain't so much as mentioned yet that he is hunting a job—acts as if he expected you to see him in the parlor. I'm most afraid to have such a man around."

"Oh, no!" said Mollie. "You are too hard on the poor fellow. Probably some one gave him the clothes. Please send him here, Mrs. Klapper."

A minute or two later a pleasant faced, athletic looking young man swung around the corner of the house and lifted his hat to Mollie. Yes, he was well dressed and fine looking.

"Miss Landor?" he asked.

"Yes, and you are the—the"—how should she say it?—"young man my brother was expecting?"

"The same—Brent Carrol, at your service. Your brother said I'd find you here. I've just been down to his office."

"Very well," she said. "You can put your hat and coat on the chair just inside the kitchen door there, then come here." A look of surprise crossed the young man's face; then his blue eyes twinkled with fun, and he sprang to do her bidding.

"What next, ma'am?" he said submissively. Brent had been a star performer in the college plays, and now he fell at once into the part Mollie had assigned him.

"Next I want you to take my place at this tub while I rest. It isn't a man's work, perhaps, but you look strong and"—

"Yes'm. I'm strong," he interrupted her, "but they thought I'd die once, when I had ammonia of the lungs.' And he bent over the washboard with a pensive air.

"Of course he means pneumonia," Mollie said to herself. "No one would imagine from his appearance that he was so ignorant."

She sat on the top step and wiped her wet hands on Jane's apron. The young man found time to glance at her now and then, but he did not neglect his work. Indeed, after watching his vigorous operations for a few minutes Mollie felt it necessary to curb his zeal.

"You will wear the curtains out if you rub so hard," she said. "See! This is the way." And she took his place at the tub. Her pupil looked on admiringly.

"Aye, there's the rub," he said softly, for the moment forgetting his part.

Mollie turned and looked at him in surprise. "Do you like 'Hamlet?' she asked.

He was on his guard again. "I never met the gentleman, ma'am," he said, "bein' only a poor washerman."

"Oh," Mollie exclaimed, "is washing your usual occupation?"

"It's a good one, ma'am, as you know, or you wouldn't be at it yourself, beggin' your pardon." He bent low over the tub as he made this speech.

"Yes," she said gravely, "it is a good occupation—making things clean and sweet. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' Now the curtains are in the rinse water, and we'll have lunch and then get them on the line as soon as possible."

So they ate bread and jelly together on the back steps to the dismay of Mrs. Klapper, who saw them from an open window.

When Dick came home from the office a little later she met him at the door. "Well," he said to her, "I suppose you've had two callers this morning—the man after work and my old friend Carrol. I was surprised when he walked in."

Mrs. Klapper looked mystified.

"Only one man came," she said. "He's here now, helping Miss Mollie wash curtains. They were sitting on the steps awhile ago, eating a cold lunch together. You'd be frightened if you knew how she's trusted that strange young man. I told her it was dreadful risky, but she said she'd trust him exactly as she would any friend of yours and she liked him much better—all but his language, which was not always grammatical. I believe he heard her, too, for he's been freer than ever since."

Dick stalked through the house and on to the back porch. A cuffless, collarless young man was hanging curtains on the line. Dick could not see his face, but there was something familiar about those broad shoulders.

"Brent Carroll," he said with a chuckle and was down the steps with a bound.

Mollie's assistant turned, finger on lips. "Hush!" he whispered. "She takes me for a washerman, and I like the job." It was too late. Mollie's quick ears had caught the word of warning, and an explanation was unavoidable.

I'm sure that she forgave him, for he is still in her service. Cupid does not always slay his victims with arrows. Sometimes he uses soapsuds.

Gladstone In a Huff.

Max Muller once told about a curious experience he had when staying in Gladstone's own home in Hawarden. The conversation naturally turned to matters Hellenic, and in the course of it Gladstone made a grammatical mistake in Greek. His learned guest mildly tried to correct him, but Gladstone rather haughtily maintained that he was perfectly right. After another fruitless attempt of Max Muller, Gladstone became so imperative in his assertion that his guest quietly answered: "Well, we can easily solve the difficulty. No doubt you have a Greek grammar in the house. Let us look into it."

Thereupon Gladstone rose in a huff. No Greek grammar was brought down nor did the great statesman appear himself any more on that occasion. It was a most painful scene for Max Muller. Mrs. Gladstone tried her best in the meantime to apologize for her husband's behavior. "I am sorry to say," she remarked, "that he cannot brook contradictions. I hope you won't mind it."—Westminster Gazette

Knew His Fate.

"Silas, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "who bought that moldy cheese today?"

"Mistress Brown, sir," was the youth's reply.

"And the stale loaf we could not sell last night?"

"Mistress Brown, sir."

"Where's that lump of rancid butter that the baker refused?"

"Mistress Brown bought it, sir," was the answer.

"And the six eggs we could not sell a week since?"

"Mistress Brown— Are you ill, sir?" asked Silas, as the grocer turned green and groaned.

"No, no! Only I'm going to tea at the Browns' tonight," replied the unhappy man as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair.—London Tit-Bits.

An Easy One.

Billfuzz—If I had $3 and you asked me to lend you two, how much would I have left? Jubb—Oh, I know the answer to that. You would still have $3 left, granting it were possible that you ever had that much at one time, because you wouldn't lend me any. Ask me something probable.—Pathfinder.

One on Papa.

Caller—Harold, when you get to be the head of a family what will you say to your children when they are naughty? Harold—Oh, I'll do like papa. I'll tell them how good I was when I was a kid.—Chicago News.

Cheap Living.

She—I'm living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion. He—How long can you keep it up? She—Oh, indefinitely, I guess. He—Then let's get married.—Boston Transcript.

BARNUM'S METHODS.

The Showman Always on the Alert For an Advertisement.

One morning the newspapers announced that grave fears were entertained for the safety of an agent of Barnum's big show who had gone to Africa to seek attractions for it in their native lairs. News had come, it was said, that he had last been heard from in a predicament from which escape was practically impossible. It was a very sad piece of business altogether.

Mr. Barnum was at a hotel in New York city at the time, and there a relative of the unfortunate agent found him entertaining a squad of reporters with a most interesting version of the African tragedy. The caller knew his man and waited patiently until the interviewers had departed. Then he anxiously asked for news.

"Oh, don't be worried," said the showman. "I've just got intelligence that he's safe and sound and will be back here in a few weeks."

"But he has a great many friends here," objected the visitor, "and this report of his death will cause them much sorrow."

Mr. Barnum looked solemn for an instant, and then he chuckled. "Well," he exclaimed cheerfully, "just think of this—they'll be all the happier when he gets back here alive."

SEA MONSTERS OF OLD.

The Marine Monster That Was Thought to Cause Tidal Waves.

The kraken was one of the sea monsters of old, and if all the stories told about its wondrous size and doings are true it overshadowed the serpent as much as the latter does the common garter snake. An old writer says that this marine giant caused tidal waves by swallowing a goodly part of the waters of the ocean and then belching them out again. He also makes mention of the fact that its gigantic horny beak was often mistaken for mountain peaks suddenly shoved into sight by the internal convulsions of the earth.

Bishop Pontoppidan, a truthful member of the Copenhagen Royal academy, is much more conservative in his estimates of its size, giving it as his opinion that they were seldom found more than "the half of an Italian mile in length and not larger in diameter than the cathedral at The Hague."

He also says that its body was frequently mistaken by sailors for an island, "so that people landed upon it and were engulfed in a maelstrom of water when the creature sank to its hidden ocean den." Other authorities testify that its beak from the eyes to the point "was longer than the mainmast of a man-of-war."

The Sewing Machine.

The invention of the sewing machine is one of the most interesting evolutionary romances in the history of human progress. Stone, Henderson and Greenough had experimented extensively with the double pincher idea, one to seize the needle below and one above. Heilmann used a double pointed needle, with the eye in the center, and Thimmonier and Ferrand had invented a chain stitch machine. In 1834 Walter Hunt originated the extension arm idea with a needle similar to the one now in general use, but before he applied for his patent in 1854 he had been forestalled by Elias Howe, who will always be known as the inventor of the sewing machine. If Hunt had not been so great a laggard he might have won fame as an inventor, but Howe is entitled to all the credit that has been given him. Like all great inventions, however, the sewing machine was the product of many minds.—New York Tribune.

Throwing the Shoe.

The peasants of southern France have the credit of originating the familiar custom of throwing an old shoe after the newly wedded pair. It was, moreover, the rejected suitor who first made it popular. The peasant bride is conducted by her friends to her new home, while the young husband is made to halt a couple of hundred yards from the house. If there is a rejected suitor he then arms himself with an old wooden shoe and flings it, with his best aim, at the bridegroom as he makes a dash for the house. When the shoe is thrown it is understood that the last feeling of ill will has been flung away with it.

Obedient to Orders.

"You must push matters a little, James, said a chemist to his new boy. "By calling a customer's attention to this article and that article you often effect a sale."

"Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait upon an elderly person who wanted a stamp. "Anything else, mum," inquired the ambitious boy politely, "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, belladonna, mole destroyer"—

The elderly lady deals over the way now.—London Tit-Bits.

Your Hair Contrary?

Is it inclined to run away? Don't punish it with a cruel brush and comb! Feed it, nourish it, save it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula. Then your hair will remain at home, on your head, where it belongs. An elegant dressing. Keeps the scalp healthy.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

Ayer's

We certainly believe this, or we would not say so. Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, is a great preparation for the hair and scalp. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Promotes the growth of hair.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

FAMOUS WAX ARTIST

Mme. Tussaud Had an Exciting and Dramatic Career.

IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

During That Era of Bloodshed She Modeled Some of the Heads That Fell by the Guillotine and Was For a Time In Prison Herself as a Suspect.

This is the story of Mme. Tussaud, who was born in Berne in 1760 and died in London in 1850, and who, during the stormy time of the French revolution, modeled in wax some of the heads that fell by the guillotine.

Marie Gresholtz was the daughter of an aid-de-camp of General Wurmser in the Seven Years' war. She was born after the death of her father.

Her mother was the sister of Dr. John Christopher Curtius of Berne. This Dr. Curtius had made many anatomical and other models in wax and had attracted the attention of the Prince de Conti. This nobleman urged Curtius to come to Paris and establish himself as a modeler in wax.

The Curtius studio became the rendezvous of the fashionable world, and in connection with this he had a museum of curiosities. Among his patrons were Voltaire, Jean Jacques, Rousseau, Mesmer, Mirabeau, Diderot, Benjamin Franklin, Paul Jones and many other notable persons.

In his visits to his sister at Berne Dr. Curtius had taught his niece, Marie, many of the secrets of modeling in wax. She showed such ability in this that her uncle urged her mother to make a home with him in Paris and to allow him to adopt Marie as his daughter.

Marie began earnest study with Dr. Curtius, and she was so skillful in the modeling of wax flowers that this art became a craze. Even the royal personages in the palace took it up, and Marie spent some time giving lessons to Mme. Elizabeth, the young sister of Louis XVI.

When the revolution broke out Dr. Curtius took the side of the people and sent for Marie to come from the palace. It was rather singular that two of his wax models should have played a foremost part in the opening scenes of that awful period. In his collection of models was a bust of the minister, Necker, father of Mme. de Stael, and one of Philippe, duke of Orleans. Two days before the storming of the Bastille a mob took these two busts from his museum in the Palais Royal, draped them in black crape to show their sympathy and started to parade the streets with these.

As the procession filed across the Place Vendome a troop of dragoons and one of the regiments charged. A sword stroke cut the bust of Necker in halves, and the man who was carrying it was hit by a musket ball in the leg and received the thrust of a sword in his breast.

The bust of the Duke of Orleans escaped injury, but in the fight to defend it several persons were killed. The soldiers made desperate efforts to demolish it.

At the taking of the Bastille Dr. Curtius was active and for his services to France was rewarded by the national assembly. A badge of honor was presented to him, and this was inscribed with the famous date and a memorial of his bravery and patriotism. His house was a favorite place of meeting with the leaders of the revolution, so Marie had an opportunity to see them all.

There was only one time when Marie was in any danger during this desperate period. She was "suspected" and sent to prison. Here at the same time was Mme. de Beauharnais, who had barely escaped the guillotine and who was later the Josephine of Napoleon Bonaparte. Her uncle was able to get Marie's release from prison, and she came out in time to see the downfall of Robespierre, Danton and Desmoulins.

In the days of their power she had been called to model the heads of many who fell by the guillotine. She was obliged to take them just after the fall of the fatal knife. She did this awful work with the heads of poor Marie Antoinette and of the Princess Lamballe, the queen's friend. When the leaders suffered by the guillotine in their turn she modeled their heads.

After the revolution her uncle died, and in 1795 she married M. Tussaud. She could not overcome the shock of her experiences during the revolution, and she persuaded her husband to take her and the valuable collections of wax models left her by Dr. Curtius over to England.

They established this collection in the Strand. The collection was taken all about the country, and in 1833 it was brought back to London and made a permanent exhibition. Her sons conducted the business, and she took an active share in this till she was eighty years of age.—Boston Globe.

Naming Their Children.

It was a musical man who gave his four daughters the following names: Do-re, Mi-fa, So-la, Ti-do. The first escaped with the nickname Dora, the second answered Miffy, the third owned up to Solly, while the youngest generally got Tiddy.

The case of the musical man is matched by that of the provincial printer who named his children from the type fonts he used—Ruby, Pearl, Diamond. The first two are no uncommon names for girls, only Ruby happened to be a boy. He followed in his father's footsteps and afterward became a printer's manager in London.—London Chronicle.

No Flies on Him.

Two Irishmen, just landed, stopped at a private boarding house on one hot July night. Retiring early, they left the window open and the light burning brightly. The mosquitoes swarmed into the room and began biting.

Mike, awakening, called to Pat to put out the light. Pat got up and put it out and crawled back to bed again.

Pat awoke about an hour later and found the room full of fireflies and said: "It's no use, Mike. They are coming in with lanterns!"

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1909.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES.

It would be no surprise to the Republicans of Woburn to learn that their Reading brethren had asked Representative Killam to accept a third term at the State House, and that he had consented to do so. For two years last past he has been a useful member of the lower branch of the Legislature and a credit to this Representative District. Reading has recognized his worth and sterling character by electing him to important Town offices, and sending him to the General Court more than once. To elect him again this year would be rewarding real merit and honoring the District.

In Woburn several gentlemen have been mentioned as probable Representative candidates, the more prominent among whom are George F. Bean, Harold P. Johnson, Samuel W. Mendum, and, it is said, that Charles Bowers Winn Camp of Sons of Veterans would be greatly pleased with the nomination of Marcus H. Cotton.

We do not know that either of these men would consent to stand as a candidate, but they possess firstrate ability, are leading citizens, men of sterling integrity, and would make influential members of the House.

FOR ANOTHER TERM.

Hon. Jamee W. Grimes of Reading has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for Senator in the Seventh (Middlesex-Essex) Senatorial District. Mr. Grimes, in the last Senate, was Chairman of the Committees on Bills in the Third Reading and Street Railways, and a member of the Judiciary Committee.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Hon. James Wilson Grimes was a leader in the Senate, one of the most influential members of that body, and if the Republicans of the Seventh District consult their best interests, there will be no opposition to his nomination by the convention this fall.

☞ While manifesting a commendable disposition to give every section and industry in the Nation all that belongs to them in the tariff revision, the Republican members of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress, both Senators and Representatives, have stood up manfully for the protection of New England interests, and succeeded in securing a large share of the things they contended for. Many years ago, New England, realizing that it was a question of life or death with her, adopted the high protective tariff policy, and has grown financially powerful under it. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is the ablest expounder of the doctrine in Congress. He is the only member from the Bay State who enjoys National fame and influence; but he is recognized as a political power both at the Capitol and White House; and by that token New England gets her share of tariff favors.

☞ The report of the State Commission on Metropolitan Improvements for 1908, in a chapter devoted to "Squares at Traffic Centers," contains these flattering words for Woburn: "Woburn's Square is one of the finest open spaces of this character in the District," and illustrates them with a cut. The praise is deserved, but would be still more so, if a little additional care could be bestowed on the spot, and a landscape architect employed to give it a few needed artistic touches.

☞ Mr Sylvanus Baxter, Secretary, will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Report of the Metropolitan Improvements Commission for 1908. The late receipt of it precludes Editorial comment by us on the chapters and maps devoted to public improvements in Woburn found on pages 255 and 256. This will be attended to next week.

☞ President Taft sent to Nahant last Wednesday for Senator Lodge to come to Washington and help smooth out the snarl the tariff tinkers had got into. He was enjoying a rest at his home at Nahant when the President's message reached him.

☞ Governor Draper last week appointed Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of this city a Trustee of the Homeopathic Hospital, Boston, an excellent selection for an important and responsible post.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Joseph H. Back—Sheriff's Sale.

— Lawyer J. P. Feeney has gone to Europe.

— Lawyer S. W. Mendum has returned from a visit to Maine.

— Mrs. Dr. George H. Hutchings is at Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, for her vacation.

— More Western people are visiting the Atlantic Coast this summer than ever before.

— Trinity church Sunday School went to Lexington Park for a picnic last Saturday.

— Mr. Harry B. Blye is entertaining his brother B. F. Blye of Stoughton this week.

— Burbank W. R. C. 84, were guests of the Norfolk County Association at Bass Point yesterday.

— The Boys Club of the First Baptist church are to hold their annual picnic in Tivoli Grove on July 28.

— The St. Joseph Parish postponed their annual field day to Aug. 7. There is to be ball and other games.

— Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Nichols, the former Woburn's City Electrician, are at the Rangeleys in Northern Me.

— High prices for meat don't keep people away from George Durward's market. Business is done there every day.

— Miss Angie Heartz of Bennett street has been engaged to teach French and German in the Stoughton High school.

— Mrs. John Tucker of Boston, visited friends in this city last Wednesday.

— At last moment before going to press no word had been received at this office relative to a date for Traders Day.

— Mr. and Mrs. Ward W. Hart, estimable people, went away from here on an automobile pleasure excursion last week.

— Miss Bertha Frost and her sister, Mrs. Cynthia Goddard, are enjoying their vacation outing at Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff.

— Master Johnny Seaver, grandson of the late Gilman F. Jones, is visiting his mother's sister and her husband at Suncook, N. H.

— Joseph D. Wilde of Boston has bought the Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney residence on Warren avenue, one of the finest in this city.

— Mrs. John C. Buck, wife of City Treasurer Buck, and Grace are at Falmouth Foreside, close to Portland, for their summer vacation.

— A continuance of the official hearing of Butler Ames's Interurban street railway will not be resumed until about the middle of September.

— Lower Main street in this city is about as fine a stretch of roadmaking as one will run across in a day's auto run in this section of the State.

— Miss Emily Pollard, who, for more than 30 years, has been next to the head at the Public Library, is taking her annual summer vacation.

— Those Woburn people who fail to attend the Old Home Week celebration in the Burlington church next Sunday will certainly miss a good thing.

— The new librarian of the Winn Public Library in this city takes possession on Oct. 1. From that date Mr. Cutter will be Librarian Emeritus.

— The Woburn Clerk's Association a numerous body of smart young men, are planning for the biggest kind of a good time on the Woburn Merchant's Day.

— The nitrite building of the Chemical Works is to be rebuilt at once. The manufacture of that particular chemical will not be delayed a great while.

— George, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Boutwell of Salem street, died last Sunday from burns received a week before by the overturning of a pot of hot tea.

— Mrs. Austin G. French, wife of policeman French, left here last Monday morning for Bradford, Vermont, for a vacation visit among the Green Mountains.

— Supt. Clapp of the Woburn public schools, and family are at Monhegan Island for their vacation outing. They expect to remain there about three weeks.

— The Woburn City Council are taking their annual rest from official business, an adjournment to early in September at the last session having been voted.

— The water now used in this city comes from near Sucker Brook where the auxiliary supply is located. The flow is inexhaustable, and the water of the purest and coldest spring variety.

— A fruit store has been opened by Martin Cocoluta at 470 Main street, where he will use electric light extensively. The Edison Electric Illuminating Company will furnish the service.

— Rev. Henry B. Williams, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn, and Mrs. Williams are to spend their vacation at Harpswell on the Maine Coast, a popular summer resort.

— The low, deep rumbling of the thunder away over in Shaker Glen last Friday afternoon was the sweetest kind of music that could possibly have greeted mortal ears. It was simply lovely.

— The 3d Battalion, consisting of Co. G of Woburn; E of Medford; L of Malden; A of Charlestown; are to hold a Field Day at Reading on July 31, from Saturday afternoon to Sunday evening.

— If Charlie Buckley was not the most skilful driver in the world, either the Montvale hook and ladder carriage, or the buildings on the other side of the street, would have been demolished years ago.

— Cherry pies are all the rage in Woburn just at present, or, at least they are holding their own along side of huckleberry ones, and most people prefer either to the rhubarb or gooseberry variety.

— The Buckman & Kean Japanning Co. are to operate an electric motor and light a large number of electric lamps in its new quarters on Cedar street. The electric service will be furnished by the Edison Company.

— We were especially well pleased with the bunch of sweetpeas sent us by the people of the George F. Hosmer farm on Salem street the other day. In the collection were some cream-colored ones of extra size and beauty. Thanks.

— It seems strange that the District Court, which sits in this city every morning, should have so many "drunk" cases from Winchester to dispose of. A reasonable explanation is not easy to conjure up and present to the public.

— Those people who stay at home and take frequent trolley trips to the beaches for fish dinners and swims adopt a rational way of spending their vacation. A shore dinner and salt water bath make an agreeable and healthy combination.

— Mrs. H. H. Gabel and daughter Miss Alice, visited friends in Woburn this last week on their way home to Palo Alto, Calf., from a years sojourn in Europe. They were especially pleased with the statue of Count Rumford, having visited in Munich.

— Major John M. Portal of this town has been busy lately preparing for the rifle shooting tourney which opens at the Bay State Range in Wakefield next Monday when 700 gun experts are to meet and compete for supremacy. The meeting is held under the auspices of the New England Military Rifle Association, of which Major Portal is Secretary-Treasurer, as well as Superintendent of the Bay State Range.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— Miss Susan Frye, the teacher, is at Newton for the summer.

— Coleman Connolly of 86 Walnut street, this city, driver of one of the New England Tel. and Tel. teams, was run away with by his team at Winchester last Wednesday, in which one of his legs was broken, and he was otherwise seriously hurt.

— The rain that ended the drouth on Friday afternoon was supplemented by a fine and highly refreshing thunder storm in the evening. Wakefield, however, didn't think so well of it, for lightning struck four times in that town and did considerable damage.

— Grace L. Norris, Esq., junior member of the well known Law firm of Norris & Norris of this city, is enjoying her vacation at Great Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, near Portland; not at Great Chebeague Lake, Casco Bay, as an esteemed contemporary had it.

— Medical Examiner Blake was called to view the remains of Mr. Patrick Sharry who was found dead by his son at his residence, 7 Miller Place, last Monday. He was a native of Ireland, and 50 years old. Dr. Blake pronounced it a case of heart failure.

— Eugenie Frances, the 10 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. N. Parker, gave a birthday party to a dozen, or more, of her young friends at the residence of her parents, No. 1 Lexington street, last Monday. A fine collation was one of the chief pleasures of the juvenile gathering.

— A long, hot drouth, during which people, cattle, trees and grass suffered intensely, ended at 3.15 P. M., July 19, in a fine copious rain, accompanied in this vicinity with mild lightning and thunder. For awhile the rain came down in torrents; the air was nicely cooled; and everybody seemed to be very happy.

— Mr. James M. Kimball and his nephews, Stetson and Kimball, the popular Saxaphone Quartet of Woburn and Hingham, have been engaged to fill one of the numbers in the series of literary and musical entertainments to be given by the North Congregational church this fall. It will be well worth attending.

— The visit of Mr. and Mrs. George G. Hart to Bath, Me., last week suggested the suspicion in some minds that they may possibly go there to live. Mr. Hart was one of the incorporators of the Bath Hardware Co., lately organized, and— well, people are privileged to draw their own conclusions from these facts.

— When a body has a little spare money and would like to have it earn something by way of interest, it would be a good plan to take up with the generous offer of the Woburn National Bank as set forth in its advertisement in the Woburn JOURNAL, and secure the interest that he or she would obtain. Don't you think so?

— This has been rather a poor week for beach hotel business, although the Boston papers of Monday reported record crowds at the Nantasket on Sunday. Country resorts, in the mean time, have been running over with business. On last Sunday the Boston & Northern had to hustle to handle the Silver Lake and Billerica travel.

— August 4 has been settled on for Woburn's Traders Day. The Clerks organization have decided to spend it at Bass Point. Generally speaking, it isn't much of a holiday, and is kept, if at all, only by individuals and families. A shore dinner and theatre in the evening are about the limit of the jollifications of Traders Day in this city.

— The weather this week has been far from favorable for the growth of corn, which requires hot nights, as well as days, to do its best. Cold is the growing corn crop's greatest bane. There has been a remarkable difference between the weather this week and that of a fortnight ago—more comfortable, but less conducive to abundant harvests.

— Although the official date for the arrival of dogdays is July 25, a fair sample of that distressing season of the year has been experienced since the beginning of July as it never was before. Heat and humidity reigned triumphant for weeks after the end of June. Likewise, the meteorological changes have been less frequent than common this summer.

— Forty thousand persons are expected to attend the field day of Holy Family Temperance League on Monday next, July 26, at Franklin Park, Boston. The children of Greater Boston will be entertained. Music, games and vaudeville will be in order. Every thing has been made ready for the reception of guests, and a big event is expected. It is believed that Woburn will send a big delegation.

— The fire at the Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn, last Saturday afternoon at which the nitrite building, 50 by 100 feet, 2 stories, filled with chemicals, caused a loss to the Company of $40,000. During its progress there were dangerous explosions, but no person was killed or seriously injured. The Department did fine work in saving other buildings.

— Mr. Lawrence Martin of Chickasha, Okl., is here calling on his old friends and former neighbors. His business and residence were at Montvale before emigrating to the Far West and growing up with the country, and the Democratic Boss for many years. Although a political leader Larry was square and commanded the confidence and esteem of even his political opponents. We are told that he has been very prosperous in his business engagements since leaving Woburn, and is now one of the most enterprising and successful citizens of the State of his adoption, where he lets politics severely alone.

— "Scenic and Historic Massachusetts," issued by the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, is a handsome publication, valuable for its numerous pictures, "taken on the spot," and historical information.

— A representative of the Supervising Architect's Office at Washington, was in this city Tuesday and Wednesday, viewing the lot, from a geological standpoint, on which is to be erected the Postoffice Building. Upon his report will depend measurably the character of the material to be used, whether brick, granite, or marble. Be patient, ye mortals—"Rome was not built in a day."

— The only peculiarity noticeable about the smart thunderstorm last Sunday evening was the color of the lightning, which seemed to have been a delicate blending of orange and pink, the former slightly predominating. Some of the flashes were extremely sharp and illuminated the scenery very vividly; but the thunder was not correspondingly loud. The rain was a welcome visitor.

— The Wyman Family Association held their annual reunion and had their annual dinner last week at the old Wyman House in Burlington, which is owned by the Association and is their official headquarters. A large company enjoyed the reunion very much. We failed to see Lawyer Henry A. Wyman of Boston, son of our whilom good Somerset county friend, among the crowd.

— A postcard sent the JOURNAL from Berlin, Germany, by Guy E. Marion informed us that he passed through Marseilles, France to Italy, three weeks previously, and was, at the date of his postal, at Berlin, after having toured Italy and Switzerland. He was soon to visit Holland and England, and then home. A postal sent by him from Marseilles was not received by us. Guy is having the time of his life.

— There are residents of this city who distinctly remember when Chelsea Beach and Nahant were the only seaside, and Fresh Pond in Cambridge and Horn Pond in Woburn the only inland, pleasure resorts in what is now Greater Boston. The most famous of the public houses at these resorts was the "Robinson Crusoe" on Chelsea Beach, the chief source of whose extensive notoriety being a peculiar brand, or form, of doughnuts.

— The New England Dry Goods Association, of which Elwyn G. Preston, Treasurer of the R. H. White Company of Boston, is a prominent member, had a great time at Salem Willows last Wednesday. They had the finest dinner, in quantity and quality, that was ever eaten at that famous resort, and everybody enjoyed it, so Elwyn said. There was dancing, bowling, band and orchestra music, and merry doings all day long.

— Last Wednesday Mr. Edward S. Lyons of Porter street did the handsome thing by his friends and neighbors on that street and vicinity. He arranged with Supt. Myers for a special car of the B. & N. Co. and took the gentlemen and their families to Revere Beach, where he entertained the large party generously and in fine style. The pleasant outing was greatly enjoyed, and Mr. Lyons was praised and warmly thanked for his kindness.

— A recent issue of the Lynn *Item* contained an interesting notice, written, probably, by Capt. John L. Parker, Editor of that paper, and Massachusetts Department Commander of the G. A. R., of J. W. Colcord of Lynn, who formerly lived in Woburn, graduated from its public schools in July 1861, a few days after graduating enlisted in Co. G (Woburn Mechanic Phalanx), and served 3 years in the Civil War. We are indebted to Mrs. Joanna Converse, an acquaintance of the Colcord family, for the article.

— In his highly commendable efforts to prevail on the city to make greatly needed repairs, additions, and general improvements, on the almshouse, Mr. Jonathan Ela is supported by a large number of good and respectable citizens. In a great many cases public functionaries seem to think "any old thing" is good enough to house and feed the unfortunate poor in, and it looks a little that way in this city. Mr. Ela and his backers would have those who are dependent on the taxpayers for their support decently treated, and so say we all of us.

— Mr. Alexander Ellis, a member of the "Sons of '24," passed his 85th milestone last Tuesday, hale, hearty and happy. More than once in the past, with extreme pleasure, the JOURNAL has given to the public the principal features of his active life, hence the absence of a biographical sketch in this brief allusion to the celebration of the 85th anniversary of his natal day this week. Mr. Ellis was born at Watervills, Maine, on July 20, 1824, of a family well known and respected in the Kennebec Valley. The scenes of his long business life have been Waterville, Cincinnati, California, Lynn, and Woburn, settling here about 1855, and an active business man for 50 years, or more. Mr. Ellis is a genial, kindhearted, generous man and good citizen.

NOTICE.

The Free Home for Consumptives, 428 Quincy street, Dorchester, earnestly requests the public to refuse to give money or donations to persons calling at their offices or residences, and will consider it a favor if the Home is notified at once when anyone appeals in such a way for said cause.

All donations are to be sent directly to the Home.

ELIZABETH A. POWER, President.

CITY COUNCIL.

The Board of Aldermen held a regular meeting on the evening of July 15, and at its close voted to adjourn after their next meeting, Aug. 5, to Sept. 16, for a vacation outing.

An order accepting Hillside avenue as a public highway was favorably reported on, and received its first reading.

The report of the Finance Committee which recommended an additional appropriation of $385 for the proposed grandstand on Library Park, was accepted and adopted. And, yet, when Superintendent Clapp and Master Low asked for a sorely needed increase of teaching force in the High School, a little while ago, the School Board were unable to fully comply with their request because the school appropriation would not admit of it.

The petition of the Edison E. L. Co. for pole privileges on Cambridge and Parker streets was granted.

An order concerning an increase of the salary of the Sealer of Weights and Measures was referred to the Committee on Salaries. There is merit in it. The salary of that officer bears no comparison with the work he does, if faithfully performed, as it is under the present administration, and should be increased as asked for.

The order to increase the salaries of the policemen from $840 to $915 a year was given its first reading, which was right.

PRICES AT HOSPITAL.

A schedule of charges for visits and attendance at the Choate Memorial Hospital has been adopted by the Executive Committee. Application blanks for admission have been prepared and must be used by applicants, except in emergency cases.

The prices fixed upon by the Committee are as follows:

Residents $12 50 a week; nonresidents, $15.00 for occupation and attendance in the public wards; private wards, except maternity cases, $15 00 for residents, and $17.00 for nonresidents; private wards for maternity cases, residents, $18 00, nonresidents, $20.00; private room, except maternity cases, $25 00 for residents, $30 00 for nonresidents; private room for maternity cases, residents, $30 00, nonresidents, $35.00. Special nurses must be paid extra for by the patient at $3.00 a day.

TAXES.

The Board of Assessors declare that there is to be no change from the rate of last year's taxation—$19 80 on $1,000.

There has been a small loss in the real estate valuation, and increase in personal, which makes the total listing about the same in the two years.

The real estate valuation is $8,809,484; personal, $2,283,726; total $11,183,210. Last year the total was $11,199,189.

The rate of taxation is $19.80, exactly the same as last year.

Number of polls assessed, 4 233, an increase of 69. The amount to be raised by taxation $229,893.55, divided as follows:

City tax, $183,423 89; State, $14,130; State Highways, $101 65; Metropolitan Parks, $5,803 19; Metropolitan Sewers, $10,556 11; County, $12,106 56; executions, $3,372 15; total $220,893.55.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

For a number of years the event of the summer season has been the engagement of the Fadette Women's Orchestra, and this summer they return after an absence of two years. Boston has always taken particular pride in this splendid organization, without question the greatest woman's orchestra in the world, and one that is as popular in other cities as it is here at home, even more so. The orchestra is peculiarly incentified with Boston. In fact it is their home city and is always associated with their title, no matter where they happen to be, and at Keith's the place of their first great success, they will be seen and heard at their best.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Host of Dancing Fairies.

Have you seen Cinderella, the Prince, the two spiteful sisters, the pages, the fairies, the grandladies of the fancy dress ball and the merry singers and dancers of the beautiful spectacular "Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper" the season's big free show at Wonderland? If not you should as soon as convenient and take the rest of the family along with you. This delightful elfin extravaganza is presented every night, promptly at 8 30 on a specially constructed stage in the very centre of the great board walk area and every detail can be clearly seen, and every song solo or concerted number may be easily heard.

ANOTHER BENJAMIN.

Some hundred years ago 's Woburn Benjamin was most highly complimented as Count Rumford in Germany. The habit don't seem to have died out, judging from the words below as to another Benjamin born in Woburn 1857.

The *Die Musik* of Leipsig and Berlin, May, 1909, said to be the highest musical authority, published this review of "Harmonic Analysis" by Benjamin Cutter, Professor of Harmony, New England Conservatory of Music:—

"This little book, very nicely gotten up, and supplied with more than 150 well selected examples from known works, is planned to guide the scholar through the Harmonic Analysis of Music of all kinds after he has appropriated the materials of harmony—a purpose it admirably fulfils. At this part of his studies the beginner cannot often see the forest because of the many single trees; a German edition would be very acceptable, for German books of the same excellence are more difficult to comprehend than is this book."

Cleopatra's Needle, the famous obelisk on the Thames embankment, London, is one solid piece of stone 70 feet high and 186 tons in weight

WINCHESTER.

Sam J. Elder and family are away on their vacation.

The business men of this town are to have a Traders Day on August 4.

The schoolhouses in town are being overhauled, repaired, renovated and put in shape for next fall's business.

This town never looked more like a "Deserted Village" than it does today. Everybody is away from home on vacation, and it is dull enough, I tell you.

The next excursion of the Mystic Valley Trolley Club is to be to Salisbury and Hampton Beaches on July 29. Those already made have been highly enjoyed.

Calumet Club, the oldest and most fashionable in this town, are having changes and improvements made in their clubhouse which, when completed, will make it the best one in this section of country.

Sam J. Elder, Esq., was one of the pallbearers at the funeral of the late Judge Francis A. Gaskill at Worcester last Monday, which was attended by many distinguished members of the Massachusetts Bench and Bar.

The name of the new Submaster of the High School is Edward Everett Thompson, and the Committee think he will fill the bill firstrate. He is a graduate of Brown University, Providence; and studied a couple of years in Europe to perfect himself in the French and German languages.

Our people are feeling well over their escape from taxation in aid of building the bridge between Charlestown and Somerville. The Commissioners decided that the towns and cities north of Somerville would not be sufficiently benefitted by the bridge to warrant taxing them for its construction.

Some of the people here are asking where Congressman Sam McCall, who is one of the conferees, stands on the Tariff question. Is he with President Taft for "Free Raw Materials"—hides, oil, iron, etc.—or is he not? Well hardly! He won't stand with anybody if he can help it.

The business men have decided on August 4 for Traders Day and picked out Bass Point as their outingplace. I understand that our boys will try to coax or drive the Woburn Clerks, who are to rendezvous at the same time and place, into playing a game of ball with them.

FLOWERS FOR LITTLE ONES.

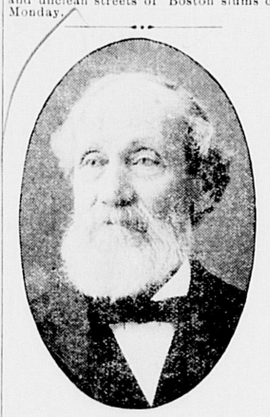
The Boston *Journal* has inaugurated a novel feature for the little children of Boston. It has established a Flower Day, when flowers may be brought to the *Journal* representatives and will be distributed by them to the little ones of the city. The *Journal* has secured the co-operation of the clergy of greater Boston, the suburban newspapers, the florists and the good people at large.

Never before has such an attractive affair of its kind been attempted and the call for co-operation in the project has been answered a thousandfold more enthusiastically than was ever dreamed of.

With Boston as a common center flowers will be received on Monday morning between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock at designated places already established in every city within a radius of twenty miles.

Receiving places will also be in readiness at the terminals of both the Elevated railway and the steam railroads.

Thousands upon thousands of blossoms are laid for this work and it goes without saying that the children who seldom see the gay warm color of the garden and the green of the fields will thrill and marvel at the beauty and fragrance that will pour into the stuffy and unclean streets of Boston slums on Monday.



CHARLES MUNN.

If this venerable and esteemed resident of Woburn had lited two months longer, he would have been 90 years old, for he was born in Orange, N. J., on Sept. 11, 1819, but had passed the larger part of an industrious and useful life here, where he settled, with his family, many years ago. As shoemaking was the chief occupation of the people around Boston in early younger days, he learned the trade and became an expert in the manufacture of women's fine shoes.

Mr. Munn led a quiet life; he was honest and upright in all his dealings; was a good citizen; and enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him.

He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. James Hawley of Centerville, California and Mrs. Lydia Albray of Newark, N. J.; two daughters, Mrs. Emma Munn-Wright and Mrs. A. A. Fowle of Woburn, and a son, Herbert W. Munn of Somerville.

Funeral services were held at his home Tuesday, at 3 P. M.

Although of retiring habits and given but little to society intercourse, Mr. Munn had a large circle of friends who testified to their regard for him at the funeral. He was a especial favorite, in his old age, of the teachers and pupils of the Cummings and Lawrence schools, with which he was connected, and his memory was honored at the final scene, nor will he soon be forgotten by them.

The interment was in Woodbrook Cemetery.

Burlington.

The people of this town are truebiue in everything they undertake, and always square abreast of the times and public sentiment. That accounts for their loyalty to "Old Home Week." They have celebrated it regularly and patriotically every year since General Taylor of the Boston *Globe* launched it; and again, next Sunday, the old church on the hill is to be the scene of another glorification of this comparitively new, but popular New England summer festival. The old church on the hill is to be decked out with the choicest finery by the women; then it will ring loud, and its old walls resound, with music and oratory, befitting the day of July, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Jy 9, 16, 23.

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 50,334 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner at Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 55 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The haying season is about over. Possibly the yield is not quite up to normal, but the crop is of excellent quality.

Unreasonable.

"Your baby cries a great deal at night. Can't you do anything for it?"

"Your dog barks a good deal. Can't you do anything to stop him?"

"Confound it, such unreasonable people as you haven't any right to live in a flat!"—Chicago Record-Herald

The Result the Same.

"Gimme some of that prune pie."

"Son, you've had two kinds of pie already."

"Then another kind won't matter. There's only one kind of stomach ache."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Telephone Talks

Keep in touch with the world —and see to it that the world may keep in touch with you.

Party-Liners And the Golden Rule

Party line telephone subscribers virtually are co-tenants. They jointly pay for a single telephone line.

If they were co-tenants of a building they would be careful not to infringe upon the rights of others. That same regard for the equities should keep them from infringing by appropriating to themselves more telephone service than can be exacted as their fair share of the capacity of that line.

Lengthy conversations on unimportant matters, the prattling intercourse of children, phonograph concerts, and the like—these sometimes congest party lines and give cause for protest from other tenants in common.

A party line telephone has been likened to a spur track on a main line of railroad. But there is this important qualification—when the telephone spur track is in use, the entire main line is closed to traffic, not merely to the other spur tracks on the line, but also to incoming trains consigned to any part of the line.

Ordinary regard for the principle of the Golden Rule will do more to avert party line difficulties than all the rules any telephone company may promulgate.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sewall D. Samson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Lewis W. Thompson, dated June 1st, 1906, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3288, Page 453, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Saturday, the seventh day of August, A. D. 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn on Montvale Avenue (formerly known as Railroad Street) containing about thirty three thousand one hundred and forty-four (33,144) square feet, and being lots numbered ten (10) and eleven (11) shown on Plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Plan Book 2, Plan 29, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by Central Street about one hundred and eighty (180) feet; Northerly by land now or late of Catherine A. Loring about one hundred and ninety (190) feet; Easterly by other land of said Samson one hundred and forty-six (146) feet; and Southerly by said Montvale Avenue, there measuring about two hundred and thirteen (213) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to said Sewall D. Samson by Central Street November 9th, 1854, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 696, Page 461.

Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage, also to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes and assements, if any thereon. One hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; the balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main Street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

LEWIS W. THOMPSON, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., July 14th, 1909.

july 16, 23, 30

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Joseph H. Buck of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to John W. Johnson, executor of the will of Aaron Thompson, dated June 1, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2204, Page 290, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, August 2, 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Mann's Court, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing about four thousand three hundred and forty-three (4,343) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Mann's Court, there measuring seventy and 1-10 (70.1) feet, easterly by land now or formerly of Heirs of James A. Mann, there measuring sixty one and 4-10 (61.4) feet; Northerly by land formerly of Daniel Sutherland and land formerly of Anne Connolly, there measuring seventy and 9-10 (70.9) feet; and westerly by land formerly of George Flagg there measuring sixty one (61) feet.

Being the same premises conveyed to said Hannah Costello by Mary E. Fitzgerald or Minnie E. Fitzgerald, by deed dated April 26th, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3157, Page 277.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes, and assessments, if any thereon.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale; Mance within ten days upon passing papers, at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee, by John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., July 6, 1909.

July 16, 23, 30

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Charlotte Flint Clerk Higbee, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Frederick L. Hunt who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the others having declined the trust, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of July, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

Jy 9, 16, 23.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Costello and Hannah Costello his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated October 28th, A. D. 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3407, Page 130, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises herein after described, on

SATURDAY, August 7th, A. D. 1909,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of Lawrence street, extended, and at the end of Jane A. Butman, from there the line runs westerly, by and with said Lawrence street, seventy feet to land now or formerly of William S. Whitford; thence turning at a right angle the line runs northerly by land last named one hundred thirty five and 3-10 feet to land of Edward W. Hudson; thence turning the line runs easterly, on and by said land of Hudson and on and by land of Frank E. Soles, seventy and 1-100, to land of said Jane C. Butman; thence turning the line runs southerly on and by said land of Butman one hundred thirty four and 25-100 feet to the point of beginning. Containing 9,434 square feet. Being lot No. 5 on plan of land belonging to J. A. Buck and W. S. Whitford, dated March 1, 1893 and now on file in the Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds. With a right of way over said Lawrence street, as shown on said plan, throughout its length.

Three hundred dollars in cash will be required from the purchaser at the time and place of sale, and the sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any.

KATIE WINN, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
John W. Johnson, Attorney.
Woburn, July 9, 1909.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Charles J. Sargent to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation duly established under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, at Woburn, dated September 23rd, 1891 and recorded with Middlesex Northern District Deeds, Book 234, Page 527, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosure the same will be sold at public auction on the premises,

WEDNESDAY, August 4th, 1909,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises thereby conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing one acre of land, more or less, and bounded as follows namely:—

Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on the westerly side of the Woburn and Andover road at a corner of the wall at land of Horace Sheldon, thence the line runs southerly by said road one hundred sixty-five (165) feet to a stake at land of Henry Sheldon; thence westerly by said land of Henry Sheldon three hundred eleven and 6-10 (311 6-10) feet to a stake; thence northerly still by land last named, one hundred fifty two and 25-100 (152 25-100) feet to the corner of the wall at said land of Horace Sheldon; thence easterly by the wall by said land of Horace Sheldon two hundred sixty four (264) feet to the point of beginning. The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens, if any, and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be made known at the sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee,
By Charlie A. Jones, President.
Woburn, Massachusetts, July 7th, 1909.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

REPAIRS BY MAIL

Promptly executed.
Please send the GLASSES in cotton packing, and

Do not send the case.

Satisfactory prices.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge
Boston.

**EAMES &

20 per cent Saving on Your BREAKFAST CEREALS

Quaker Toasted Corn Flakes 8c. package.
Mazall Toasted Corn Flakes 5c. package.
Cream of Wheat, 12c. package.
Shredded Wheat, 10c. package.

Why Do You Pay More?

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 243-3.

Build Houses! **Boom Woburn!**

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER.
329 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 a. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

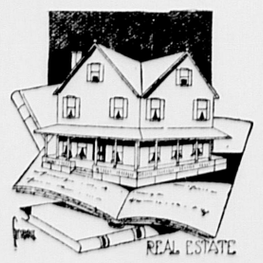
Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



REAL ESTATE

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

A DREAM STORY.

The Startling Vision That Saved the Life of Lady Vernon.

The following dream story is told in "The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare. The story was told to Mr. Hare in Rome in 1870:

Lady Vernon dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, crossing the entrance hall, and she awoke with a great start. After awhile she composed herself to sleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, on the middle of the staircase, and she awoke with a great shock. She got up. She thought she could not be quite well, and she took a little sal volatile. At last she fell asleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, standing at her bedroom door, and she awoke in a great terror, and she jumped out of bed, and she said, "I'll have an end of this; I'll have an end of these foolish imaginations." And she rushed to the door, and she threw the door wide open. And there at the door stood the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white nightdress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the floor and rushed off down the staircase and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled, on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon. And he rode away without having murdered her at all, and he was never heard of again.

THERE WAS NO ACCIDENT.

And the Message She Received Was Not a Practical Joke.

She was reclining in a low chair in the drawing room, thinking about her dear Willie, who had been legally her property for the space of three months, when a telegram arrived for her. Hurriedly tearing open the envelope, she scanned the contents, then fell back in a swoon. The message was from her brother in the city and read:

Will run over today. GEORGE.

Her maid at last restored her to consciousness. Her Willie run over! She could not grasp the full significance of it. One thing she would do—go to him at once. So she hastily attired herself and at length reached her brother's office, who, having sent the news, would be able to tell her all about it.

"How is he, and where have they taken him?"

Her brother stared at her stupidly.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense! Tell me where he is."

"Where who is?"

"Why, Willie."

"At his office, I presume. I haven't seen him today."

"Then what does this mean? Isn't he run over? Is this one of your silly jokes?"

George took the telegram from his sister, read his own message, then exploded with laughter. It was a long time before he could convince her that this simple intimation that he would run over and pay her a visit was not a detestable and practical joke.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Talker.

You'll note the man who talks too much is always working round. He never seems to hold the job which some one else has found for him because he's bound to keep his tongue upon the wag and spend his boss' precious time in self bouquets and brag. He stays until his story's told and then told once again, and by this time the boss' ear is overfull of pain, and he is told to take his grip, although the boss feels sad, because he's lost his other grip upon the job he had. And yet he never, never learns, but talks his jobs away, because the habit's grown on him that he must have his say. And so he talks until he dies, up to his waning breath; he's talked his chances all away and talked himself to death.—Boston Herald

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A powder to shake into your shoes. It cures hot, tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet and makes walking easy. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. All druggists 25 cts. Don't accept any substitute.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: Truth."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Married.

At Boston, Mass., July 20, 1909, by Rev. John H. Dennis, Harrison Godfrey Carter of Woburn and Marion Wahnita Jordon of Winthrop, Mass.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 18, Charles Munn, aged 89 years 10 months.

In this city, July 18, George E. Boutwell, aged 2 years, 9 months, 19 days.

In this city, July 18, Patrick J. Sharry, aged 62 years.

In this city, July 20, Arthur W. Ring, aged 14 years, 11 months, 16 days.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, July 10th, A. D. 1909.

Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14th, 1909,

at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwelling house, No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Ellen McInnis of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the twenty-fifth day of May A. D., 1909, at five o'clock P. M., the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:—a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in Winchester in the County of Middlesex, being lots numbered 206, 207, 208 and 209 as laid out on a plan of Lands in said Winchester belonging to the Suburban Land Improvement Company, L. J. Hawkes, Surveyor, dated September, 1891, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 71, Plan 49, bounded and described as follows:—Northerly by Kirk Street one hundred feet; Easterly by Loring Avenue one hundred feet; Southerly by Lot 210 on said plan one hundred feet; and Westerly by Lot 205 on said Plan one hundred feet. Containing ten thousand square feet.

JOSEPH H BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

THE STAGE IN JAPAN.

Origin of the Drama—Women's Arduous Preparations of Dress.

There is a legend in Japan that the theater had its origin in that country in the ninth century by reason of an earthquake which took place in the province of Yamato. A large crevice was formed by reason of the upheaval, from which emanated poisonous vapors which spread death and destruction all around. An awful scourge was the result until the priests conceived the idea of performing a symbolic dance of incantation on the grass covered hill outside the temple. As if by magic the death vapors vanished, and peace and happiness were restored to the country. The legend concludes that this is how Japanese acting originated. The Japanese word for theater, shibai-ya, is supposed to have come from its origin, shibai, meaning sod, and ya, a house.

In Japan when a Japanese lady intends to go to the theater she is called upon the day previous by a hairdresser to build up the artificial structure which is the pride of every Japanese highborn lady. This necessitates her spending the night in her state dress, reclining her head on a wooden block, called makura. A few hours before going to the theater she covers her lips with a thin layer of gold, as it takes several hours for this paint to change into the cherry color which lends charm to the artificial white complexion of the face.

As a rule, Japanese performances last from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., although certain historical dramas which follow the life of the hero through all his vicissitudes to his death go on for several days.

In Japan, officially, the social position of the actors is that of the lowest class of society, but in reality they enjoy great consideration and are idolized by the general public.—Washington Post.

HUGO AS AN ARTIST.

The Great French Writer's Opinion of His Own Drawings.

When Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme" was read before the troupe of the Porte-Saint-Martin theater, the actor Laferriere, then a young man, protested against the insignificant role assigned him, in which he would have only ten lines to recite. Hugo promptly reduced him to silence by thundering, "Ten lines of Victor Hugo are something not to be refused—for they endure." Hugo attached a similar exaggerated significance to everything he did and to every object that was in any way associated with him.

For instance, he considered his drawings, which were for the most part commonplace enough, of sufficient importance to make them the subject of a testamentary provision. In his will of Aug. 31, 1881, he wrote, "I give my drawings and everything which shall be drawn by me to the National Library of Paris, which will be one day the Library of the United States of Europe."

Hugo's drawings are said to have been produced more often than not in the following manner: If a blot of ink chanced to fall on his paper while he held his pen aloft in quest of a word or rhyme, he enlarged the spot absentmindedly and made additions to it instinctively under the influence of a species of subconscious direction until he had produced a sinister moonlight scene or a "venerable bourg dominating with its bristling ruins the shuddering waters of a river of legend." He elaborated with great care, however, during his irksome exile at Guernsey certain crude impressions he had transferred to his sketchbook during his journeys in the valley of the Rhine. Furthermore, being a great lover of children, he drew figures of the most extravagant sort for the amusement of the young people of his household.—Alvan L. Sanborn in Bookman.

Ending a Letter.

The simplicity of "Yours" as a letter ending would have astounded Jeremy Taylor, whose letters to John Evelyn often wind up with perfect triumphs of complexity in this respect. His best is, "Believe me that I am, in great heartiness and dearness of affection, dear sir, your obliged and most affectionate and endeared friend and servant," or "Your very affectionate friend and hearty servant." Even in his shortest perorations of the kind the "affectionate" and the "servant" are always the two indispensable words. Probably no man, woman or child would combine these two at the end of a letter today.—London Tatler.

A Division of Labor.

The following dialogue at the Bow county court deserves to be recorded:

Witness—One day I had some shrimps to sell, and I asked the plaintiff to help me. He said, "I can't push the barrow because my arm is bad, but if you like I'll come along with you and holler."

Counsel—Why was that?

Witness—Well, it's like this, sir. A man can often shout when he can't shove.—London News.

How to Patch a Canoe.

There are several different "home-made" methods by which to repair a crack or leak in a canoe. Perhaps the most permanent is varnish or shellac and silk. Put a little varnish over the crack, place a small silk patch over the varnish, letting it dry, then varnish or shellac over the silk. Two coats will be sufficient. If it is a varnished canoe, use white silk, and the patch can hardly be detected, the silk being transparent. This may be put on both inside and outside if necessary. White lead and varnish mixed well and put in the crack is also a good permanent repair. If on a cruise in the woods and without the necessary articles to make a permanent repair, get a little spruce gum off the trees, heat and add a little grease and put over the crack. The grease has a tendency to keep the gum from getting very hard, and it will not break so easily. The silk and shellac repair is the usual remedy for a puncture in a canvas covered canoe. —Recreation.

The Dogs of Turkey.

In the matter of kindness to animals it is said that the Turk cannot be surpassed. Thus at Stamboul the wandering dogs are treated with great gentleness, and when puppies come into the world they are lodged with their mother at the side of the street in improvised kennels made out of old boxes lined with straw and bits of carpet. And frequently when a young Turk happens to be flush of money he goes to the nearest baker's shop and buys a quantity of bread, which he distributes among the dogs of the quarter, who testify their gratitude by jumping up at him with muddy paws and sniffling muzzles.

SUPERSTITIONS.

They Play at Times an Important Role In Human Affairs.

When Sir Charles Napier had conquered Mehemet Ali, he found it impossible to force or coax the wily Egyptian into signing the treaty which only would make his victory effective. He had nineteen interviews with Mehemet, in which the Englishman by turns argued, flattered and threatened his antagonist, who listened day after day with the same immovable, smiling countenance.

One day Sir Charles in speaking of England said casually that it "was governed by a lucky woman." A strange flash passed over the pasha's countenance, but he made no answer. As soon as Napier had gone Mehemet sent for the English consul, who was an Egyptian, and demanded:

"You were in London when the English queen was crowned. Were the omens bad or good?"

"All good."

"You think that good luck is written on her forehead?"

"I did not think upon the matter before, but now that you ask me I believe that it is. When she asked Allah to help her in her work, her eyes ran over. Allah loves the innocent."

"No doubt of that," said Mehemet anxiously. "She must be lucky."

Early the next morning he sent for Sir Charles and signed the treaty. English power and English cannon he could brave, but not "the luck" written upon the forehead of a good woman whom he had never seen.

General Gordon's remarkable influence over the Chinese was in a large degree due, it is stated, to their belief in his extraordinary luck. During the Taiping rebellion he was followed by an army which did not comprehend either his ability or his religious zeal, but which believed that he was protected by an invisible being who led them to victory. No sword could wound him or bullet kill. A certain black ebony cane which he carried was supposed to be the magic talisman which brought him victory, and General Gordon was shrewd enough always to carry this cane when he led them into battle.

These superstitions seem absurd to us, but they show that the ignorant men who hold them believe in an invisible power who can give good or ill fortune at his will.—London Truth.

MAN EATING TIGERS.

The Killing Methods of These Terrible Brutes In India.

The theory that a man eating tiger is always an old tiger, more or less toothless and feeble, which has found the strain of catching vigorous wild game too much for its failing strength, has been upset by the bagging of notorious man eaters which were found to be young animals in the full pride of their powers. And it is likely that the taste for human flesh is passed on from mother to child, the tigress herself a man eater, teaching her cubs to hunt as she hunts. How terrible a thing a man eater may be can be judged from the fact that a tiger generally kills every second night, whether its quarry be man or beast. Having killed, it makes one meal that night, then drags the carcass somewhere into cover and more or less conceals it as a dog may hide a bone. On the next night its habit is to return to the same kill, and it is in that second visit that the hunter usually finds his opportunity. It is not the rule for a tiger to return again a third time, not because it is above eating carrion, but seemingly it tires of the carcass, which it has already twice mumbled over.

Thus one tiger in India has been known to kill regularly its fifteen natives a month with almost mechanical punctuality. Another, which seemingly did not confine itself entirely to human flesh, devoured an average of eighty people, men and women, for several years, while yet another is reported to have killed 127 people and to have stopped traffic on a public road for many weeks. There have been both English sportsmen and native shikaris who have accounted for their hundred tigers and upward, but many a tiger has killed more human beings than any man has ever scored tigers.—London Times.

A Reasonable Request.

"Arabella," said old Billyuns as he finished his dinner, "I am going to ask you to do me a favor. I want you to give your young man—Mr.—Mr. Whatshisname—a message from me."

Arabella blushed and looked down at her plate.

"Tell him," the bluff old millionaire went on, "that I don't object to his staying here and running up my gas bills, but that I do object to his carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves."—London Answers.

Force of Habit.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those silly dudes."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well?"

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Lost and Found.

"Found a dollar yesterday."

"Lucky boy!"

"Not so lucky. In stooping to pick it up I dropped and broke my eyeglasses."—Kansas City Journal.

Transposed.

Griggs—The doctor said I must throw up everything and take a sea voyage. Briggs—Got the cart before the horse, didn't he?—Boston Transcript.

Misgivings.

"That was a very lucid document you prepared," said the friend.

"Yes," answered the statesman dubiously. "I made it so lucid that I am afraid the public will fail to regard it as able and profound."—Washington Star.

A Reminder.

Mrs. B.—If I should die would you ever forget me? Mr. B.—I think not. The doctor said that I will suffer from dyspepsia all my life.—Kansas City Journal.

Refuse to worry and you have accomplished one of the greatest things in the world.—Atchison Globe.

Result of Rashness.

"Out of a job, are you?" asked the first girl. "Boss catch you flirting?"

"No; I caught the boss. Say, what sort of a wedding dress do you think is real swell?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Truly this world can go on without us, if we would but think so.—Longfellow.

SUN PRANKS.

Irregularities For Which Science Cannot Altogether Account.

The sun is generally looked upon as a model of regularity which never fails in its duty, but the ancient historians mention several instances when it failed to give forth its usual amount of heat and light for periods varying from three hours to several months. Data on the subject have been compiled by the St. Louis Republic.

According to Plutarch, the year 44 B. C. was one in which the sun was "weak and pale" for a period approximating eleven months.

The Portuguese historians record several months of diminished sunlight in the year 934 A. D., and, according to Humboldt, this uncanny period ended with "strange and startling sky phenomena, such as loud atmospheric explosions, rifts in the vaulted canopy of blue above and in divers other rare and unaccountable freaks."

In the year 1091, on Sept. 29 (see Humboldt's "Cosmos"), the sun turned suddenly black and remained so for three hours and did not regain its normal condition for several days.

According to the noted Helmuth's "Solar Energy," the days of seeming inactivity on the part of the sun (the days following the sudden blackening of the great orb) were noted for a peculiar greenish tinge and are marked in old Spanish, French and Italian records as "the days of the green sun."

February, 1106 A. D., is noted in the annals of marvelous phenomena as a month in which there were several days that "the sun appeared dead and black, like a great circular cinder floating in the sky."

"On the last day of February, 1206," says an old Spanish writer on astronomy, astrology and kindred subjects, "the sun appeared suddenly to go out, causing a darkness over the country for about six hours." In 1241 the European countries experienced another siege of supernatural darkness, which the superstitious writers of that time attributed to God's displeasure over the result of the great battle of Liegnitz.

Even today there are certain irregularities of the sun that science cannot altogether account for. These are the so called sun spots—enormous dark splotches which appear from time to time on the solar disk and which are supposed to have great influence on the atmospheric conditions of the earth. Scientists have long studied these phenomena, but neither their extent nor periodicity has ever been determined.

MAN'S ENEMIES.

The Small Foes Are the Most Deadly and Destructive.

In one of Herbert Wells' brilliant stories the terribly scientific and practically invincible Martians who have invaded the earth and conquered England are stopped in the midst of their victories and utterly destroyed by the attacks of microscopic foes. Infinitely small organisms, germs of diseases to which man has become in some degree immune, slay the wonderful warriors of a planet never invaded by these earth foes. What the greatest battleships and the heaviest guns could not do the unseen and unknown living seeds of death accomplish.

More clearly every day the world understands that in the life and affairs of mankind the most deadly and destructive foes are extremely small. All of the fierce mammals and poisonous serpents of Africa do not kill as many human beings in ten years as the tsetse fly slays in one. The tigers and cobras of India kill their thousands every year, but the rats which spread the germs of the bubonic plague destroy their tens of thousands. In this country the common housefly undoubtedly causes more deaths than all the venomous snakes, wild beasts, mad dogs, runaway horses and ill tempered bulls ten times over. The actual proportion is probably much higher than ten to one.—Cleveland Leader.

MAN AND MONKEY.

Difference Between the Human and Animal Method of Thought.

The difference between the animal and the human idea of what constitutes "knowing" comes out nicely in a piece of work done at Clark university—A. J. Kinnman's study of rhesus monkeys, the Bandar-log of the "Jungle Book."

The monkey, following the usual procedure, learned to get his food from a box, the lid of which fastened with a key. The key, however, could not be withdrawn from the lock. After the monkey had become familiar with the device and could operate it as readily as a man could do the experimenter took the key out of the lock and laid it on the floor in front of the box. The monkey picked up the key, played with it, but made no attempt to use it. Then the experimenter took up the key, and, fifty times in succession, with the monkey two feet away watching every motion, he unlocked the box. The monkey would have starved before he imitated that simple act. He had learned to open the box by making certain movements. He had no idea of the key as an instrument in the process. We sometimes think instruments and means and causes. The animal thinks largely motions.—E. T. Bronston in McClure's Magazine.

FORGOT HIS OWN LINES.

A Quotation That the Poet Campbell Failed to Recognize.

That poets, like other folks, sometimes forget their own creations is shown by an incident related by Sir Frederick Pollock. At a dinner where Thomas Campbell and Lord Nugent were present the conversation drifted from the use of Latin words in English to monosyllabic verse. Some one expressed a doubt whether two consecutive lines composed of words of one syllable could be found in our language. Lord Nugent at once quoted:

"By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die."

Campbell said he did not believe in the lines and asked where they came from. Lord Nugent said, "From your own 'Pleasures of Hope.'" "How do you know that?" asked the poet. "I know it all by heart," replied Nugent. "I'll bet you a guinea you can't repeat it," said Campbell. The bet was taken and Nugent started declaiming. The poet soon got tired and said: "I see you know the poem. Don't go any further." The other insisted upon repeating the whole poem or claiming double stakes, and Campbell paid the extra guinea in order to be spared the recital of the poem which had made him famous—which he had forgotten.—New York Mail.

HOW TO WIN.

Determination and Unity of Purpose Will Work Wonders.

Once you have chosen your occupation or profession hold fast thereto. Let nothing allure you from the main traveled road. Having chosen, hold like steel. Make everything feed into the main current of your life. Even modest talents, organized and unified, have conquered great distinction and worldwide success. History is full of illustrations of the unifying power of a great purpose. Witness the poor child Hastings looking at a distant manor house that once had belonged to his father. The determination to win back that estate before he died lent power and momentum and produced Lord Hastings. Witness the influence of purpose upon that little Scotch boy, out upon a holiday on the banks of the Clyde, with three precious coppers as his entire possession. He determined to build a house on the hilltop overlooking the river and forty years later moved into the castle, from which he looked down upon twenty ocean steamers he had built. Witness the purpose of William the Silent, filling all the days and nights for the hero struggling to deliver brave little Holland from Spain. Witness Milton's vow to write a poem that the world would not willingly let die and who therefore lived an epic life. Witness Paul's resolution to do one thing and one thing alone and who, with that unit purpose, achieved democracy for all subsequent peoples and centuries. Aimlessness will make your life like a sand heap.—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

FULL OF HUMAN INTEREST.

Landscapes of the Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century.

The Dutch painters of the seventeenth century were as little concerned with poetic feeling as with idealism. They used their eyes and painted what they saw, but neither their imaginations nor their feelings were touched. While most modern painters interpret how the scene has affected themselves, the Dutch looked at it as something entirely outside themselves.

Otherwise the Dutch landscapes present us pictures of a pleasant workaday world or of the quiet evenings that follow after the labors of the day—never a hint of disturbance, though war and rumors of war were constant; instead, the perpetual suggestion of prosperous peace and thrifty comfort, for they abound with the evidences of busy humanity. Not only is nature brought into touch with human life by the little figures, so charmingly life like, which animate the scene, but everywhere are the results of man's handiwork seen in little things as well as big—in the trimly kept fruit trees of a laborer's garden plot no less than in the handsome facade of a rich burgher's town house. There is no country in the world where the influence of man is so minutely imprinted upon every foot of ground, and as these artists were eager to represent the things they saw no landscapes are so full of human interest as theirs.—Charles H. Coffin in St. Nicholas.

Her Home.

Some years ago, when a part of the Japanese imperial palace was burned at Tokyo, the empress was forced to flee to one of the old daimio houses near by. It was not at all comfortable, and, as the story goes, her majesty, appreciating that her subjects would be much concerned at her living in such a mean place, sat down and wrote them a little poem in which she denied that she had changed her residence. The poem, which was in the best Japanese language, stated that her majesty's home had always been in the hearts of the people and that neither the flames nor the cold could ever drive her from that dear abode.

The Dead Larks.

In Baluchistan even the wolves go mad. In his book, "The Frontiers of Baluchistan," G. P. Tate writes: "The shepherds give a strange reason for the epidemic of rabies. According to them, it was caused by the wild beasts eating dead larks. In some years, they said, the larks develop extraordinary vitality and pour forth such a flood of songs as they rise on the wing that they become suffocated and fall to the ground dead. A wild animal which eats one of those dead birds invariably develops rabies. This is a widespread superstition and seems not unfamiliar to the natives of India who were with me."

A Butchers' Common.

William, earl of Warren, in the time of King John, while standing upon the castle walls saw two bulls fighting in the castle meadow till all the butcher dogs pursued one of the maddened bulls quite through the town. The sight pleased the earl so much that he gave the castle meadows, where the duel of the bulls began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find a mad bull the day six weeks before Christmas day for the continuance of that sport forever.—London Standard.

Fine Crops.

"Do you raise anything worth while in your garden?" said the visitor from the city.

"I should say so," answered Mr. Crosslots. "It's the best place for fishing worms in the entire village."—Washington Star.

Plain Talk.

"I think she's double faced."

"Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough!"—Comic Cuts.

Sympathy of the Flowers.

More or less credence is still given in England to the old belief in the sympathy of the vegetable kingdom for human suffering. "I prayed all night," writes a gardener whose employer was very sick, "and the flowers on my window sill drooped, and I said to myself they were dead. But toward morning they picked up, and I was sure enough the master was better. And the same thing had happened to the flowers I had sent to his bedroom. They were dying, and they came to life again. And I knew when those flowers picked up that the master was better."

The Pins.

"Oh, dear," sighed her husband's wife, "I can't find a pin anywhere. I wonder where all the pins go to anyway?"

"That's a difficult question to answer," replied his wife's husband, "because they are always pointed in one direction and headed in another."—Chicago News.

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THE GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE.

A Break In Her Reserve, Then a Break In Her Nerves.

By ALOISE JOHNSON.

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High in the air apparently the train hung, an air filled with swirling, feathery flakes. Above, below, on all sides was snow. The whole world to all purposes had faded away, leaving the stalled express the center of a deadly, ghastly, unstable whiteness.

Helen Melrose turned from gazing hopelessly from the window to the comparative cheer of the Pullman car. As she did so she looked into the contemplative eyes of the man across the aisle and hastily carried her gaze on to the carved woodwork beyond his head, desperately restraining her inclination to bite her lip in annoyance.

The man across the aisle continued to watch Miss Melrose in the same contemplative manner.

She had first interested, then irritated him. Her extraordinary type of beauty had caught his eye, as it did the eye of all who knew her for the first time—hair of a sheer downright copper that was fairly alive in its bright waving, a white face unmarred by the tiny freckles that love to follow in the wake of hair verging on the red tones, lips as scarlet as those in a pictured face Knight had once seen, wondered at and disbelieved. And behind it all the girl had a mind of her own, as a glance into the wine brown eyes would convince one.

It was her calm independence that had brought irritation to supplant admiration in George Knight's breast. Unconsciously he expected helplessness, appealingness, in a woman. It ran counter to his sense of the correct order of things to have a girl so cheerfully able to look out for herself.

When he had boarded a train in Chicago he had instinctively put out a hand to assist the woman in front of him up the car steps, the porter being engaged. It was not till she turned her head briefly to thank him that he



THE TWO STOOD CLINGING TO ONE ANOTHER

knew whether the woman were young or old, and the shock of Miss Melrose's queer beauty had been added to by the realization that her eyes were only coldly courteous, almost resentful.

For two days he had sat as near the girl as though they had been opposite one another at their own dinner table yet they were miles apart. Other passengers chatted and exchanged reading matter and anecdotes of the country. The copper haired girl held aloof even from the women. But in spite of his exasperation the proud tilt of her head, the serenity of her level gaze her entire self sufficiency, drew him. At the station where the train stopped some minutes he would meet her walking up and down the platform with her splendid gait.

"I expect," Knight told himself on one of these occasions, "that if the Goddess of Liberty took a walk she'd start off just that way!"

And now high up in the Rockies the blizzard had gripped them, and the train had stopped. The trainmen were beginning to get anxious, for the swirling drifts were so huge even the rotary plows were helpless. As Knight stood muffled on the back platform on one of his restless trips of observation the conductor stood beside him.

"If we don't get out of here tonight," he said grimly, "the whole train will be as neatly and completely covered over with snow, to say nothing of snowslides that may come, as though somebody had dug a hole in a snow bank and just dropped us in and covered us up again."

The dismal prophecy lingered in Knight's mind as he returned to his car. There were mutterings of weariness and worry from most of the delayed passengers. Only Miss Melrose remained apparently unaffected. She was reading a book with intense interest, having given up the desolate view from the windows as tiresome. Knight wondered, a little indignantly if nothing would move her from her calm. And so when after an hour or so in the smoker Knight again tramped to the back platform he was surprised to find the girl, muffled in an ulster, leaning over the iron rail, straining her eyes through the white veil into the hidden valley below.

As she turned at his step something happened. All Knight knew was that he was being swamped, smothered, blinded by an icy, rushing blanket of snow and that he was holding the girl in his arms, frantically bracing himself against the rail. When the slide finally swept itself away down the slope the two stood clinging to one another, gasping, beating the snow from eyes and noses.

"Are you hurt?" Knight asked anxiously. His ideal woman would be half fainting, frantic with fear. This wind blown, gasping creature actually laughed. Then she spoke to him for the first time, and her voice was riotous with mirth.

"Hurt?" she echoed. "Why should I be hurt? You were here! If you hadn't been, however, I probably should be following the snowstorm down the mountain side! Thank you for preventing that unpleasant trip!"

Knight laughed too. Her humor was infectious, if novel. He watched her sweep back into the warmth of the car with her free grace of movement, and again he was irritated. He hated being denied his manly right to protect womanhood in distress. Then he realized that the girl had not been in the least distressed, except momentarily. He wished savagely something would happen to bring forth the dependent side of her nature, if she possessed it. Then she would be perfect. And then he laughed a little sarcastically at his interest in a young woman whose name even he did not know.

The hours wore on, and the coal gave out, and the cars grew colder. Everybody vetoed the porter's efforts to make up the berths. The cross and uncomfortable passengers wrapped themselves in blankets and huddled in the corners of their seats. Nobody wanted to sleep when they knew not what minute the gale and an avalanche combined might sweep them from the track.

Knight watched Miss Melrose solicitously. It was at that hideous hour when the gray dawn makes everything its ugliest that Knight, to his unbelievable amazement, saw Miss Melrose quietly crying.

Without volition he found himself swept across the aisle.

"What is it?" he asked breathlessly.

She turned to him frankly. "I've got the nerves!" she confessed, with a pitiful attempt at a smile that ended in a sob. "I—I hate this awful snow—we'll never get out—I can't stand it another minute! And mother will be so frightened—and—and I believe my feet are freezing!"

Here was a situation that Knight knew how to handle. The unbelievable joy of finding the Goddess of Liberty only feminine and human after all was almost swamped by his pleasure in finding she was pathetically glad to be cheered up and taken care of.

Blithely he fetched and carried and did wonders in the matter of hot coffee at 5 a. m.

Later in the day, when the staggering snowplows dug the train out and again the wheels creaked and the steam pipes sent out a saving warmth and everybody again beamed in relief, Knight sat beside the girl with the coppery hair.

Now that she had melted in his direction, Knight told himself, her reserve was entirely proper and the attitude he would wish her to take to the rest of the masculine world. He had got that far in three days. And six weeks later he and the girl were traveling over the same route again—on their honeymoon.

No Money to Burn.

"The meanest man we ever had in our town was Jake Bond," said Mr. Wilson, with an air of finality. "Yes, sir, he was the meanest. Ever heat what he used to do with the fire in his last days, when he was so riddled with rheumatics he couldn't get out?"

"No," said the new carpenter. "I haven't heard that yet."

"Time ye did," said Mr. Wilson "an' I'll tell ye. He was so full o' rheumatics that the doctor allowed the only way he could get rid of any of his pain was to sit right in front o' the fire, close to, and see if the heat wouldn't try some o' the pain out o' his bones.

"Well, sir, he couldn't move round, so the woman that took care o' him would put his chair close to the fire, and there he'd sit. An' by his side he kep' a mop an' pail o' water, an' when he saw the fire getting a mite beyond the p'int where he felt 'twas needed an' saw a real lively flame busting up he'd out with that mop from the pail and souse it right on to the stick o' wood that was too forthputting. I've sat there side o' him an' seen him do it. Yes, sir, here in Cedarville we considered him the cap sheaf for niggardness; we cert'nly did."—Youth's Companion.

The Wind Prophets.

The city man on the porch smoked and listened to the farm hand's talk. "Weather vanes is wind indicators," said the farm hand, "but chickens and turkeys, by crimus, is wind prophets."

"Come off," said the city man.

"Gospel truth," declared the farm hand. "In a cam, when there ain't goin' to be no wind, the birds allus roost on the tree boughs with their heads alternatin' each way—No. 1 faces east, No. 2 west, No. 3 north, and so on. That's a sign of cam. But supposin' there's goin' to be a strong, high wind. Then they all roost, every mother's son of 'em, facin' it. Accordin' as they face so you can prophesy the wind will blow before mornin'.

"I figger it out," said the farm hand, "that in a cam the bunch faces different ways so as to look out for danger better. But if it's goin' to blow up in the night then they face the blow so's they can best hang on to their perch. What I can't figger out, though, is how in the mischief they smell that wind five or six hours before it's doo."—New York Press.

A Rare Opportunity.

When the circus came to Bushby the large attendance was a surprise to Squire Bemis, and he said so to William Hamlin, the postmaster.

"It is natural that men and children should wish to go," remarked the squire in his formal tone, "but I must confess to a feeling of amazement on hearing that the ladies of the town had flocked to see wild beasts and that young woman who leaps from one wire to another, with no regard for her personal safety."

"Tell you just how 'tis, square," said Mr. Hamlin confidentially. "I don't think many of the women folks planned to go till Jed Potter came in here one mail time and told Miss Emma Bolles he understood the show was enough to scare anybody out of ten years' growth.

"Miss Emma's getting on, and you couldn't expect her to let a chance like that go—nor any of the other women, now, could ye?"—Youth's Companion.

Keep Your Temper.

Which of all the domestic virtues is most essential to a happy married life? The ability to keep one's temper, beyond all question.

There is nothing which lends more to misery, not only for its possessor, but also for those about him, than an ungovernable and unreasonable temper. No one is worse to live with than an ill tempered man, except perhaps an ill tempered woman.

Bad tempered people completely spoil the lives of those who associate with them. The feeling of strain is ever present. One never knows just when the storm will break, although apparently the weather, metaphorically, is "set fair." Life in these circumstances becomes a burden almost beyond bearing.

Caught Her.

"I am looking for something nice for a young man," said the young and pretty shopper.

"Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant clerk.

And she was so flustered that he managed to sell her four different things that she did not want before she knew what she was doing.

HISTORIC WEAPONS.

Trophies Wrested From the Crusaders Found In the Sudan.

Among the trophies of arms displayed on the walls of Windsor castle one of the most interesting of the long series is a group of weapons and armor sent to Queen Victoria by Lord Kitchener after the Dongola campaign on the upper Nile in 1896.

The trophy consists of a coat of chain mail, a number of spears and a long cross hilted sword. On the straight steel blade of the sword there is an inscription in odd fashioned letters: "No me saques sin razon. No me entraines sin honor."

The words are Spanish, but the same motto was inscribed on sword blades in the days of chivalry in most of the languages of Europe. Its meaning is the knightly rule for all who bear the sword: Do not draw me without reason. Do not sheathe me without honor.

The weapon was taken from the abandoned camp of Wad Bishara, the dervish general, after the battle of Hafir (Sept. 23, 1896). How came a blade with such a motto to be found in a Moslem bivouac in the heart of the Sudan?

The presence of these crusader swords in the Sudan is not so difficult to explain. In the thirteenth century the Mohammedan caliphs of Egypt not only carried on successful wars against the crusaders in Syria, destroying the last vestiges of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, but also defeated two attempts of the Europeans to invade Egypt itself, one of them led by St. Louis of France.

Enormous quantities of western arms and warlike equipments must have thus passed into the possession of the Mohammedan conquerors.—Chambers' Journal.

BABY TALK.

An Infantile Habit That Sometimes Sticks and Breeds Trouble.

Once in awhile a rare stammering case comes to the laboratory where there's nothing the matter with the child—the matter is with his dear mamma. In 1905 Dr. Witmer examined a boy of twelve who talked baby talk—a bright, alert youngster, to all appearances normal. But nobody could understand a word he uttered—except mamma; she understood it all perfectly. "I—aw—ow—ay" was to her ear "I want to go out to play" as plain as anything could be. It was her tender custom to reply likewise, and she took pride in the thought that she had never allowed her Willie to associate with the children on the block. She had encouraged him to be her baby and "kept him from growing up too soon" by prattling to him.

Except for his unintelligible language, the examination did not reveal a defect, physical or mental, in the boy, and Dr. Witmer was forced to the conclusion that the trouble lay in the persistence of an infantile habit of articulation for which the mother was solely responsible. Through sentimentality and overindulgence "she had almost ruined his chances for a useful and possibly successful life." (Psychological clinic, March, 1907.) Months of painstaking, expert labor had to be expended upon him to break up the habit his mother had carefully developed before he could even begin to make himself understood by any one else.—Dr. Witmer of Yale in McClure's Magazine.

Almost Disbelieved Her Eyes.

"Among the memories of my boyhood," said a New York man, "there is one odd episode that is particularly vivid. It is a conversation that I overheard one morning as I walked toward the Boston high school between two women.

"The women were talking about babies—their size, weight, health, and so forth.

"'Why, when I was a week old,' said the first woman, 'I was such a little baby that they put me in a quart pot and put the lid on over me.'

"The other woman was amazed and horrified. 'And did you live?' she asked.

"'They say I did,' her friend answered.

"'Well, well, well!' exclaimed the second woman. And she glanced at the other almost doubtfully."

In the Wrong Place.

A one legged Welsh orator named Jones was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him:

"How did you come to lose your leg?"

"Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking up my descent I found there was some Irish blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it was settled in the left leg, I had it cut off at once."

"By the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a very good thing if it had only settled in your head!"—London Mail.

The Fool.

He was a noble lord, and he was in an awful rage with one of his footmen.

"It is intolerable!" he exclaimed. "Are you a fool, or am I?"

"Oh, my lord," replied James, with humility, anxious to appease the great man, "I am sure you would not keep a servant who was a fool."

The Greatest Inventor.

Teacher—Who is the greatest inventor? Shaggy Haired Pupil—Pat Pending, I guess. I see his name on more inventions than I do any other man's.—Chicago Tribune.

A person who talks with equal vivacity on every subject excites no interest in any—Hazlitt.

When Youth Wanes.

Old age has many definitions, and middle age more. But you may take it that you are not really an old man so long as you take an interest in your personal appearance. There is not a nurse who does not know the sign of convalescence—when the patient wants to be shaved and put a good appearance in this world. And so long as the man of sixty can take an interest in the latest tie—and tie it—he is preserving his youth.—London Chronicle.

He Had a Reason.

"I notice you are very cautious in what you say about people."

"Yes."

"Why is this?"

"Well, I ain't prominent enough to claim I was misquoted."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Time Wasted.

Boston Lady—Did you learn anything at the Woman's club? New York Lady—Absolutely nothing. Wish I hadn't gone. I had seen all the gowns before.—New York Life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Third Quarter, For July 25, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 16-34. Memory Verse, 29—Golden Text, John iv, 24—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In this lesson we find Paul at Athens, which might be called the seat of earthly wisdom, and while he waited for Silas and Timothy to come to him from Berea his spirit was stirred as he saw the idolatry of the city, and, knowing that the same Jesus who saved him would save them, too, he could not refrain from preaching Jesus to them, not only in the synagogues of the Jews, but publicly in the market every day and at all times to such devout people as were willing to listen to him. Some of the lovers of wisdom took him to Mars hill, and there he discoursed to them, as recorded in the lesson today—not reasoning out of the Scriptures, as with the Jews, who knew the Scriptures, but preaching Jesus to them as the Creator and as the Judge of all mankind, commanding all men everywhere to repent and turn to Him that they might be saved.

We will not have the zeal for souls that Paul had unless we see them as he did—"without strength, ungodly, sinners, enemies" (Rom. v, 6-10), "children of disobedience under the prince of the power of the air, children of wrath, without Christ, having no hope and without God in the world (Eph. ii, 2, 3, 12). Then we must have the mind of God toward them, not willing that any should perish, but believing that He would have all to be saved by receiving Jesus, who gave Himself for our sins and was made a curse for us (Gal. i, 4; iii, 13). Paul saw in these wise but foolish Athenians men for whom Christ died, and he longed for their deliverance from the prince of this world and from the powers of darkness. He took as his topic the inscription on one of their many altars, "To the unknown God," and he preached to them the only living and true God, the Creator of all things, for if any man will come to God he must believe that He is and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him (Heb. xi, 6). The opening words of Paul's discourse concerning the Creator bring to mind Gen. i, 1; John i, 1-3; Col. i, 16; Heb. i, 1-3, along with Ps. xxxiii, 6; Isa. xl, 28; Jer. xxxii, 17; Acts iv, 24, and many more. His giving to all life and breath and all things and that in Him we live and move and have our being (verses 25, 28) make us think of Dan. v, 23, "The God in whose hand thy breath is and whose are all thy ways," and of Heb. iv, 13, "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight, but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

That He has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth and appointed the bounds of their habitation (verse 26) does not seem to be quite in accord with the love of one's native land that so many sing about. Let the world sing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," but the Christian whose citizenship is in heaven and who prays, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," should take a wider view and sing, "All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord, and shall glorify Thy name" (Ps. lxxxvi, 9), "All nations shall come and worship before thee" (Rev. xv, 4), and live anywhere on earth with equal cheerfulness if only through us the church, His body, may be gathered from all nations and the time of His worldwide kingdom hastened. It is His desire that all should seek Him and find Him, but while many are ignorantly feeling after Him how can they ever find Him if no one ever tells them of Him? Does it not seem clear as the light that the one thing a believer is on earth for is to declare to all the righteousness of God in Christ; that all who will may obtain this righteousness and be justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus? This Jesus, Son of God, whom He raised from the dead, He has ordained to be judge of all the world, and therefore He commands all men to repent that He may not have to say to them, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. xxv, 41). He will have no pleasure in saying this to any, but it is written again and again that some shall have to go to the lake of fire and brimstone (Rev. xiv, 10; xix, 20; xx, 15; xxi, 8). Many call this a horrible doctrine and will not tolerate the thought of it and have no use for a God who would make such a place or send any one to it. All such are blinded by the god of this world, for whom the awful place was prepared, and if they persist in their blindness and in rejecting the gift of eternal life their doom will by their own choice be as awful as the record reads.

The day of judgment here spoken of will last at least a thousand years, at the beginning of which there will be the judgment of the saints only at the judgment seat of Christ; then the judgment of the living nations, when we come with Christ in His glory to set up His kingdom and at the end of the thousand years the great white throne for the ungodly (see my tract on "The Four Judgments," published by L. & K., box 216, Harrisburg, Pa.) There are few if any daily papers which would publish a discourse on this topic, for, like the Athenians, the people covet to hear some new thing.

The Honeymoon.

The honeymoon has no definite duration, but is longer or shorter according as the temper of the high contracting parties determines, or their relatives, or the weather, or the mode or the comparative cost of traveling and staying at home. Briefly, it is that interval during which the man, going out in the morning, remembers his kiss and forgets his overshoes as distinguished from the interval during which he remembers his overshoes and forgets his kiss.—New York Life.

Pluck.

"Pluck," said the financier, "is the secret of success."

"Well," interrupted the shabby man, "I'll give you £10 if you'll teach me your method of plucking."—London Telegraph.

Slow to Laugh.

The Briton—As the old proverb says, y' know, "He lawfs best who lawfs lahst." The Yankee—If that's so, what good laughers you English must be!—Cleveland Leader.

THE RESCUE OF RUFFLES.

A Transformation and the Way It Was Brought About.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Social distinctions were not closely drawn at Crag House. The tables were waited on by the daughters of wealthy farmers, who served only because they wished to escape the monotony of country life for a month or two and because they wished to be in touch with the gayety and color that the city guests brought to the mountain resort.

Ruffles was not a farmer's daughter. She was a child of the city, swept to Crag House by a wave of chance. She had worked in a department store in town, and her health had failed. The doctor to whom she went spoke of the mountains.

"I can't afford to go," faltered Ruffles.

"Go and play waitress for awhile," suggested the keen eyed doctor. "Then you can earn something and get well at the same time."

He gave her a letter to the proprietor of Crag House, and poor, little, frightened Ruffles fled at once and found the place a paradise after the heat and noise of town.

As time went on, however, she discovered that she was treated as a stranger and an alien. She was neither fish nor flesh, neither guest nor daughter of the soil. She was an unknown girl from the city, and the country girls kept in their own circle, gave barn dances and mingled with their own friends, while the hotel guests danced in the ballroom and never thought of the little maid who served them.

There was one woman, however, who watched Ruffles with interest. "She is a pretty little thing," she said to her husband.

"Who?" he asked idly.

"The little girl who waits on our table," said Mrs. Witherspoon, and



MARY GRANGER CAME STRAIGHT TO HER AND PUT HER ARMS AROUND HER.

that night she called Ruffles into her room.

"If you will fasten my dress," she said, "I'll be awfully grateful."

"I can always come in and fasten your dresses," said Ruffles shyly. "I'd love it. It's lonesome after supper, and the evenings are so long."

"Why don't you go to the barn dances?" Mrs. Witherspoon asked.

"Nobody has invited me," Ruffles stammered. "You see, I don't belong to the country set. I'm a kind of outsider."

"Poor little thing!" was Mrs. Witherspoon's mental comment. But aloud she said: "Isn't Mary Granger friendly? She seems a nice girl."

"No." The blushes flamed over Ruffles' little face. "You see, Mary is different. She has always had things, and she only waits on the table here to get the extra money and the fun. But—oh, well, I'm different."

"How different?"

"Oh, I'm poor, and I live in a cheap part of the city when I'm home, and my clothes are shabby, and I haven't any folks. You know how people feel"—

"I think it's very snobbish of them," Mrs. Witherspoon said indignantly. "Well, anyhow, you come here in the evenings and help me into my things, and we will have some comfy talks."

"Indeed I will!" Ruffles' eyes shone. "How good you are, Mrs. Witherspoon!"

Ruffles went downstairs and sat on the porch where she could see the hotel guests in the ballroom. She watched the women in their dainty gowns as they whirled past, and then, because she was very lonely, she put her head down on her arm and sobbed.

"What's the matter?" asked a voice out of the dark.

"Oh," said Ruffles, "I—I didn't know any one was here."

"I came to find my sister," said the voice again. "I am Frank Granger. When they told me she had gone home I thought I would watch the dancing, and then you came, and I heard you crying, and if there is anything I can do"—

There was such an honest ring in his voice that Ruffles answered straight from the bottom of her heart: "No; there isn't. But I am crying because I am lonely."

"Are you one of the waitresses?"

"Yes. I am Ruffles."

He gave a quick exclamation. "I've heard Mary speak of you. You are the little sick girl from the city, and they called you Ruffles because of the dress you had on when you first came."

"Yes." Ruffles remembered the humiliation of that old gown with the cheap black flounces.

"You haven't been to any of the barn dances?"

"I haven't been invited."

"You haven't? Well, I'll see that Mary asks you to the one at our house tomorrow night."

"Oh, please don't," Ruffles begged. "It might look as if I was trying to push in."

"Well, I guess not," said Granger quickly. "Mother wants you. I heard her tell Mary last night that if you weren't strong you ought to come to our farm for awhile and live on milk and eggs."

"And—what did Mary say?" Ruffles asked.

He laughed. "Well, Mary said that if you weren't too proud she would be glad to ask you."

"What?" Ruffles gasped. "Why—why, I thought she didn't like me."

"She thinks you are wonderful," the strong voice went on, "but she says you are from the city and have such dainty ways and she is so big and awkward"—

"Oh, oh!" Ruffles was laughing out of sheer joy. "If she feels that way I should love to go to the barn dance."

"Well, I'll get you the invitation," said Frank simply and held out his hand. "Be sure to come early."

Then he went away, and Ruffles stood there with the whole world changed.

"Oh, Mrs. Witherspoon," she said to that little lady as they passed each other on the stairway, "I am going to Mary Granger's dance tomorrow night."

"Really?" the pretty lady gurgled. "Come into my room and tell me about it. Bob is going to stay down and smoke, and we will be alone."

Ruffles sparkled and glowed as she told what Frank had said.

"And now," said Mrs. Witherspoon when the tale was ended, "what are you going to wear?"

"Oh," Ruffles caught her breath. "I don't know. I haven't anything but shirt waists and dark skirts. And most of the girls wear white."

"Well, you are not going to wear white," said little Mrs. Witherspoon. She went to her closet and began burrowing among the gowns that hung there.

At last she found what she sought—a rosy flounced gown of mull, made in childish fashion.

"There," she said triumphantly, "you are going to wear that! It doesn't look too fine for a girl in your position. But it was really an awfully expensive thing, and it's too small for me, and you will be the belle of the ball in it, Ruffles."

And, as if Ruffles' cup of happiness were not full enough, the next morning Mary Granger came straight to her and put her arms about her.

"Frank was telling me about last night," she said affectionately. "If you only knew how I have really wanted to be friends, Ruffles!"

And Ruffles put her head down on Mary Granger's head and positively cried with happiness.

But that was not the end, and greater happiness came from the rosy ruffled gown and Mary Granger's friendship, for after the season was over Ruffles was invited to spend a month at the farm. Day after day she and Frank Granger walked in the October sunshine and talked of many things. But the thing of which they talked most was love and, after a time, of marriage, and one day when they came into the big living room at the farmhouse there was such a wonderful light in Ruffles' eyes and such a color in her cheeks that Mary Granger put her arms around her.

"I am going to be bridesmaid," she said.

"Oh, Mary!" Ruffles parried, but Frank laughed joyously.

"I have told her that I will not put it off," he said. "It is going to be next month."

So they were married, and Mrs. Witherspoon came to the wedding, and her gift to the groom was a picture of a little maid in a rosy gown with ruffles from the waist to the hem.

Are You Superstitious?

Are you superstitious, really, conscientiously superstitious? If so—if you act scrupulously up to the traditions of your creed—you must spend a most unhappy time.

Doubtless you are already aware of the fact that it is unlucky to walk under a ladder, to break a mirror, to spill salt, to sit on the dining room table and swing your legs, to place shoes on the table, and so forth.

But did you know that you must not place a cracked dish or plate or glass before your guests? You had better purchase a new set at once. Did you know that you mustn't brush crumbs off the table with a wisp of newspaper? It means bad news.

Does your wife know that to change the sheets on the bed on Sunday presages a week of disaster, that to trim her finger nails on Sunday means she will do something of which she will be ashamed, that dough sticking to the bread board is an evil omen, that a film of dust under the bed indicates loss of money, a soiled dish unwelcome guests?

These are but a few articles of the creed in which you profess to believe. Better far to change your mind and become a rational human being.—London Tit-Bits.

At the Play.

"The plot thickens here."

"That's good. It's been pretty durned thin up to now."—Cleveland Leader.

MEXICAN HOTELS.

They Close Early, and Guests Out Late Must Tip the Porter.

"I'm glad to be back in the land of the latchkey," said a mining engineer who had been in Mexico for the past year. "In France, Spain, Italy and throughout Latin America there is a servant in every house and hotel whose business it is to open the door. In Mexico you would think, being so near this country, that the American latchkey would be common. But even in the finest hotels in the capital the big doors are closed at 11 o'clock, and to gain admittance after that hour you have to pound on them with the great knockers that hang outside. After five minutes you hear a sleepy grunt within, then some mutterings and the Spanish word which means 'I'm coming.' Finally the small door in the center of the big one will be unbarred, and you step inside. Then if you don't want to sleep in the park the next night you are kept out late you give the 'portero,' as the keeper of the gate is called, a piece of silver. Between 11 and midnight the fee is 10 cents. From 1 on until morning the gratuity, regulated by custom, steadily increases. Between 1 and 3 it is from 25 to 40 cents, and after 3 it is half a dollar.

"Many a night I have been awakened by the pounding of the knockers in the neighborhood of my hotel. I timed one man for ten minutes before I fell asleep. Probably he had neglected to fee the 'portero' or else the keeper of the gate was drunk, as he frequently is. These 'porteros' usually sleep curled up in blankets just inside the door on the stones with which every interior courtyard and entrance is paved, and all of them have colds. Yet it is a position much sought after, and the gatekeeper ranks highest among the servants."—New York Press.

"It is extravagance to buy such dress lining, Mrs. Bargains."

"It was real cheap, hubby, dear—only a dollar something a yard."

"How much is 'something?' What was the price?"

"It was $1.98 a yard."—New York Herald.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p. m. until 9.55 p. m.) 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p. m., 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p. m. until 9.32 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p. m., then 11.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p. m. until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p. m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p. m. until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m.) SUNDAYS—6.52 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p. m.

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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EVENING OFFICE AT
Woburn, Mass.

Greenland.

Greenland is governed by the Greenland commission at Copenhagen, Denmark. It was first settled by a band of Norsemen under Erik the Red, who gave it its name, in 985. A bishopric was founded there in the twelfth century by the king of Norway, and about 1260 it was constituted a state of Norway. There then followed a blank of 200 years in Greenland's history, due to climatic disasters, but beginning with the Danish settlement of 1721 the country has belonged to Denmark.—Argonaut.

In chapter 1:
"She dropped her eyes."
In chapter 2:
"He caught her eye."
But in none of the other chapters are we told whether the other eye rolled under the bureau or what became of it.—New York Times.

It Depends.

Wigwag (trying to think of insomnia)—When you haven't been able to sleep for about a week what do you call it? Youngpop—What is it, a boy or girl?—Philadelphia Record.

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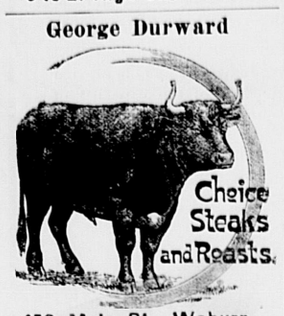
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes unti 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.30, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.40 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.40 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.40 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St.
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
2 12	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
3 12	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
5 12	Pumping Station, Aborn Point. (Private.)
6 12	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
7 12	Beggs & Cobb and C. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
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A SPIKED MOUNTAIN.

One of the Remarkable Geological Freaks of Mexico.

One of the most remarkable geological freaks in Mexico is a mountain situated on the outskirts of Pachuca which presents the appearance at a distance of being covered with spikes. The sides of the mountain are closely studded with stone columns or palisades. These columns are five to twelve feet long and as large around as an average man's body. It is a remarkable uplift of nature which has the appearance, however, of being the handiwork of human beings. One side of the mountain is almost perpendicular, and the stone columns protrude from the surface at right angles, forming an impressive picture.

Pachuca is one of the most noted mining districts in Mexico, and it is said by geologists that this remarkable spiked mountain is out of keeping with the remainder of the formation of the mineralized region. The stone is as hard as flint and has withstood the elements for ages. The spikes form a natural battlement that makes the mountain appear from a distance like some ancient fort. The mines of the Pachuca district are situated not far from this wonderful freak of nature, but the formation encountered in their respective underground workings is of an entirely different kind from that of the palisade outcropping.—Pachuca (Mexico) Cor. Indianapolis News.

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HIS LESSON.

It Taught Him Just What the Girl Wanted Him to Know.

By ROBERT A. KNOWLES.

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They sat upon the veranda side by side, gazing silently into the soft May moonlight. The air had the haunting sweetness that comes at evening from growing things in their freshness. It was still and dreamily peaceful, a time to soothe human restlessness and human pain.

But it did not soothe Jane. She had been sitting there so quietly all evening that it seemed to her she must jump from the chair, screaming at the top of her voice, in another minute. Under the light shawl she wore she twisted her hands together in an effort to control herself. Yet she continued to stare out at the moonlight as if to behold it were the one thing worth living for.

Rodney was staring out at the moonlight, too, and enjoying it. He liked the stillness; he liked being able to keep silence; he liked to be sitting there beside Jane.

If Rodney had loved her, Jane thought bitterly, he would at least have held her hand. But he did not love her; he only liked her because he had always known her and because she was the one girl with whom he could be perfectly natural. If he wished to be silent with her he was silent; he did not feel it necessary to make the effort to talk. Yet Jane felt sometimes that his dumbness was unendurable. If only he would speak. Evening after evening he came to sit with her in the same way.

Jane had always had hope until tonight. A man who could sit beside a girl—a fairly pretty girl, too—on such a night and not make love to her was certainly as near being without a heart as man could be.

Jane gave him up. And in giving him up she gave up also many of the dreams and of her longings, her youth. Slowly her eyes filled with tears. Slowly she forced back the tears and swallowed the choking lump in her throat. But she could not keep back one racking sigh, and Rodney heard it. He rose instantly, reminded of the hour and apparently of her.

"I must go," he said, looking for his hat.

Jane rose, too, with apparent calm.

He looked forth at the moonlight again, not at her, wistfully.

"It is wonderful," he said. "Moonlight like that always makes me forget myself. Good night, Jane."

"Good-b-by," Jane answered strangely, but he seemed not to notice.

Her father stood before the lamp reading a letter as she entered the house.

He looked up at her over his glasses.

"Rodney gone?" he asked.

"Yes." Jane's tone was tense.

"Anything the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

She shook her head, with a hard little laugh.

"Nothing at all," she said.

"This letter is from your Aunt Jane," he said. "She wants us to come to see her. It has been nine years since she was here—the same year your mother died. I've never been to see her since she went to Boston to live. But I am going now—we're going, Jane, what's to hinder us from going tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Jane gasped. And to Boston! She turned pale with the suddenness of it all.

By noon next day they had gone, bag and baggage. And that evening when Rodney came walking up in the moonlight he found unlighted windows and a locked door. He sat down upon the steps and waited. How strange it was! Jane had not told him she was going away. He sat there wondering until Mrs. Clancy, who lived next door, came trundling her baby past on her way home.

"That you, Rod?" she called in her sweet Irish voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Clancy. Where are the folks that belong here?"

"Why, don't you know? Hush, Teddy, while mamma talks to the gentleman. They've gone to Boston—left at noon today. I can't tell you how long they intend to be gone."

To Boston! And without saying a word to him! Rodney could not speak, and after Mrs. Clancy had waited a moment for him to do so she went on with her baby, leaving him to figure it out by himself.

Jane did not write to him from Boston, and he did not write to her because he did not know her address. And he would not ask for it from any one of the girls to whom he knew she was writing. But he heard things about her—how she was going about with her fashionable aunt, having new clothes made and enjoying herself generally.

The hot summer dragged on slowly. Rodney grew thin and looked pale. He was working too hard, they said.

"Cut it out, Rod," they told him cheerfully. "You've got money enough and are making more. Why do you want to kill yourself?"

Rodney smiled pathetically and kept on working.

One day Edna Travers told him that she had just received Jane's picture and she looked "dandy." Jane had also written to say she "had three strings to her bow."

After that Rodney literally drooped. He began to walk past the house and, as he grew more desperate, to sit upon the veranda in the chair where he had spent so many silent hours. Jane's little chair was beside his, and he liked to keep his hand upon it, rocking it gently, while he thought or ner. Sometimes he fell asleep sitting there, for it was hot weather, and night always found him tired.

One night in August he came to the house late, as usual. It was still closed, dark, forbidding. But the memory of dear associations haunted it. He stole up on the veranda behind the screening vines and sat down, with his hand on the arm of Jane's little chair. When was she coming home? And would she come home free? It was most unlikely. Even though she had been sweet to him always it was evident that she had not cared for him. But if she had cared for him— Rodney, the practical, the unsentimental, fell a-dreaming. Presently from the day dream he passed into an actual one of restless slumber. He dreamed that Jane sat in her own chair beside him in her white gown. And, waking suddenly, with a mighty start, he found that she did!

For a moment he stared at her as at a ghost. Then her soft laugh and her voice set his senses tingling.

"Still asleep, Rod?" she asked.

"Jane," he said and leaned toward her, trying to find her hand—"Jane, is it really you?"

"Really and truly, Rod! When did you fall into the habit of sleeping on my veranda, sir?"

"Jane!"

"Answer my question, Rodney Holdsworth!"

"Answer my question first, dear. Do you know what has happened to me while you have been away?"

She shook her head, put her face close to his and told him that she did.

"Did you leave anybody in Boston that you like better than you do me?" Rodney asked, very humbly.

"No one, Rod."

"Then"—he dropped her hand, which he had been clinging to in a kind of desperation, and took her in his arms—"you are still mine," he sighed.

"I guess it did you good to sit alone here all these evenings," Jane said presently when she had been kissed to her heart's content.

"It taught me to love and appreciate you, dearest," Rodney said solemnly, holding her fast.

Why Lightning Rods Are Pointed.

The reason a lightning rod has a sharp point is because a fine point offers no resistance to the discharge of electricity and in order that a cloud may be emptied of it noiselessly and harmlessly. The degree of resistance is in proportion to the surface of the object. If the rod were surmounted by a knob, for instance, the discharge would be violent. But many a lightning rod has received an electrical discharge when the people in the building below were calmly unconscious of the face. Noncorrosive metal is used for the point of the rod, as corrosion makes resistance. The difference between a point and a ball is shown in discharging a battery. The full charge from a large battery would be received quietly on a metal point, while a moderate charge from a small one would explode violently on a ball. It is said that a full charge may be passed harmlessly through a person's body if received on the point of a needle, whereas the same charge received on a discharger, with a ball or knob on the end, would mean instant death.

A Girl's Way.

It was a sweltering summer afternoon. Algernon sat in the hammock, and Claire occupied a wicker chair. She was very pretty, and Algernon was hopelessly in love with her. He was almost in despair as he sat looking at her playing with his heart, and he knew it.

"Oh, Claire!" he pleaded. "Why are you so cold?"

"I am not, Algie," she protested.

"You are, Claire," he insisted.

"And I say just as positively that I am not."

"Claire, Claire!" he cried. "How can you say that when you know you have treated me like"—

"Oh," she interrupted, fanning herself lazily meanwhile, "I thought you were talking about the weather, Algie."—Lippincott's.

Servants' Accomplishments.

A Brussels merchant advertised for a servant. One applicant pleased him. The terms and outings were arranged, when the girl asked, "Who washes the dishes?" Taken aback, the merchant asked her to repeat her question. The girl did so without turning a hair.

"Madame washes the dishes, and I dry them," replied the merchant. "Can you play the piano?" he asked.

"No," was the reply.

"Then I am afraid you will not suit," said the merchant. The girl retired with a dignified air. With a politeness which is described as exquisite she turned to the merchant and said, "Tomorrow I shall take lessons at the conservatory, and as soon as I begin to make progress I will call again!" This story is certified as authentic.—Throne and Country.

Their Size.

Lawyer (to deaf witness)—Do you know the plaintiff's pigs?

Witness—Eh?

Lawyer (raising his voice)—Do—you—know—plaintiff's pigs?

Witness—Yes.

Lawyer—How long have you known them?

Witness—Eh?

Lawyer (louder still)—How long have you known them?

Witness—Fed 'em all last spring.

Lawyer—Were they all about a size?

Witness—Eh?

Lawyer (rises on his feet petulantly and shakes his forefinger at the conclusion of each word at the witness)—Were—they—all—of—a—size?

Witness—Some ov 'em wor, and some ov 'em worn't.—Exchange

Sweets Are Great Baby Savers.

The young, unspoiled human animal has a liking for sugar just as it has for sunlight, for fresh air, for play, for paddling in the surf and plunging in the stream or for food when it is hungry and sleep when it is tired and, subject, of course, to reasonable limitations, as wholesome as any of the others. This is precisely what our specialists in children's diseases and broad minded family physicians have been urging for decades past, and it would be safe to say that, next to the banishment of starchy foods, gruels and paps from the nursery and the substitution of pure, sweet milk, few things have done more to increase the vigor and happiness of modern children and to cut down our disgraceful infant mortality than the free and intelligent use in the nursery of sweet fruits, preserves, sugar, taffy and butterscotch.—Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine.

GAMBLER'S LUCK.

The Lackey Who Changed Places With His Former Master.

Some years ago a remarkable occurrence transpired at Nice, which is very near to Monte Carlo. A notorious habitue of the casino, who had made his money principally there, had set up an English vehicle, a pair of horses, "tiger" and all, and cut quite a swell driving in the neighborhood, says Illustrazione. One day he was riding in the environs of the town when his servant, sitting upon the raised box behind, who had been feeling somewhat uneasy at not receiving his wages for some time, seeing his master quite alone, ventured to ask him through the back window if he would not make it convenient to pay him. The master was in a good humor and asked:

"How much is it, La Fleur?"

"One hundred and twenty-five livres, may it please you, monsieur."

"Very well; here it is," said the master, spreading the sum in paper currency upon the seat of the vehicle. "Now, La Fleur, have you a pack of cards with you?"

"Certainly," answered the obsequious lackey. "I always carry them, monsieur," producing the cards at once.

"That is well. Now, I will be banker, and you shall play against me. I will take the front seat, the back one shall serve for our table, and you can look through this back window."

The lackey assented to this, amused at his master's condescension. Luck was rather on the master's side, but both men became quite eager in the game, thinking of that, and that only. Little by little the footman's money went until all that was left of his wages was 5 livres. He began to feel anxious, when suddenly his luck turned, and he won the whole sum back, with every sou his master had about him.

Piqued at his loss, the master wagered a horse, which the lackey won; then its mate, next the harness and lastly the carriage itself. Luck ran all one way, and the servant, La Fleur, won everything. The master took out his watch and put it down against a given sum. The cards were shuffled, and the lackey won.

"I have nothing more, La Fleur. You have cleaned me out," said the half desperate gambler.

The servant was in high spirits at his strange run of luck.

"Here are a hundred livres, monsieur. I will stake them against your position. If you win they are yours. If you lose we change seats."

"Agreed!"

The cards were shuffled, La Fleur won, and the vehicle returned to Nice with its former master occupying the servant's box behind and La Fleur sitting inside!

The Last Speaker of Cornish.

In the little village of St. Paul, near Penzance, there is a monument erected to the memory of Doll, or Dolly, Pentreath, who attained the age of 102 and was the last woman who spoke the Cornish tongue. This is the inscription: "Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1777, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest times till it expired in the eighteenth century in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garnett, vicar of St. Paul, June, 1860. 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee' (Exodus xx, 12)."—London News.

The Youngster Hushed.

When the great French chemist Chevreul attained his hundredth birthday he was entertained at a public dinner, at which his son, a high official in the department of justice, sixty-seven years old, was also present. The old man made a speech and in telling an anecdote made a slight slip, which his son corrected. Old Chevreul turned around quickly and said in a sharp tone, "Hush, youngster, when I am talking." And the "youngster" held his tongue.

An Odd Perquisite.

One of the most curious perquisites in connection with English coronations is the right of one of the peers to claim the bed and bedding used by the heir apparent on the night preceding the coronation. In olden times this was a perquisite of considerable value, as the "bedding" usually consisted of richly embroidered coverlids of velvet or silk, with priceless hangings of cloth of silver and gold.

Getting Down to Facts.

"I love you."
"I've heard that before."
"I worship you madly."
"Loose talk."
"I cannot live without your love."
"Get some new stuff."
"Will you marry me?"
"Well, now, there's some class to that."—Indianapolis News.

When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears.

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Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor

Ayer's Ask him about it, then do as he says

The little book in each package gives the formula of our new Hair Vigor, tells why each ingredient is used, and explains many other interesting things. After reading you will know why this new hair preparation does its work so well.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

OLD POWDERHORNS.

They Were Once Important Implements of Warfare.

TREASURED AS HEIRLOOMS.

Handed Down From Father to Son and From Friend to Friend—Engraved and Ornamented, They Were Used as Gifts Instead of Jeweled Swords.

Modern inventions have robbed warfare of much of its romance and the soldier of much of his old time picturesqueness. Although the powderhorn as an implement of war disappeared long before the magazine gun of today was dreamed of, it wasn't so very long ago, as a matter of fact, that men were carrying powderhorns. Some of the soldiers in the Mexican war, for example, used them.

The powderhorns carried by the fighters in the early days of this country were often of comparatively simple workmanship, but they were cherished and handed down from father to son and from friend to friend. Strange to say, though cherished in this manner, collectors have had a very hard time in locating any great number of the powderhorns used in this country, and this in spite of the large numbers used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In the French and Indian war the English and Americans carried 10,000 powderhorns, it has been estimated, to say nothing of the number carried by those on the French side. In the Revolution there were, according to the best estimates, about 10,000 powderhorns in use in the American army without counting those on the British side. The European troops had long discarded them, of course, but their colonial allies naturally were equipped with them.

A few years ago Isaac J. Greenwood presented to the New York Historical society a collection of water color pictures of powderhorns he had found still in existence.

Although the search was prosecuted with great diligence, the number of powderhorns actually located and sketched was not much more than 400, showing how quickly the horns have been disappearing.

Powderhorns are supposed to have come into use almost simultaneously with the invention of gunpowder. A way had to be found to carry the powder and keep it dry, and men quickly found that there wasn't anything better or cheaper in mediaeval times for this purpose than the horns of an animal.

They were in general use in the sixteenth century and were brought to this country by the first settlers. The oldest horn whose picture appears in the collection was found near Schenectady, N. Y., and bears the date of 1683.

It was generally the horns of their own cattle that the farmer fighters of America used. The loss of a horn in nowise impaired the usefulness of the animal, and bulls frequently were called upon to make the sacrifice. Such horns were easily obtained and wouldn't rust and could be carried in the rain and through streams without the powder in them getting wet.

They were always worn under the left arm by a strap that went over the right shoulder, the curve in the horn conforming to the shape of the body and serving to keep it out of the way of the wearer. There was a stopple in the small end, and without being unslung the powder could be poured into the right hand and thence into the gun.

Boiled, scraped and cleaned and colored with an orange or yellow dye, which was the way most of the powderhorns were prepared, they lent themselves more readily to ornamentation by the owner than did any other part of his equipment, and it is this fact which has made them particularly interesting as historical relics. Admiring friends in the days when powderhorns were in general use instead of presenting a hero with an engraved sword gave him a finely decorated powderhorn.

Sometimes the horns were made to order and the engraving done by professionals. Many of these horns were beautifully colored, the most popular shade being a sort of orange tint.

Perhaps the most remarkable examples of the engraving are to be seen on the geographical horns whose pictures appear in the Greenwood collection. These geographical horns took the place of pocket maps for the early pioneers. They were the work of professional engravers in places like New York and Boston.

Some of the horns in the collection contain practically complete maps of the old trails and waterways. One of the best of these bears the date of 1767 and shows New York with its harbor filled with ships and New York state as far as Lake Champlain and Ontario. The Hudson valley, with its settlements, appears on most of the geographical horns discovered. One horn shows the country between Elizabethtown and Pittsburg, each little settlement being carefully noted.

The horns thus filled a double purpose, supplying the traveler with a map and carrying his powder for him. One of the best specimens in the collection shows Havana, as well as the trail from Albany to Oswego. It is believed to have been owned by a soldier in the English army which captured the Cuban city and who later served in the colonies.—Washington Post.

Make hay while the sun shines, and the sun never shines so steadily and bright as when you are young.

Insect Thieves.

There is a species of large black ant which steals assiduously rubber from Para trees after they are tapped. Bees also have a great liking for india rubber, and some of these industrious insects found in South America actually cut the bark of trees that produce resinous substances in order to cause a flow of the sap. The gum is employed by the bees as a ready made wax for their nests.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1909.

THE TARIFF.

If the tariff revision, as it now stands, goes through to the end, as is likely, it will not require the aid of a microscope to discover that the High Protective Tariff wing of the Republican Party, or "Standpatters," as they are derisively called by the Free Traders, have won a signal victory over the "Insurgeant" wing and Democrats. Senator Aldrich and Speaker "Joe" Cannon have beaten the advocates of "Revision Downward," including President Taft, "to a frazzle." To be sure, the defeated party, with the help of Lodge and Crane, leading "Standpatters," managed to get free hides, which Leslie M. Shaw, then Secretary of the Treasury, told President Roosevelt that "the issue between free hides and dutiable hides is relatively immaterial to everybody," but their victory cost more than it was worth.

Of course, we all understand that revision of a tariff is no more nor less than a "swapping," or, dickering, bee and it is equally well known that the sharpest trader gets the best end of the bargain. In the present case the "Standpatters" were too smart for their opponents, and, therefore, got the lion's share.

☞ What the people want taught in their public schools are the things which really educate the pupils. —*Exchange.*

Exactly; and that is what the Commercial Department of the Woburn High school is doing; teaching the pupils bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, and kindred things, is educating them to some purpose. On the other hand, how many of the W. H. S. '09 Classical Course will ever have any use for Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Algebra and higher grades of studies, in their lifework? and how many of them will enter colleges this fall? Not ten percent of them. And has anyone ever considered how much it has cost the city to prepare those half dozen '09 graduates for entering higher institutions of learning? Likewise, what proportion of the 1909 Grammar school graduates will enter the High School? Not a 20th part of them. And, again, how much has it cost the city to fit this small number of Grammar school pupils for the last stage of our public schools? And what has the High School done for the rest of the Class, who will never enter it?

☞ We understand that a considerable share of the Arlington Republicans are in favor of giving Senator Crosby of this District another term, but not all of them. He has made a good enough Senator, we suppose, and as it is the custom to give members of the Legislature two terms, at least, no good reason can be seen for opposing Mr. Crosby's desire for a second election. He will, doubtless, receive a unanimous nomination at the convention, although there are Republicans who would like to see ex-Senator Riley back on Beacon Hill.

☞ The Highway Department of Woburn ought to send to 20 Beacon street, Boston, for copies of the 1909 Report of the Metropolitan Improvements Commission and observe carefully what Arthur A. Shurtleff, Landscape Architect, in a chapter of the book, has to say about the roads and lanes of this city. Commissioner Kennedy, the Mayor, and the B. P. W., generally, would be interested in it. It would take a heap of money to carry out the ideas and suggestions of the State Board, but the improvements would be worth all they cost.

☞ The State Board of Agriculture will hold its Summer Field Meeting for this year at Whalom Park, near Fitchburg, on Wednesday, August 4th, uniting with the Massachusetts State Grange for that purpose. The demonstration work, which has been a feature of former meetings, will be continued at this meeting, and an entirely new program has been provided, none of the subjects having previously been demonstrated before Massachusetts audiences.

☞ Congressman Butler Ames of Lowell said the other day that he is preparing to contest the reelection of United States Senator Cabot Lodge to the bitter end in the Legislature of 1911. He is a candidate himself and about the last person, we should think, that Massachusetts would be likely to elect as Mr. Lodge's successor.

☞ Congressman S. W. McCall of this District stood upfor theshoemaker, and helped President Taft fight for free hides, with his usual well known spirit and zeal.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. F. Johnson—Adm. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
Five Cts. Sav. Bank—Notice.

— Been hot enough for you this week?

— It was 88 degrees in Boston last Tuesday.

— Mr. E. N. Hartwell is in Attleboro for two weeks.

— Trolley trips to the beaches are popular with Woburn people.

— It was cold enough last Sunday to wear peajackets to meeting.

— The prospect for an abundant crop of autumn flowers was never better.

— The drugstores will be closed on Traders Day from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

— These evenings are just the right sort for strolls by the Moonlight Club.

— Mr. and Mrs. Edward K. Porter of Arlington Road are at Harpswell, Me.

— Geo. F. Watts of Johnson street was run over by the last train from Boston last evening at the centre station which caused the loss of one of his legs. He was taken to Choate hospital.

— The temperature in this city at noon last Tuesday was 91 degrees in the shade.

— One of the finest hotels in Casco Bay is located on Littlejohns Island on, or near, the F. C. Nichols domain.

— The First Church of Christ Scientist will open their reading room in Savings Bank Building August 2.

— Charley Lund is playing ball in a Chatham Hotel team as pitcher. He is spending his vacation down there.

— Janitor John Connolly of City Hall and his granddaughter Mary Ellen spent last Wednesday at Nantasket Beach.

— W. R. C. 84 hold their lawn party at the residence of President Lottie A. Green, 84 Elm street, this evening.

— And now they are talking of exterminating the g. and bt. moths with an "Inspection Department," whatever that may be.

— Decent people complain of the hoodlumism and rowdyism by boys on Library Park at the ball games Saturday afternoons.

— Rev. Fr. Keegan, Pastor of St. Charles church, attended the consecration of Bishop Anderson at the Cathedral in Boston last Sunday.

— Jewelers say the fall of the year is a good time to sell wedding rings. Smith & Varney have a large and desirable stock of them.

— Richard Patten of Taunton, Mass., grandson of Mr. F. A. Hartwell, is having the time of his life with his mother at Newbury, Vt.

— Mrs. Fannie E. Cotton and daughters Dorothea and Gertrude have returned from the Weirs where they passed a very pleasant month.

— Mrs. Flora Nichols, Eames & Carter's talented bookkeeper, and son Chauncy, are the guests of the Fred Cottle family at Cottage City this week.

— Mrs. Lavinia B. Cole, mother-in law of Mr. H. L. Andrews, was 89 years old on July 28, and the oldest member of the Woburn Baptist church.

— There was a glorious good rain in this section last Friday night and Saturday, and it was needed. Rains, at proper times, are good things to have.

— E. Prior sold at auction yesterday, the John R. Carter estate to Henry C. Sawyer of Boston. The price paid was $6,000 and unpaid taxes.

— Mr. Joe W. Field, a Civil War Veteran, and an old Salem Cadets lad, went down to the Witch City last Wednesday to enjoy the festivities of Old Home Week.

— Percy T. Strout, Clarence Stetson, and George W. Smith propose to take theirs in a sailing trip along the Maine Coast, a sensible way of spending a vacation.

— It is said that in some towns in this State the Selectmen and police hunt and convict lawbreaking autoists in kahoots for what money there is in it. Can't be possible.

— Mrs. Frank E. Wetherell has been entertaining Mr. Edward Bunker, her nephew, who is an employee of the Government printingoffice in Washington, D. C., this week.

— The wedding of Mr. Chester Holland, brother of Treasurer Holland of the Five Cents Savings Bank, and Miss Emma Hopper, both of this city, is to take place on August 4.

— The Woburn campers on Concord River couldn't have had a more favorable summer for living in the bush than the present one; and, according to all accounts, they have enjoyed it.

— Miss Annie B. Seeley, the popular teacher in the Highland school, will pass the month of August at Edgartown, a spot with which she is perfectly familiar and which she likes.

—The old Boston *Transcript* compositor for the last 35 or 40 years, Frank Winn, is taking things easy this week —not meaning that he is taking anything that don't belong to him.

— Lou M. says the B. & M. Co. may like or lump it just as they please, but she won't take a minute off from the three weeks she has set apart for her vacation—not one minute. So there, now.

— The Medford *Mercury* crows lustily over a reduction of Medford's tax for 1909 of 60 cents on $1,000, to $20.20, while Woburn's remains in status quo. It doesn't take much to tickle the *Mercury*

— Sergt. F. H. Kean of Co. G, 5th Mass. Regt., was reported among the riflemen who made the best scores in the great shootingmatch of the New England Military Rifle Association at the Wakefield Range last Monday.

— Mr. Redmond E. Walsh, Water Registrar, an industrious and faithful public servant of this city, has been taking a well deserved vacation this week. During his absence the office has been run in firstclass shape by Miss Mary Correy.

— A good many of the dressiest gentlemen in Boston come out here to Gage & Co.'s merchant tailoring establishment to have their suits made, which speaks big in praise of Gage & Co.'s establishment. There is no better one anywhere, or a more popular one.

— Our European tourists have had fine weather all summer. Mrs. Ella N. Taylor of Illinois, who sailed for Naples via Woburn and Boston several weeks ago, wrote to us at Venice, Italy, on July 18, and said that was the first warm day she had experienced since reaching foreign shores.

— After a week of cold backward weather a great change took place on Monday and people wilted under it. At the Church avenue B. & M. crossing, at noon, it was 86, the same as in Boston, which was a rise of a good many degrees from Sunday, the date of the beginning of Dogdays.

— When going into the woods for an outing the best plan is to call at Fred Stanley's Boston Branch and load up with as many choice edibles as may be thought to suffice for the period allotted for the stay in the bush. Why? Because, Mr. Stanley keeps a great variety of the best canned, and other, goods, and sells the cheapest.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— Decrease in the length of days is plainly perceptible both in the morning and evening.

— It is reported that home raised sweet corn, 1909 brand, is in the Woburn market, which announcement will, doubtless, rejoice many hearts.

— Miss Helen E. Wood of Lebanon, N. H., a daughter of a former Woburn teacher, Mr. James Wood, is visiting Mrs. Austin Hubbard of Vernon street.

— Mrs. George F. Eaton of Bennett street, who has been visiting for a month past her daughter in Pennsylvania, is expected to return home this week.

— It is expected that Mr. P. E. Bancroft, Orlando M. Brooks, and other members of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., will attend the annual reunion of the Veteran Odd Fellows Association at Nantasket Beach today.

— Mayor Hibbard has asked the Boston City Council for an additional $1,000 with which to celebrate Labor Day, Sept. 6, which makes it plain that the regular parade will take place there, and the holiday properly kept. No program has yet been made out for celebrating it in this city.

— The forests, groves and orchards in the State of Maine are full and running over with gypsy and browntail moths. The municipal authorities down there who are trying to exterminate the pest, or to prevent its increase, ought to come to Massachusetts and learn how not to do it.

— The need of a hospital in Woburn and the wisdom displayed in founding one of a high class has already been demonstrated beyond peradventure. A large number of patients have been received and treated at the Choate Memorial, although it has been open for business only a few weeks.

— Mr. and Mrs. George G. Hart have had for guests this week Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Carlisle, their son-in law and daughter, of Bath, Maine, where, as a member and officer of the Bath Hardware Company, of which Mr. Hart is, likewise, a member, the gentleman is engaged in business.

— Dogdays came in last Sunday, but the weather didn't seem much like that which usually prevails during the trying season when the Dogstar reigns triumphant. It was cold, windy and dry, three meteorological conditions uncommon during the 40-days period between July 25 and Sept. 5.

— Burbank W. R. C. 84 are to give a lawn party this evening at the residence of President Lottie A. Greene, 84 Elm street N. W. The committee in charge of it are Madams Brown, Chairman; Dickinson, Hooper, Kendal, Mitchell, Richardson, Buckman, Fetridge, Neville, Myers, Eaton and Greene.

— Mr. and Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell and their daughter Helen of Arlington Road are at Southport on the Maine Coast, where they, Mr. Chandler Parker of this city, and other Woburn people, are to spend the balance of the season. It is a favorite summer seaside resort for vacation outers, and the hotels there are well patronized.

— Mr. L. D. Gibbs, Special Agent of the Advertising Department of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston, was in this city last Tuesday calling on some of his many good friends here, and shaking hands with them. He is a worker, and in discharging the manifold duties of his office, suffers no grass to grow under his brogans.

— Just what the Medford *Mercury*, quoting an item from the JOURNAL, means by "'few others' is well put" is more than we can cipher out, From it we are unable to conclude whether the *Mercury* favors Butler Ames's Interurban street railway, or not. We had thought the people of Medford, our esteemed contemporary included, were opposed to it.

— After an illness of three weeks Mr. William Scales died at his home rear of 13 Church avenue at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, July 29, 1909, aged 71 years and 8 months. He left a widow to mourn the loss of a kind companion, one son and daughter. Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon, Saturday, at 2 o'clock, from his late residence.

— The women and children of the Rag Rock district of this city postponed their annual visit to the beach to a date to be announced hereafter. It has been a practice of the Rag Rock people for several years past to take a trip, en masse, to the shore once each summer and spend the day there in bathing, boating, playing games, eating chowders, lobsters, and other good things; and the party are always a large and happy one.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer, Postmaster, is to attend the annual National Encampment of the G. A. R., at Salt Lake City, Utah, as a member of Staff of the Capt. John L. Parker, who is Department Commander of Massachusetts. The New England delegations will leave Boston late next week. There isn't anything that Capt. Wyer likes much better than to attend a G. A. R encampment.

— The Herbrand Company of Fremont, Ohio; London, England; New York and Chicago; are manufacturers of Safety Razors, said to be the best in the world, which are sold at prices lower than were ever before offered in this country, with the strongest guarantee to cover purchaser. The razors are now on sale at the drugstore of McLaughlin & Dennison, this city. People who shave themselves should not miss the opportunity to purchase one of these fine hollowground silverplated razors. Call at McLaughlin & Dennison's store and examine them and prices.

— Auto excursions, such as Mr. and Mrs. Ward Hart took the other week, are popular here.

— Landscape Architect Shurtleff makes some good suggestions respecting Library Park in this city, and, perhaps, Com. Kelley might derive profit from an interview with him. According to the most reliable information that can be obtained on the subject, Com. Kelley's grandstand on that Park is to be, in nearly the words of the late famous, but unfortunate, English poet, John Keats, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

— Well, the summer is only two thirds gone and yet a good many of our vacationists are already returning to their homes and plain home living; to the labors and cares of the common life; some of them feeling rested and better for their outing, and others wishing they had the money back which their outings cost them. And so it goes from season to season—some happy, and others, as old Sol Penny used to say, "vikyverky."

— Next Wednesday is Woburn's Traders Day, likewise Winchester's Wednesday is the business men's half-holiday here during June, July, August and September; so, traffic will be suspended all day on August 4, instead of only in the afternoon, as is the regular custom during those months. Just what form the loafing next Wednesday will assume has not yet transpired; but it is likely that the men will manage to enjoy themselves somehow.

— What won't the alleged scientists be up to next? Their most recent fad is to set municipal Boards of Health to killing housefies—poor things! They say flies are dangerous to health, bad to have about the house, contaminate food and drink, especially, in the dairy rooms, where they are liable to get drowned in the milkpans and poison the cream. And would you believe it? the Boards of Health are taking this fad of the scientists seriously.

— The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, of which Charlie A. Jones is President, and A. Herbert Holland is Clerk and Treasurer, has issued a neat folder lately, with a fine picture of the Bank building as a frontispiece, from which it is learned that the amount of deposits on July 1, 1909 was $2,408,130.72, which speaks well for the financial condition of the people here and hereabouts. It has the reputation of being one of the soundest and best managed savings institutions in this State.

— Dr. and Madam S. W. Kelley are to leave here on Tuesday, August 10, for a month's vacation in Maine Their first landing place and visit is to be at Bucksport on the Penobscot waters; then a season of repose and early fall apples at Hope, which is, also, on said waters, and the scene of Ald. B. H. Nichol's annual agricultural operations; with a probable finis at Sebago Lake, a fashionable and delightful summer retreat and favorite fishing grounds not far from the beautiful city of Portland.

— A major part of the Woburn vacation outers are in Maine. They are heard from in every nook and corner of that popular section of New England for summer resorts. They, with the crowds, are found all along the seashore from Kittery Point to 'Quaddy Head; among the islands; in the woods; around the lakes and on the streams; on countrysides boarding with farmers—indeed, Maine is chockful of summer visitors from the West, South, the Canadas, and our own New England and Woburn homes.

— Last Monday morning the Boston papers contained accounts of the celebration of Old Home Week in Burlington on July 25. They said the church in which the exercises were held was built in 1732; that there were 300 present, many of whom were over 80 years old—Jesse Cutler, 91; Olive S. Butters, 87, a member of the church 71 years; Mrs. Sarah Fisk, 88; Abijah Thompson, 86; his brother, Hon Edward E. Thompson, ex-Mayor of Woburn, 83; Alexander Ellis, 85; Augustus Prouty, 81, and soforth.

— Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum returned a few days ago from a visit to Maine, the home of his respected ancestors. The first American Mendums settled at Kittery, from whence, after years of honest and profitable toil in that ancient town, they overflowed into Portsmouth, N. H., and eventually some of the more ambitious of them found their way to Boston, worked and prospered. Samuel W. married a Lewiston, Maine, lady, who is now traveling in Europe, which makes his Maine origin all the more binding.

— A Winchester society lady of ample means was seen the other day buying fruit at Crovo's in this city, and when asked by an acquaintance her reason for doing so, said that the prices for fruit at Crovo's were but little rising one half of the Winchester prices. The lady volunteered the information that many Winchester householders come to Woburn for their meats, fish, vegetables, etc., as well as fruits, because they are so much cheaper than at their home markets. That speaks well for Woburn dealers.

— The population of this city overflowed into Burlington last Sunday, which quaint old town celebrated the return of Old Home Week in the meetinghouse on the hill, that day. The house was crowded with residents and people from abroad; the weather, however, was cool and nobody suffered from the jam. The attendance at Woburn churches was thin. The Burlington celebration of O. H. W. was a great success. The exercises were interesting—befitting the occasion. The most entertaining number on the program was Mrs. Martha Sewall Curtis's "Walks About Burlington" a fine production. Good music and a collation were furnished and enjoyed.

— Judge Johnson and wife think of passing August in the White Mountains.

— Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Nichols of Nichols's Corner are at Littlejohns Island, Portland Harbor.

— Miss Clementine Stearns of Sturgis street, left Thursday for an outing at Old Orchard, during August.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Several years ago there was, if our memory serves us correctly, and we think it does, considerable talk in this neighborhood about trying to get the Metropolitan Park Commissioners to build a boulevard in Woburn, but nothing has been said about it of late years, and we are still obliged to struggle along without one. Worse still, if Butler Ames's Interurban Electric road materializes, Arlington Road, that has been suffering for years for a boulevard, will not only have to go without one, but a part, at least, of that fashionable city thoroughfare will, according to Mr. Remmington's plans, have to be moved to make room for Congressman Ames's scheme. It is a pretty poor look we have for a boulevard in this town.

— Woburn would be considerably more prosperous if its inhabitants would give more time and breath praising its good qualities, of which it has an abundance, and less to picking flaws, magnifying its few defects, and forever running it down. For location and the possession of modern improvements it is not surpassed by any town or city in the State. Its church, school and social equipment is of the highest order, and its municipal administration of affairs is honest and capable. Nothing is lacking, and its growth is sure, if slow. And, yet, Woburn has residents who are everlastingly finding fault with the old town, as they, probably, would with Paradise, if allowed to enter and permanently abide there.

— Many an afternoon in the blueberry season have we seen the late Llewellyn Powers, ex-Governor of Maine, and member of Congress when he died a couple of years ago, and his brother, now one of the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of that State, both eminent Lawyers, come to the village, four miles away, barefooted, barelegged and bareheaded, take their buckets of berries to the village store and exchange the fruit picked earlier in the day near their humble and poverty marked home, for a quart of molasses, a little tea for mother, a dried codfish, and other goods—many and many a time have we. But they were good boys, made of the right stuff, who, by the practice of honesty, industry and frugality, became rich; reached the head of their profession; won the confidence and respect of the people; and were honored with elections to the highest offices in the State. Any boy may be successful and honored if he will pursue a course of life like that of the Powers boys.

The "Electric" Life Is An Easy One.

The boardingschool boy who, upon retiring at night always arranged his essential clothing so that two motions of his legs and arms presented him completely clothed and ready for the breakfast table, had no advantage over the occupant of a modern home, who makes the most use of uptodate electrical appliances

Nowadays the model house or apartment can be connected with electric service so that at the appointed morning hour an alarm bell arouses the sleeper, closes the windows in his chamber, and turns on the heat. On winter mornings the electric lights can be turned on by the same arrangement

In addition to this convenient service is now available whereby the electric heat is started under the coffee percolator, cereal cooker, and the egg boiler.

Another practical convenience and safeguard for the home provides for the connection of different steps along the stairs with an electric light chandelier in the sleeping room. It is so constructed that any intruder walking up the stairs will turn on the lights in the chandelier, first one, and then another, so that the occupant of the sleepingroom can tell exactly what point on the stairs the intruder has reached and be ready to meet him on the landing.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

The public is certainly getting its money's worth at Keith's Theatre these days, for not only is the vaudeville the strongest that could possibly be secured, but in addition, the Fadettes, augmented to forty, are giving a popular concert preliminary to the regular show. Next week there is an attraction that is bound to cause a lot of comment. It is called "A Night in a Monkey Music Hall." It was brought to this country especially for the Keith circuit, and for the last few months has been the biggest kind of a sensation on the Hammerstein Roof Garden in New York.

Thousands at Wonderland.

Evidently many thousands of New Englanders, particularly the residents of the Greater Boston, have got the Wonderland habit and pronounced it good. One can be almost certain to find friends any evening strolling along the great board walk under the beautiful brilliancy of Wonderland's many thousands of electric lights, while enjoying the fine concerts by Teel's Military Band of Boston. Upon all sides can be found attractions of the highest character and certain to please all kinds of tastes in young or old.

Ammonia For Silverware.

To clean silverware, either solid or plated, use a weak solution of ammonia—twenty parts water to one of ammonia—and soap. Rub with a brush and rinse in alcohol. This is for bright or polished finish. For satin or frosted finish use the weak solution of ammonia and baking soda. Wet the brush, rub on the soap, then dip brush into dry baking soda and scrub the article thoroughly. Repeat if necessary. Do not use soda on gray silver. It will make it all the same color.—National Magazine.

WINCHESTER.

Hen thieves are operating extensively in this neck of timber.

The Winchester Boat Club received several new members last week.

The Assessors Book, a handy one to have in the house or office, is published.

Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, Pastor of the Second Congregational church, has resigned.

Some of our vacation wanderers are getting back home again, weary and footsore.

Mrs. Elizabeth Folger Brackett, widow of the late State Fish and Game Commissioner, died at Arlington Heights last week aged 70 years.

The Woburn Brass Band, Thomas J. Marrinan, Leader, gave a fine concert on Manchester Field last Saturday under the auspices of the Met. Park Com.

Mr. Whitfield Tuck, the leading Bryanite of this town, dealt Congressman McCall a hard blow in the last *Star*. He is a politician of the highest order.

Mr. Henry McCall, son of Congressman S. W. McCall of this town, and Miss Dorothy Lawson, third daughter of "Tom" Lawson, the Copper King and stock speculator, are to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony next January.

Great preparations are being made for the proper and loyal celebration of Traders Day on August 4. The town will be deserted; everybody, with their wives and children, will be at the beaches, No business will be done here on Aug. 4.

The Board of Assessors have completed their work for this year, and announce the tax rate $16.20 on $1,000, a reduction of $1.20 from last year's. The increase in property for the year is $953,000, real and personal showing about the same gain. For the last five years there has been no material increase in the population but it has changed in its character, because of the removal of the McKay works to Beverly. A large number of property owners have also come to Winchester to live. Last year the tax rate was reduced from $17.80 to $17.40, when other suburban towns were unable to make any reduction at all. I have always claimed that Winchester would be a great deal better off without manufactures than with them; that it should be made a purely residential town; and time has proved the wisdom of my advice.

Burlington.

There are to be no Sunday services in the church here until Aug. 22.

Last Sunday was a galaday in this quiet, delightful old town. It was Old Home Week Sabbath, which Burlington never fails to honor; but this year was the capsheaf. Although always beautiful and successful, last Sunday beat everything in the way of an O. H. W. celebration that has gone before. The weather was simply superb—neither too hot nor too cold—just right to fetch out the old people (gracious, how they did enjoy it!) and young—the whole population, so to speak. The old church on the hill appeared out in holiday garb, and was filled to its utmost capacity with people and the spirit of the occasion. Visitors were present from all the neighboring towns and cities—a real tidalwave from Woburn, the mother of our town. They were treated to fine music, warm words of welcome from the pastor and scattering oratory; but the piece de resistance was Mrs. Martha Curtis's "Walks about Burlington," which was a gem, and pleased the audience, especially, the old people, immensely. The finale was a generous collation and an hour of social intercourse, keenly enjoyed.

MEXICAN WOOING.

From Making Eyes at a Senorita to the Grand Serenade.

In the uncertain illumination of the electric lamps some of the senoritas of Tepic City appeared very attractive in breezy, fluffy gowns and fetching mantillas, and they knew it pretty well too. They like to have you look at them directly and admiringly, and they will not drop their eyes.

If you have the nerve to give one a look of this kind—such a look as would be considered extremely rude in any American city—the chances are when you meet her on the next turn you will be rewarded with a smile and a challenge from the black eyes, and if you have a sufficient stock of nerve in reserve you will speak to her and pay her some complimentary remark upon the first opportunity that offers. This is good breeding and will not be resented.

Should you then become infatuated with the lady you will search out her home, visit her barred window and mope under it for an hour or two every morning, and if you impress her favorably she will make your heart glad by talking with you through the bars or dropping little scented notes to you.

Should you become real serious you will hire a strolling band to serenade her at night now and then. To conform with the custom you should start your band out at midnight and let it play as long as your money lasts.—Outing Magazine.

COSTERMONGER.

The Word In Former Times Was Spelled "Costard-monger."

The word costermonger is now used of an itinerant fruit seller. It was formerly spelled costard-monger and in this form appears in Drant's "Horace," to translate the Latin word "pomarius."

Literally it means costard seller, costard being a kind of apple, the name of which Murray connects with coste, a rib.

Some etymologists connect it with custard, assuming that the pulp of apples was used in preparing this delicacy, but there is no real reason for this, since the "custard apple," mentioned in Dampier's "Voyages" (1699), is quite different fruit from the mild old English custard.

Some connect it also with "costard," the humorous name for a head—"Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy sword" (Shakespeare). But it seems more probable that the head was called after the apple than the apple after the head.

The termination "monger" simply means a dealer or trader, as in fellmonger and ironmonger, and is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "mangian," to traffic or barter, which is akin to the Latin "mango," a dealer who sets off and polishes up his wares.—London Standard.

He Knew.

The professor of the class in English history was telling his young men of the impressionable age about the Elizabethan era when, suddenly turning to one of the young men, who seemed to be in a dream, with a faraway gaze, he said:

"And how old was Elizabeth, Mr. Case?"

"Eighteen last birthday," came the instant reply.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Temperate.

Grimsby—So you want to marry my daughter, sir! What are your principles? Are you temperate? Fledgely—Temperate! Why, I am so strict that it gives me pain even to find my boots tight.—London Pick Me Up.

To deal honestly with others is not so difficult. To compel others to deal honestly with you—that is power.—Smart Set.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

Telephone Talks

Keep in touch with the world —and see to it that the world may keep in touch with you.

Party-Liners And the Golden Rule

Party line telephone subscribers virtually are co-tenants. They jointly pay for a single telephone line.

If they were co-tenants of a building they would be careful not to infringe upon the rights of others. That same regard for the equities should keep them from infringing by appropriating to themselves more telephone service than can be exacted as their fair share of the capacity of that line.

Lengthy conversations on unimportant matters, the prattling intercourse of children, phonograph concerts, and the like—these sometimes congest party lines and give cause for protest from other tenants in common.

A party line telephone has been likened to a spur track on a main line of railroad. But there is this important qualification—when the telephone spur track is in use, the entire main line is closed to traffic, not merely to the other spur tracks on the line, but also to incoming trains consigned to any part of the line.

Ordinary regard for the principle of the Golden Rule will do more to avert party line difficulties than all the rules any telephone company may promulgate.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick Barry to Thomas Moore dated May 15, 1893, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2193, Page 120, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1909,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, on East street, now known as Garfield Avenue, containing about one acre, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Garfield avenue and at land formerly of John A. Boutelle, from thence the line runs a little south on west by said land formerly of Boutelle nine rods one and one-half links to a corner of the wall; thence a little east of south by land formerly of James Abbott seventeen rods six and one half links to a stake; thence a little north of east by land now or formerly of Lemuel Holton et al ten rods and nine links to a stake at said Garfield avenue; thence a little west of north by and with said Garfield avenue seven rods seven and one half links to an angle in said avenue; thence more northerly still by and with said avenue nine rods ten and one-half links to the point of beginning. For grantor's title see two deeds, the first dated May 14, 1868, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1038, Page 501, and the second dated June 30, 1892, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1966, Page 185.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal assessments, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

LEWIS W. THOMPSON, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., July 14th, 1909.
july 16, 23, 30

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sewall D. Samson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Lewis W. Thompson, dated June 1st, 1906, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3238, Page 453, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Saturday, the seventh day of August, A. D. 1909,

at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn on Montvale Avenue (formerly known as Railroad Street) containing about thirty-three thousand one hundred and forty-four (33,144) square feet, and being lots numbered ten (10) and seven (11) shown on Plan of the Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Plan Book 2, Plan 29, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Westerly by said Central Street about one hundred and eighty (180) feet; Northerly by land now or late of Catherine A. Loring about one hundred and ninety (190) feet; Easterly by other land of said grantor one hundred and forty-six (146) feet; and Southerly by said Montvale Avenue, there measuring about two hundred and thirteen (213) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to said Sewall D. Samson by Central Street November 9th, 1854, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 696, Page 461.

Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage, also to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes and assessments, if any thereon. One hundred ($100.00) Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale, balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

LEWIS W. THOMPSON, Mortgagee.
Woburn, Mass., July 14th, 1909.
july 16, 23, 30

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Mary E. Costello and Hannah Costello his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated October 28th, A. D. 1908, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3407, Page 130, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

SATURDAY, August 7th, A. D. 1909,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing 26,227 square feet, and bounded:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner thereof, on the westerly side of Main street, at a stake at a private street thirty feet wide, thence the line runs westerly, by and with said private street 257.80 feet to land of Patrick Welch; thence turning, the line runs northerly and northwesterly by said Welch and land named 117.4 feet to a stake at land of Connors; thence northeasterly on land of Connors 47.9 feet; thence southerly on land of Murphy 28.3 feet; thence still southerly on land of Murphy 55.1 feet; thence northerly still on land of Murphy 23.3 feet to land formerly of McLaughlin, now of Clancy; thence easterly on land last named 91.6 feet to land of Plummer; thence southerly on land of Plummer and land of McLaughlin, 94.94 feet to a corner; thence easterly on land of McLaughlin 100.27 feet to Main street; thence southerly by and with said Main street 68.36 feet to the point of beginning.

One Hundred Dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at the sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Administrator of the Estate of Annie C. McCormick.
Woburn, Mass., July 30, 1909. jly 30, aug 6 13

Administrator's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license granted to me by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated July 22, 1909, I will sell at public auction on the premises, on **Thursday, August 26, 1909,** at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate:—

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing 26,227 square feet, and bounded:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner thereof, on the westerly side of Main street, at a stake at a private street thirty feet wide, thence the line runs westerly, by and with said private street 257.80 feet to land of Patrick Welch; thence turning, the line runs northerly and northwesterly by said Welch and land named 117.4 feet to a stake at land of Connors; thence northeasterly on land of Connors 47.9 feet; thence southerly on land of Murphy 28.3 feet; thence still southerly on land of Murphy 55.1 feet; thence northerly still on land of Murphy 23.3 feet to land formerly of McLaughlin, now of Clancy; thence easterly on land last named 91.6 feet to land of Plummer; thence southerly on land of Plummer and land of McLaughlin, 94.94 feet to a corner; thence easterly on land of McLaughlin 100.27 feet to Main street; thence southerly by and with said Main street 68.36 feet to the point of beginning.

One Hundred Dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at the sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Administrator of the Estate of Annie C. McCormick.
Woburn, Mass., July 30, 1909. jly 30, aug 6 13

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 29 of Chapter 590, Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation date as July 2nd, 1909:

Samuel Cook	Fred A. Eames
John R. Carter	Thomas I. Reed
Charlie A. Jones	Everett P. Fox
John W. Johnson	Luke W. Fowle
Fred J. Brown	Julius F. Ramsdell
George E. Fowle	Elwyn G. Preston
William Beggs	Herbert B. Daw
L. Waldo Thompson	Henry M. Aldrich
Edward E. Thompson	Daniel W. Bond
Charles G. Lund	John Mahoney
Edward Caldwell	Fred E. Cottle
James F. McGrath	William P. Chute
A. Herbert Holland	Frank B. Richardson
Harold P. Johnson	Daniel R. Beggs
Elmer E. Silver	Arthur H. Linscott
Herbert C. Hunnewes	William A. Prior

In compliance with the requirements of Section 29 of Chapter 590, Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that at the annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation the following officers were elected and have duly qualified:

President—Charlie A. Jones.

Vice Presidents—John R. Carter, William Beggs, L. Waldo Thompson.

Clerk—A. Herbert Holland

Trustees—John R. Carter, Charlie A. Jones, John W. Johnson, Fred J. Brown, L. Waldo Thompson, Edward E. Thompson, William Beggs, George E. Fowle, Herbert B. Daw, Luke W. Fowle, Henry M. Aldrich, Elwyn G. Preston, Julius F. Ramsdell, Daniel W. Bond, William P. Chute, Elmer E. Silver, A. Herbert Holland.

In compliance with the requirements of Section 30 of Chapter 590, Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that the following officers are charged with the duty of investing the funds of the Corporation:

President—Charlie A. Jones

Treasurer—

Summer DRINKS

Chelmsford Ginger Ale, 2 dozen in case,	$2.50
Rebate for case and bottles,	1.00
Moxie,	20c bot.
Victor Lime Juice,	25c "
Banner " "	10c "
Hire's Root Beer Extract	15c "
Williams " " "	15c "
Bryant's " " "	10c "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Boom Woburn!
Build Houses!
I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.
Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"
by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc
ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET
we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M.; then every hour until 1.45 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

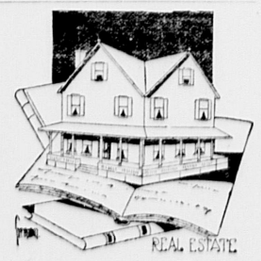
Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A. M then every half hour until 10.15 P. M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



TEACHING HORSES TO JUMP.

There Are Three Methods Used—Coaxing, Lunging and Driving.

There are three methods of teaching a horse to leap—coaxing, lunging and driving. In the coaxing method the young horse is turned into a small paddock having a low hedge or hurdle across the center. In plain view of the pupil a rider on a veteran jumper should take him over the hurdle several times.

The trainer then goes to the opposite side with a measure of corn or oats and calls the horse, shaking up the grain and pouring it with his hand back and forth in the receptacle. The boundary will soon be cleared, and when a few mouthfuls have been eaten the station of the instructor should be at the other side of the hurdle and the lesson repeated. If this be done daily the hurdle may be gradually heightened.

The habit of jumping is thus acquired without those risks which attend a novel performance when a heavy burden oppresses the strength and whip and spur distract the attention. The horse's body, says Country Life In America, is not partially disabled by the imposition of a heavy load before the powers are taxed to the utmost and his capabilities are unfettered.

The second method is termed lunging. A long rein or cord is attached to the bit, and the animal is exercised in a circle in which a hurdle has been placed or a shallow ditch dug. A long lashed whip, used only to keep him in motion or lightly applied at the proper moment, will keep him up to his work. Soon the horse will enter into the spirit of the occasion and by unmistakable signs will manifest his enthusiastic enjoyment of the exercise.

The third method, driving, is exactly what its name implies. At first the obstruction should be slight. Any open space will answer the purpose, an earth or sod surface or tanbark being preferable. Long reins, a straight bar or snaffle bit, a long whip and patience and perseverance are required.

All things considered, the driving method is the quickest and surest way of teaching the horse to leap. When he has become somewhat proficient, having thoroughly learned what is required of him, the saddle may be called into requisition and the practical lessons begun.

Almost any young horse can be taught to leap. Of course his proficiency will depend on the care bestowed on his training and on his general characteristics of wind, limb and nerve. An ordinary cob or Morgan will attain the proficiency of an Irish hunter, but any horse that is used for a saddler will be of far greater value to his owner if he can be taken occasionally for a cross country ride and put over ditches and low obstructions.

Ethics and Morality.

If a woman's husband has been silly enough to take more wine than is good for him, morality would lead her to send him to bed. Ethics would lead her to send him to Coventry. And ethology would probably lead her to send him to a penal settlement for inebriates.

If a man's wife throws a teapot at him (as happened recently in the aristocratic neighborhood in which I live) morality would lead him to go out of the house for an hour or so and give her nerves a chance. Ethics would probably induce him to go out of the town and write to her from a garden city that their temperaments were incompatible. What ethology would make him do I hardly dare to think.—Chesterton in Illustrated London News.

More Accurate.

The pastor and his wife had called upon a member of the congregation, a widow with a small but exceedingly lively boy, and were on their way home. "Well," said the preacher, "she seems to be a very intelligent woman anyhow."

"Yes."

"And very positive in expressing her opinions."

"On the contrary," said his wife, "she struck me as being strongly negative."

"Negative? How?"

"Everything she said to her little boy began with a 'Don't, Johnny!'"—Exchange.

His Transformation.

Little Harold, aged six, felt very proud when he donned his first pair of trousers. Taking his three-year-old brother behind the door, he was overheard to say, "Willie, Willie, do you remember me?"—Delineator.

All is not false which at first seems a lie.—Southey.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Fire Lewis Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Married.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 26, Mary Walsh, aged 76 years.

In this city, July 29, William Scales, aged 71 years, 8 months.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, July 10th, A. D. 1909.

Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14th, 1909,

at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwelling house, No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Ellen McInnis of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the twenty-fifth day of May A. D., 1909, at five o'clock P. M., the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:—a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in Winchester in the County of Middlesex, being lots numbered 206, 207, 208 and 209 as laid out on a plan of Lands in said Winchester belonging to the Suburban Land Improvement Company, L. J. Hawkes, Surveyor, dated September, 1891, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 71, Plan 49, bounded and described as follows:—Northerly by Kirk Street one hundred feet; Easterly by Loring Avenue one hundred feet; Southerly by Lot 239 on said plan one hundred feet; and Westerly by Lot 205 on said Plan one hundred feet. Containing ten thousand square feet.

JOSEPH H BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

MIND OVER MATTER.

The Power of the Spirit In Helping to Retain Life.

The power of the mind over the body, as demonstrated in all forms of faith healing, was recognized in the seventeenth century by Richelieu's physician, Citois. Summoned to attend his master's constant fits of depression, Citois would solemnly call for a sheet of paper on which to write a prescription, and almost invariably after his departure the prescription would prove to consist of the words "One dram of Boisrobert," Boisrobert being a poet of small talent, but possessed of high spirits and wit. In those days, when the common remedy was bleeding, when it is known that Voiture, the poet, was bled to death and the Princess of Conti, suffering from apoplexy, was beaten till she died in the hope of rousing her from her lethargy, it is no wonder that a humane and a human physician like Citois should have been successful.

The famous frequenter of the French salons, Fontenelle, is, however, the best example of the power of the spirit in retaining life. At the age of ninety-five he fell when picking up a lady's handkerchief and made the historic remark, "Ah, que je n'ai pas encore mes quatre-vingts ans." A certain callousness marked his determination not to die, as on the occasion when, a friend dying beside him at the table, he requested his man to remove him and continued his conversation. He managed, nevertheless, to survive to within a month of his hundred years and then complained that he would have lasted much longer had not the outbreak of war "put a stop to pleasant conversation."—London Chronicle.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

Tea Flowers and the Way They Are Gathered In China.

Early writers speak of tea as having two varieties. One, Thea bohea, they supposed to be the source of the black and the other, Thea viridis, of the green tea. But Robert Fortune established the fact in 1843 that, while these two varieties existed, black and green were made indifferently from both.

The tea flower is small, single, white and has no smell. The seeds are three small nuts, like filberts, and have an oily and bitter taste. The leaves only are used. Only the young leaves are gathered, and the younger and tenderer they are the better. They are collected when the plant is three years old, the process being continued year after year until the bush becomes weak and diseased, when it is pulled up to give place to a new shoot.

In China there are about three crops annually, the first being gathered as soon as the leaves break in the spring, April to May, and the latter as new "flushes" (buds) are made by the plants which have been stripped of their earlier foliage, this harvest beginning in June or July and lasting as late as September or October.

An almond eyed oriental, Lo Yu, the earliest Chinese writer, pronounces this eulogium on tea:

"It tempers the spirits and harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens and refreshes the body and clears the perceptive faculties."—New York World.

NORTH WOODS INDIANS.

Natives Who Helped the Whites Across the Upper Wilderness.

It was the North woods Indians who led the white race across the upper wilderness trails and helped that race to get and to hold its footing there. As the lower tribes, such as the Iroquois, were allies of Great Britain in war, so the people north of the great lakes were the allies of that country in industry. Without the sturdy voyagers of the north, half Indian at least, the fur trade could not have been.

If you read the story of Sir George Simpson, of David Thompson, of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of Harmon, of Hearne, of Alexander Henry the younger—indeed, of any of the early or late explorers of Hudson bay or the old Northwest company—always you will find that the real man behind the pack and paddle was this northern native. Perhaps he was not full blood. Indeed, for the most part the typical voyager was not. From the time of Greysolon du L'hut on down, wild white blood has merged with wild red blood.

The first fur traders on both sides our territorial line got on very well, for there was much marriage according to the laws of the aboriginal world, and the tendency was for the two races to dwell in harmony. It was firewater, cows and plows that broke up the game.—Emerson Hough in Recreation.

PAID THE DEBT.

The Captain Settled the Account Before His Vessel Sailed.

In Burnaby's "Travels In America In 1759," a book quite popular during the latter part of the eighteenth century, the following incident is related:

The captain of a British man-of-war cruising off the Massachusetts coast left his wife in Boston. On one of his visits to port she came down to the wharf to meet him, and she was saluted as a true and loving sailor's wife deserved. This violation of law was at once reported, and the captain was brought before the magistrate and sentenced to be publicly whipped. There was no getting out of it, and the captain submitted quite gracefully.

Just before the departure of his ship he gave an elaborate entertainment, to which all of the magistrates were invited. After the festivities were over and every one had shaken hands with the captain and was going over the side the magistrates were seized by the arm and stripped to the waist. Each one was led to the gangway, where a vigorous boatswain gave him thirty-nine lashes on the bare back and then hustled him over into a boat amid the cheers of the whole ship's company.

How Tobacco Got Its Name.

The origin of the word tobacco is not definitely settled. Oviedo, one of the early Spanish chroniclers, says it was named after a Y shaped instrument which was commonly used as a snuffing tube. The two prongs were placed in the nose, and fumes of the powdered leaf were inhaled. This was called "tobaco," which was the name given to the plant. On the contrary, one of the islands of the West Indies is said to have furnished the name. It is asserted that tobacco was first taken into Spain in 1558 by Fernandez, a physician, who had been sent by Philip II. of Spain to investigate the products of Mexico. It next reached Portugal, was soon introduced into France by the French ambassador, Jean Nicot, and sent to the Portuguese court in 1559. When he returned to his home he presented some of the seed and leaves to Queen Catherine de' Medici, and the scientific name of the plant was thereafter designated as "nicotine" in his honor.

Balancing an Egg.

All the world knows how Columbus on a historic occasion made an egg stand on end. After many learned theories had been advanced on balancing the egg he set the egg on end by, of course, mashing down hard enough to form a base, but the problem is capable of still another solution. It is an easy matter to set an egg on a plate, for instance, if you know how. The trick is impossible until the egg has been boiled in an upright position. The position of the hardened yoke at the end of the shell lowers the center of gravity until the sphere can be spun or even balanced with ease.

Weight of Brain.

The average weight of the human brain is forty-nine and a half ounces avoirdupois for males and forty-four ounces for females. In males the minimum weight is about thirty-four ounces and the maximum sixty-five ounces. In females the minimum weight is thirty-one ounces and the maximum fifty-six. In newborn infants the brain weighs about 11.65 ounces for the male and ten ounces for the female.

A Beneficent Rule.

"So you are ninety-four years old! To what do you attribute your long life?"

"A good many things have contributed to it, the most important, I think, being the care which I have always taken not to get into a fight with a bigger man than myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Old Habit.

Towne—I suppose you have heard that old Lawyer Sharpe is lying at the point of death? Browne—No. Well, well, the ruling passion strong in death, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

How poor are they that have no patience!—Shakespeare.

THE DANGER IN DUST.

A Medical Writer Who Says "Let Sleeping Germs Lie."

Did you ever realize what a dangerous thing it is to clean house in the spring? A writer in a London medical journal, the Lancet, insists that spring cleaning has many possibilities for evil if not properly conducted. Dirt and dust are full of disease breeding germs; but, however dangerous these creatures may be when lodged in the woodwork or comfortably settled under the ball carpet, they are much more ferocious, this writer insist, if stirred up and irritated and sent flying through the air. If we can't keep our houses clean as we go we had better let them stay dirty. This writer's rule is to "let sleeping germs lie."

What a house would look like after forty years of total abstinence from spring cleaning we leave to our women readers to judge. Yet we venture the assertion that there is one creature who would find the situation entirely satisactory. It dislikes the annual cleaning ceremony, it hates to eat cold suppers off the kitchen table, and beating carpets is to it an abomination. It will doubtless make capital out of the Englishman's warning against the perils of housecleaning.

Book of the Dead.

The Book of the Dead is a most remarkable literary relic of ancient Egypt, of uncertain date and origin, but well known before the kings of the first dynasty. Probably the collected work of many minds in different ages, it was regarded as the work of the god Thoth and therefore of divine authority, dealing mainly with the dead and their future state. Some of its texts, prayers, hymns and ritual were used by the predynastic priests, and parts of the book are said to belong to a period fifty centuries before the Christian era. Copies of it were placed in the tombs, and texts from it were inscribed on coffins to preserve the dead from dangers and to direct them to the boat of Ra on their way to the hall of Osiris, which was the goal desired. The oldest existing papyrus copy of the book was written for "Nu, the son of the overseer of the house of the overseer of the seal Amenhetep and of the lady of the house Senseneb" and probably belongs to the early part of the eighteenth dynasty.

A Fateful Breach of Etiquette.

Under the third empire in France Sainte-Beuve brought disgrace upon himself because at breakfast at the Tuileries he carelessly opened his napkin and placed it over his two knees. To this he added the crime of cutting his egg in two at the middle. Court etiquette prescribed that the half folded napkin should lie on the left knee and the top of the egg was to be merely broken with the edge of the spoon and drained with the tip of the spoon. For his failings in these respects Sainte-Beuve's name was stricken off the imperial visiting list. — London Chronicle.

Ready For Use.

As usual, the children were very hungry and were waiting patiently for father to fill the plates and pass them around. Father, however, was busily engaged in conversation and missed little Marion. After every one had begun eating the child grew desperate and interrupted his father:

"Say, papa, I've an awful good appetite today if you'll only give me a chance to use it."—Woman's Home Companion.

Quite a Success.

Wife of the Professor—Charles, here is a telegram—an explosion in your laboratory and the place wrecked. Professor—Thank goodness! Then that experiment was a success, after all.—New York Journal.

Cause For Joy.

"Congratulations, old man! I suppose you're tickled to death because it's a boy."

"Yes; in a few years, now, I'll have an excuse for going to the circus."—Detroit Free Press.

When you have set yourself to a task, finish it.—Ovid.

"Now, Richard," said the teacher, "can you tell me who Atlas was?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Richard; "he was a notorious footpad."

"A what?" queried the teacher.

"A footpad," firmly repeated Richard. "He held up the earth, you know."—Chicago News.

HE WAS NOT A FLIRT.

Therefore He Resented the Woman's Attempts at Familiarity.

He was riding homeward, comfortably seated and reading his paper. Being a trifle nearsighted, he was applying himself even more closely to his paper than other homegoing passengers. Thus intent in the day's news, he was startled when a woman came up beside him and touched him lightly on the shoulder, at the same time casting a longing eye on his seat.

He is a polite man, and he got up. "A woman with that much nerve is entitled to a seat," he muttered to himself. "The idea of a woman deliberately nudging a man out of his seat!" Other women standing near by laughed unreservedly. He hid his embarrassment behind his paper, for he felt that his good nature had been imposed upon and that the laugh was on him.

By and by there was a vacant seat next to the one he had given up to the woman, and he sat down once more. The woman turned and looked at him amusedly. He could feel her gaze, even though he made a bluff at being intensely interested in his paper. Pretty raw, it seemed to him, for a woman deliberately to take the seat of a total stranger and then sit there and laugh at him because he was such a mark.

Then the woman spoke to him. "Aren't you going to talk to me?" she asked.

He could stand her familiarity no longer. "Well, of all the"— He stopped right there when he looked around and recognized her. It was his wife!—Cleveland Leader.

COOKS' SHOPS.

They Were the Beginnings of the Modern Restaurant.

In primitive times the only places in London where the public could be entertained with food had been the cooks' shops. The famous East Cheap was a great thoroughfare, down which the stalls of the butchers alternated with those of the cooks. You chose a joint at the flesh market, and you carried it next door to be cooked for you by a certain hour. If you wished for wine, you must bring that with you, for the cooks sold no liquor, although they seem to have provided, as time went on, more and more of the natural accompaniments of meat, such as bread, vegetables and pastry.

This habit continued until well into the reign of Elizabeth, and so long as such an inconvenient custom prevailed there could have been no real comfort for any citizen who chose to dine abroad. He must have had as much trouble with porterage and baskets as a country party has today at a picnic. But about the time that Shakespeare came up to London a remarkable change took place in the customs of the town, and the practice of public hospitality and entertainment was singularly facilitated.

The nature of this change lay in the sudden development of the tavern and the consequent withdrawal of the cookshop. The worshipful company of pastelars, as the cooks were called, ceased to enjoy the monopoly of providing hot meals.—Edmund Gosse in Harper's Magazine.

Railroads Are Never Finished.

In one respect a railroad is unlike any other project undertaken by man—it is never finished. Like a cucumber vine, says a writer in Popular Mechanics, the instant it ceases to grow it begins to wither. There must be continuous expansion and enlargement. Larger cars require more powerful locomotives, and both in turn call for heavier rails, bigger roundhouses, stronger bridges, longer platforms and sidings, increased safety devices, while the straightening of curves and the leveling of grades come in for their share of attention on even the oldest roads. Little wonder, then, with our railroads consuming nearly one-half of all our manufactured steel and iron and fully one-half of all the lumber made each year, that they are the unfailing barometer of the business activity of the nation.

The Wonders of Science.

It was left for the exhibitor of a phonograph in the streets of Utrecht, according to an American traveler, to put the finishing touch to the wonderful invention. There was the sound of a military band in full blast, and then suddenly the tune stopped and "Halt!" rang hoarsely out upon the air.

"Who's that interrupting the concert?" flippantly inquired the American, edging close to the operator.

"That," said the man, surveying him blandly, "was the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving the order at the battle of Waterloo."

That Was the Trouble.

A Wichita man was fussing because of his aching teeth. "Why don't you go to a dentist?" asked one of his friends.

"Oh, I haven't got the nerve," was the reply.

"Never mind that," replied the friend. "The dentist will find the nerve all right."—Kansas City Journal.

Literary Analysis.

"Shakespeare's works are marvelous revelations of poetry."

"Poetry!" echoed the Baconian scornfully. "They are merely a collection of ciphers, with some figures of speech thrown in to make them harder."—Washington Star.

His Wise Plan.

"I never have any luck."

"Neither do I," responded the other citizen. "Therefore I keep out of enterprises requiring gobs of luck to be a success."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two Ribs Broken.

Several people saw him slip on a wet step and fall. Partly extricating himself from his umbrella, he set up such a wail of distress that every one in hearing ran to his assistance regardless of the drenching rain.

"Are you hurt?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Anything broken?" demanded another.

"Only two ribs," he muttered in tones of deep anguish as he wiped his bleared face on his sleeve.

Helping him up, a kind man dragged him into a drug store. One thoughtful person suggested a glass of brandy, another more generous said there were two ribs broken, and a second glass followed the first.

"That'll make you feel better, old man. Ribs hurt you now?"

"What ribs?" he puzzled, smacking his lips.

"Why, the ones you said were broken!"

"Oh," he replied, getting on his feet and moving toward the door, "dey was de ribs in me umbrella."—Judge.

THE MOUND BUILDERS

Mystery of the Great Monuments Found In This Country.

RELICS OF A VANISHED RACE.

The Strangely Shaped Structures Are Thought to Be More Than Two Thousand Years Old—The Enigma of Those Who Reared Them.

Scattered through the middle west and in other parts of the United States are more than 10,000 monstrous, odd shaped "mounds." Some are built like forts, others in queer, sharp geometrical figures, others shaped like huge serpents, crocodiles, buffaloes, turtles, eagles, lizards, dragons with eggs in their mouths, etc. Some of these mounds are a mile long, some much smaller. In Newark, O., stands a continuous mound, constructed in a perfect circle, more than 5,000 feet in circumference. The mounds are often covered with trees that are many centuries in age. These strangely shaped structures are thought to be more than 2,000 years old.

Who built them?

Certainly not the North American Indians. The Indians have ever been a lazy, roving race, making their livelihood chiefly by hunting and fishing, seldom remaining long in one neighborhood and using tents or the rudest huts as their dwelling places.

The mysterious people who built the mounds were not a race of rovers. An infinitely long time must have been required for erecting each huge earth shape. Nor were they ignorant savages, for the mounds show deep knowledge of geometry as well as of astronomy and of the principles of building. Carefully laid out military fortifications abound in the mound builders' country, indicating that the aborigines had martial lore and engineering skill and that they understood many modern principles of attack and defense.

There are also sepulchral mounds, some of them sixty feet high. These contain human bones, skulls, etc., as well as copper utensils and bits of pottery. The bones when exposed to air crumble at once to dust. As the bones of Europeans who died twenty centuries ago are often found intact and strong, many authorities believe the mound builders date back at least several centuries before the time of Julius Caesar.

Cleverly made pottery and copper or bronze implements of war and peace are found all through the mounds. Ancient abandoned copper mines on the banks of Lake Superior show that the mound builders well understood the art of mining. The workmanship of the copper bracelets, bronze knives, etc., prove their skill at the forge.

In one of the prehistoric Lake Superior mines has been found a mass of copper weighing eight tons, resting on a high platform, ready for removal to the upper earth. This implies the use of well constructed mine machinery. Pictures that have been found etched upon copper and ivory portray much artistic skill.

From all this it seems that in some remote age the central part of North America was inhabited by a race of warlike, industrious, decidedly civilized beings who had splendid skill at building, at the arts of mining, engineering and higher mathematics and who flourished apparently during numerous centuries. Yet so long ago did the mound builders cease to exist that in all Indian folklore there is no mention, no memory, of them.

None know where the Indians themselves came from. Yet they apparently settled in America long after the mound builders had vanished. The skulls discovered in the mounds are not shaped in the least like skulls of Indians nor even of Europeans. Some archaeologists claim to find strong resemblance between the mound builders' skulls and those of the ancient Egyptians. If there were any connection between the two, who can explain how an Egyptian race chanced to flourish in the middle west?

The fate of the mound builders is as mysterious as the strange people themselves. After reaching so high a civilization and thriving for so long a time it seems strange that they should have been completely destroyed. No satisfactory explanation has ever been offered. Perhaps the mound builders moved south and became merged with the Mexican Aztecs or Peruvians, or some savage race from the north may have swept down and utterly destroyed them, or a wholesale pestilence may have wiped out their nation.

The weird looking earthen monuments (the purpose of most of them a puzzle to the best archaeologists) are the sole remaining proof that this great lost American race ever existed.—New York World.

How He Managed.

A man in an up state county owns a number of horses and has a great reputation for skill in the treatment of them. One day a farmer who wanted some valuable information approached the horse owner's little boy and said:

"Look here, my little man, when one of your father's horses is ill what does he do?"

"Do you mean slightly ill or seriously ill?" asked the boy cautiously.

"Oh, seriously ill," said the farmer.

"Because," said the child, "if a horse is only slightly ill he gives it medicine, but if it is seriously ill he sells it."—New York Press.

The Waiting Ones.

A gentleman meeting a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house and in whose welfare he was interested, the following conversation took place:

"Why, haven't you got married yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I thought you would have been married before now."

"Oh, no, sir; there's two waiting."

"Two! Why, you don't mean to marry two, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then who are they?"

"Why, the two that's waiting is the parson and me. We are waiting for the man."—London Scraps.

The Hot Air Balloon.

It is related that the hot air balloon had its origin in a petticoat. Mme. Montgolfier had washed her garment, intending to wear it to a great festival the next day, and hung it over a chafing dish to dry. The hot air swelled out its folds and floated it up into the air. The lady, in astonishment, called her husband to see the sight. He at once grasped the idea and was not long in producing the hot air balloon.

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HER SECRET.

She Told It Frankly and Was Glad That She Did.

By BYRON H. KELLEY.

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Virginia sat down before the glass and took stock of herself in minute and critical fashion. When a woman has reached her twenty-eighth year she is either at her worst or her best, and Virginia was at her best. Her glass told her that and the faces of her friends of her own age who had faded about her until she was left like the one perfect flower in a cluster, conspicuous by her brightness.

Her little sister had just announced that Mr. Bridges had driven up in front of the house and was waiting to take her driving.

But Virginia sat still. She had just been making a resolution never to go driving with him again, and here he was. She clinched her hands tight.

"Just this once!" she pleaded to her conscience. Her eyes met the longing ones in the glass. "Just this once, and I'll tell him. I will be honest. It's heart shan't break even if mine does."

She turned to her sister.

"Dorothy, dear, tell Mr. Bridges I'll be right down," she said gently. Then she rose and put on her hat.

It did seem so good to be sitting beside him again—if only it were not for that miserable thing which she had promised herself she would make known to him before the drive was ended. She looked at his face. It was such a strong, good face. Oh, it would be bitterly hard to tell him!

He seemed to have something on his mind, too, he was so grave and silent. And whenever he looked at her it was with quiet penetration.

Virginia leaned back against the thick cushion, trying to steady herself. She did not notice that Plume had stopped trotting and was walking slowly. But when a hand fell over hers she started and looked into the eyes of the man whose face had come suddenly near to hers.

"Virginia! Dear little girl!"

She knew what must come after those words, but she could not speak.

"Virginia"—his eyes held hers—"I love you!" Then he smiled his swift, gentle smile, as if her silence had reassured him.

That smile seemed to break the spell. Virginia remembered that she drew her hand from his and began to say something wildly, what she did not know until his changed, white face stopped her.

"Virginia, what are you saying? Promised—you? I will not believe it."

His stern voice braced her.

"Oh, but you must—you must!" she said.

"I will not believe it. I will not believe that you do not care for me—that you have led me on just for pastime. It isn't true. Is it, dear?" His voice had softened again. He put his arm about her and drew her against him until her cheek touched his.

"Tell me all about it," he urged. "I must know it all. There is some mistake somewhere, I am sure. Tell me, Virginia."

He released her gently and waited. Virginia gathered herself together desperately.

"I'll tell you everything, Arthur," she said. "I promised myself that I would before this drive was ended. I should have told you before only I could not somehow. I shall begin at the beginning and tell it all, and then you may think what you please of me."

"It happened ten years ago, when I was about eighteen and Andrew two years older. We had known each other always. He lived in that little gray house next to ours until his father got into some financial difficulty and lost what property he had. Mr. Hall never could get along somehow. I always liked Andrew better than any other boy; he was so good hearted and gentle. One night when we were walking home from church he asked me to marry him." Virginia hurried a little. "It was June, and there was beautiful moonlight. I had never dreamed of marrying him or anybody then, but he looked so handsome and he seemed so much in earnest that I promised before I thought. Then I was frightened, because I knew my people would never consent to it. My mother always said she was afraid Andrew would be just like his father and never amount to anything. So we decided to keep our engagement a secret.

"Just after that Mr. Hall was taken with a great desire to go west. He knew he could do something out there. I think he had an idea that gold nuggets could be picked up like acorns. Anyway he was perfectly crazy to go, and he went and took Andrew with him. We wrote back and forth pretty steadily for awhile. Andrew didn't like the west very well, and his father was disappointed, but they would have to stay there until they had earned money enough to get back home with. Well, I don't know—I was in school, and there were so many things to take my time that I guess I grew careless about writing, and Andrew seemed to grow just as careless himself. Besides, he and his father were constantly on the move. I think they must have traveled the west over pretty thoroughly. The last time I heard from Andrew was three years ago. He said he was still trying to get rich and talked of going to the Klondike. I answered the letter, but perhaps he never got it.

"You are the first person I ever told this to," she said, looking earnestly at Arthur.

"I see," he said quietly. He thought he could understand what manner of man it was that would keep a girl to a foolish promise in this way for eleven years.

"You really think, Virginia, that Andrew will come back?" he asked.

"Yes; I really think so."

"And you will marry him if he does?"

Virginia turned very pale.

"You see, Virginia," Bridges went on gently, "I have some old fashioned notions about these things. Unless you love him you have no business to marry him, were you twenty times promised to him. It would not be fair to him, and it would be most unjust to yourself."

Virginia never had thought of that.

"Now, I'll tell you what I shall do, for I think I have something to say in this matter. I will wait just one more year for Andrew to put in his appearance—just one year, not a day more or less—and if he doesn't come then I shall take you for myself. Do you understand me, Virginia?"

She looked at him with a brightening face. But the brightness quickly faded like the light from a sunset cloud.

"And if he does come"—she gasped.

"Why, then, that's a matter for your own deciding. If you love him enough to marry him, marry him. But if you don't," he smiled, "you'd better marry some one you do."

During the rest of the drive Virginia sat trying to realize things. She could not be thankful enough that she had told him and he did not despise her.

It was 6 by the clock when Plume trotted down the long street and left Virginia at her own door. She ran into the house, unpinning her hat as she ran. Her mother came in from the dining room with a dish in her hand.

"Virginia, guess who has come while you've been gone," she said.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Andrew Hall! Would you believe it? I thought I knew him when I saw him go by in the bus. Afterward Mrs. Ward came in and told me. He wasn't dressed any better than he was when he went away. I guess he hasn't brought much back with him except his wife. He's married."

"Married!"

Virginia sank trembling into a chair.

"So Mrs. Ward says. She's been over to the hotel to see them."

Dorothy danced in from the kitchen.

"Mamma," she bawled, "the tea is boiling over!"

Mrs. Swift hurried out, and Virginia her hands pressed to her throbbing heart, understood the situation.

A few minutes later Arthur Bridges drove up to the house. He entered the library, where Virginia sat weeping softly from joy.

"My own sweetheart!" he exclaimed as he took her in his arms. "There is no one between us now. Andrew Hall has just come back with his wife."

"I know. Mamma just told me, and—and I am so glad, Arthur!"

Said at Last.

On one occasion a highland minister called upon Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh for some financial assistance for the work in the north. Dr. Whyte regretted that he could not afford to assist the highlander, but advised him to visit a wealthy layman in the city.

Going to the house of the wealthy layman, the highlander found him disinclined to give and ungracious in manner. Nettled at his reception, the highlander answered brusquely. Resenting the tone, the rich man asked, "And whom do you take me for?"

"A fire deserving sinner, like myself," came the quick retort.

Returning to Dr. Whyte, he explained the circumstances.

"You did not say that?" eagerly asked the doctor.

"Aye, I did," replied the other.

"Well, well! I've been wanting to say that to him for the last fifteen years! Here's a five pound note for your fund."—Dundee Advertiser.

The Cat and the Owl.

"Metaphysics," said a clergyman, "is a subject that always makes one think of the cat and the owl.

"A cat, you know, once set forth in quest of happiness. She wandered up, she wandered down. She questioned this animal and she questioned that. Finally, wrapped in meditation in a tree, she perceived an owl.

"'Owl,' said the cat, 'tell me, most wise bird, where happiness is to be found?'

"'In meditation,' the owl replied. 'Meditation alone is the true secret of happiness.'

"'But,' said the cat, 'on what subject am I to meditate?'

"'On the subject,' the owl answered, 'which has occupied the race of owls since the beginning of time—namely, which came first, the owl or the egg, for, while the owl comes from the egg, so also does the egg come from the owl?'"

Showed Her the Door.

Thomas had been a carpenter, but owing to the dullness in trade he engaged as a footman at the "big hoose" in the village.

On the day of his engagement his mistress, having a lady visitor in the drawing room, rang the bell for the footman.

"You will show this lady the front door, Thomas," she said.

"Yes, mem," replied Thomas, and, bowing to the lady, he requested her to follow him. On coming to the door Thomas opened it, and the lady was about to pass out when Thomas, tapping her on the shoulder, remarked:

"This is the door, mem; guid pitch pine in't, framed, two an' a half inches thick, with raised moldings; wad cost about two pound ten, mem."—London Tit-Bits.

The Fox and the Hen.

A Fox, having crept into an outhouse, looked up and down for something to eat and at last spied a Hen sitting upon a perch so high that he could by no means come to her. He therefore had recourse to an old stratagem. "Dear cousin," he said to her, "how do you do? I heard that you were ill and kept at home. I could not rest, therefore, till I had come to see you. Pray let me feel your pulse. Indeed, you do not look well at all." He was running on in this impudent manner when the Hen answered him from the roost: "Truly, dear Reynard, you are in the right. I was seldom in more danger than I am now. Pray excuse my coming down. I am sure I should catch my death." The Fox, finding himself foiled, made off and tried his luck elsewhere.—Aesop.

Self Evident.

One of the dangers of a little knowledge is that its possessor rarely estimates it at its true value. Ignorance, it has been said, bestows her choicest gifts on those who value her least.

A conceited undergraduate once said to his teacher that he feared he had rather a contempt for Plato.

"I am afraid, Mr. Johnson," replied the teacher, "that your contempt has not been bred by familiarity."—Youth's Companion.

The Attraction.

"You say you are in love with Miss Baggs?"

"I sure am."

"But I can't see anything attractive about her."

"Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank, all right."—Cleveland Leader.

A Relief From School.

Johnny—Hooray! Tommy—What yer so happy about? Johnny—I don't hafter go to school today. Tommy—Chee, y're lucky! W'y dontcher? Johnny—I gotta go to th' dentist's an' have three teeth pulled!—Exchange.

Prodding Him.

Marie—But if you love Tom why do you go about with Jack? Madge—Well, you see, Tom is rather slow, and I'm using Jack as a pacemaker for him.—Exchange.

STEALING IN STORES.

The Ingenuity That Is Shown by the Woman Thief.

TRICKS OF THE SHOPLIFTER.

The Satchel With a False Bottom and the Slit In the Dress Near the Belt. Some Schemes Successful Because of Their Very Simplicity.

As numerous as they are ingenious are the tricks of the modern shoplifters, declare store detectives. It keeps the detectives busy to "get on" to the devices of the men and women who live by their wits in stealing from stores. For tricks that are canny few classes of criminals, it is said, approach them.

The method of stealing by using the satchel with a false bottom is one of the cleverest of the tricks.

Well disguised, the shoplifter enters a store. Her eyes run over the counters. She perceives the object she wants—usually something small and valuable, sometimes a purse a customer has left lying on the counter.

Over the object the shoplifter places her satchel. Pretending to delve into the satchel to extract a purse or handkerchief, the thief lifts a false bottom in the bag, reaches under it, draws inside the desired article, adjusts the false bottom, closes the satchel and walks away.

"But this is only one of many clever ruses employed," declared a detective the other day. "The women especially are ingenious. Their dress, of course, helps them.

"One of the methods of stealing is for the shoplifter to have a slit in her dress near the belt. As she stands near the counter she can deftly seize the article desired, be it a piece of lace or costly fabric or a bit of jewelry, and slip it into the skirt. The folds of the skirt are voluminous and conceal the thing stolen.

"Some tricks are successful because of their simplicity. A fashionably dressed woman may walk into the clothing department, look over coat suits, pick up one, fold it neatly up, place it under her coat and walk away.

"If she is detected she will indignantly declare that she bought the suit some time before and that she has brought it back to be altered.

"Or a woman, her hands glittering with rings and dressed in the latest style, may walk into the store some winter day. She wears only a rich coat of dark fabric.

"In the coat department she will ask to see some fur lined coats. Oh, she is very particular and tries on one after another. Other customers come up, and the saleslady gets busy with them while madam is trying to suit herself.

"While the saleslady is turned she puts on one of the richest sable trimmed coats, turns on her heel and walks away. Perhaps the salesgirl may not notice the loss until there is an account of stock.

"Each month from fifty to sixty arrests are made in the average large department store. The detectives must be extremely careful, for a false charge would precipitate a suit for damages, which would mean many thousands.

"Certain departments hold especial lures for shoplifters. The jewelry department is invariably guarded. When the furs come in we have sleuths who keep their eyes open for the woman who likes to take a fur to the window to examine it, then running for the door; the woman with the false skirt and the woman who puts a fur on and audaciously walks away."

Although the sales departments and the detective departments work together, there exists between them a spirit of justifiable rivalry. If a detective perceives some one getting away with goods it casts discredit on the person behind the counter from which the goods were stolen. Therefore the sales folk keep an alert watch for shoplifters.

One might imagine that goods are dumped pellmell on the counters of the big stores. As a matter of fact, the efficient saleslady will have everything so arranged that she will notice the disappearance of an article almost immediately.

If a saleswoman suspects a person she immediately notifies the head detective. If it is a woman, a woman detective is usually put on the job. It is said store managers usually find women more efficient than men.

Few arrests are ever made in the stores, as an arrest gives only undesirable publicity. The detective usually follows suspected persons from the store and arrests him or her outside.

It is said that arrests for shoplifting in New York exceed 3,000 a year. In that city a full description of all shoplifters caught are sent to the Retail Dry Goods association, which in turn distributes the information to the various members.

Only by concerted action and with highly organized staffs of detectives can the stores cope with the ingenious shoplifters.

The detective system of the big stores, however, is now so perfect that it is dangerous to attempt shoplifting. Even the cleverest shoplifter faces a long jail term in the pursuit of her nefarious work.

More than that, if a shoplifter for any reason should escape paying the penalty of crime in one city she may not be so fortunate in another. Descriptions of all suspected persons are sent out broadcast, and arrest in another city may mean a jail term, even though the thief may have escaped punishment previously.—Philadelphia North American.

Confessions.

The woman begged the bachelor girl not to go yet awhile. She was so urgent that the girl finally sat down again. Then the two sat perfectly still and silent, looking at each other.

"I know what you are thinking," said the bachelor girl by and by.

"What?" asked the woman.

"That, now you've got me to stay, you wonder why it was you insisted so. You don't know what to do with me or to say to me, now I'm here to stay."

"How did you guess it?" the woman laughed.

"I've felt just that way myself," said the bachelor girl, "many and many a time."—New York Press.

A Bad Hole to Get Into.

A gentleman was going round a strange golf course with a local caddie, and after playing part of the way he pointed to a rather high wall and inquired, "Is there a hole over there?"

"Yes, sir," replied the caddie solemnly; "there's the cemetery over there. Don't put yourself into a hole there if you can help it."—London Scraps.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 1, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xviii, 1-22. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, John xvi, 33—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Whether we see results from the word preached or not, we know that His word will always accomplish His pleasure and will never return to Him void (Isa. lv, 11), so we may continue to sow the incorruptible seed with the full assurance that He will watch over His word to perform it (Jer. i, 12, R. V.) and that every purpose of the Lord shall be performed both against His enemies and for His people (Jer. ii, 29; Isa. xiv, 24). He often encourages us, however, by showing us quick results from the sowing, and even at Athens there were a number of believers, among them a very prominent man and a woman and others with them. Paul passed from Athens over to Corinth, a city as noted for its wickedness as Athens was for its wisdom, and here he abode a year and six months and gathered many souls from all kinds of people. See the different kinds of sinners mentioned in I Cor. vi, 9-11, and note this saying concerning them: "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." What a great Saviour thus to be able to cleanse such sinners and wholly without any works on their part! Paul thought so much of such a gospel that he said, "We were allowed by God to be put in trust with the gospel," "The gospel of God concerning His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, of the seed of David, the Son of God, with power by the resurrection from the dead" (I Thess. ii, 4; Rom. i, 1-4). At Corinth Paul found a man named Aquila, of the same craft as himself, who, with his wife, Priscilla, had been expelled from Italy because they were Jews, and with them he abode and worked at his trade of tentmaking, for, although he believed and taught that they who preached the gospel should live of the gospel (I Cor. ix, 14), he himself took pleasure in not being a burden to any.

As his custom was, he reasoned out of the Scriptures every Sabbath day in the synagogue, testifying to the Jews that Jesus is the Christ. While the topics of preachers today are without number, these men had but one—viz, Jesus Christ crucified, risen and returning to establish His kingdom on earth, saving all who come to Him and sharing His glory with them. Jesus was the center and circumference of all they had to say. When the Jews opposed and blasphemed he turned from them to the gentiles, but not without fruit, for the chief ruler of the synagogue believed. Leaving the synagogue, he taught in the house of a believer named Justus, who lived next door, and many of the Corinthians believed and were baptized, though Paul himself baptized very few. Writing to them later, he mentioned Crispus, Gaius and the household of Stephanas as the only ones he could remember as being baptized by him, for he said, "Christ sent me, not to baptize, but to preach the gospel."

With all his knowledge of the Lord and personal acquaintance with Him, there came times of depression and loneliness, as in II Cor. ii, 13; vii, 6, and evidently of fear, for the Lord never says "Fear not; be not afraid" unless there is some occasion for it, and it is most helpful to notice the fears of His redeemed ones which drew from Him these words from time to time. The message at this time must have been just what he specially needed, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city" (verses 9, 10). Paul had been set upon and hurt in other places, stoned to death, beaten, imprisoned, and it may be that the flesh shrank from further ill treatment at this time. He wrote to these people, "I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling" (I Cor. ii, 3). This message was spoken to Paul by the Lord, but it is written here for all who need it and as they need it. Let no one who needs it hesitate to take it.

He wants us to speak His message boldly, conscious of His presence always and aiming only to please Him and never to please people (I Thess. ii, 4; Gal. i, 10). Paul was arrested and brought before Gallio's judgment seat, but speedily released when he saw that no crime had been committed. Sosthenes, whom Paul calls "our brother" (I Cor. i, 1), received the beating this time and doubtless rejoiced to be counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. Paul returned to Antioch via Ephesus, Caesarea and Jerusalem. He took Priscilla and Aquila as far as Ephesus and left them there, and there he found them doing good work when he returned to Ephesus on his third tour. We shall have four lessons from the epistles to the Corinthians ere the year closes, but here we feel led to call attention to the apostles' teaching concerning the return of Christ, as we did briefly at the beginning of this lesson to the benefits of the atonement. See specially I Cor. i, 7; iv, 5; xi, 26; xv, 50-54; xvi, 22, and may we all be found filled with this blessed hope and in even our eating and drinking glorifying God (I Cor. x, 31).

Date Cake With Coffee Icing.

One-half cup of butter creamed, one and one-third cup of brown sugar added and beat together, two eggs well beaten, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half cup sweet milk, one and three-quarter cups sifted flour, three-quarter cup dates, stones removed. Cut up fine and reserve a little of the flour to shake over them.

Icing.—Two tablespoonfuls strong strained coffee and the same quantity of the white of an egg stirred together. Thicken with powdered sugar until stiff enough to spread. Allow the cake to cool before it is iced.—Boston Post.

Just a Hint.

Mr Staylate—Is that clock right? Miss De Pink (wearily)—I think it must need cleaning. It's been two or three hours going that last hour.—New York Journal.

How many times a day do you commend? How many times during a day do you find fault?—Atchison Globe.

UNIMPRESSIONABLE BARRINGTON.

A Scheme That Did Not Turn Out as Was Planned.

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"You must be very nice to her, Ted," said Mrs. Wainwright thoughtfully. "Indeed, you must monopolize her while she's here."

Ted Barrington blew out a cloud of smoke and smiled lazily.

"Must I, now, Annette?" he said. "Whyfore and wherefore?"

"She's dangerous," said Mrs. Wainwright, with the air of one imparting select and exclusive confidences. "She's a disturbing element. I rely on you to keep the peace of the house while she's here. Fact is, Teddy, dear, she's a most incorrigible and heartless flirt. The last time she was here she left in her train a cohort of heartsick swains that was positively appalling. It's perfectly dreadful to have a jolly little house party disrupted as that one was."

Barrington squinted his eye thoughtfully as he looked away to the great blue bulk of the hills rising in the distance against a perfect sky.

"And so, Annette, I am to be the sacrifice, as it were, am I?" he chuckled good naturedly. "Won't somebody else do? I'm lazy. I'm having the time of my life here just being lazy."

"I have come to you," said she with deep conviction, "because you are one of the few men I know whom I believe can remain heart whole under all circumstances. Oh, don't look so conceited about it. The ghastly truth of the matter is that you are much too indolent and self satisfied to fall in love. Therefore I make this appeal."

"Oh, if you put it that way now," said he in mock protest.

"I do," said she. "You must, as I say, monopolize her while she's here. Make her think she has made a conquest. Take her sailing and motoring and riding, understand? Make her think your case is very, very desperate."

"Oh, you women—you scheming, farsighted women!" he complained. "Set your fluttering heart at rest, Annette. For old sake's sake I'll do my best. When is she coming?"

"This afternoon. Hubbard has gone down in the trap to meet her."

A rumble of wheels sounded in the roadway. A trap drawn by a smart cob turned into the drive. Mrs. Wainwright nodded meaningly toward it and withdrew, and Barrington, turning his lazy eyes toward the drive, saw in the approaching trap a vision of wavy hair and pink cheeks and flowing veil that was not at all unattractive.

"Well, well," said the unimpressionable Barrington, "it's not such an awful thing to be the appointed sacrifice, after all."

An hour later Mrs. Wainwright was presenting him to the girl, and something in the older woman's eyes warned Barrington that his duties were to begin at once. Therefore he stepped nobly into the breach.

"Oh, I say, Miss Gray," said he, "are you fond of motoring? You are? Good! Wainwright has a little peach of a car in the garage. Suppose I get it out and show you how it can take the hills round here."

"Oh, jolly!" she declared.

They motored until dinner time, and at the after dinner bridge Miss Gray was Barrington's partner. And the following days he followed out Mrs. Wainwright's injunctions to the letter.

"Ted, you are perfectly splendid," she declared one evening as he sat smoking on the veranda.

"Always glad to oblige, Annette," he drawled.

"You do it so well I almost think sometimes you're not at all averse to the role I've assigned you," she said musingly.

"I'm much too indolent to fall in love. I'm safe," he said in the same queer voice.

Mrs. Wainwright leaned anxiously toward him. "Ted, do be careful," she warned him. "I didn't think for a minute"—

"You are quite on the wrong tack, Annette," he said composedly. "Your suspicions are utterly without foundation. Where on earth did you ever get such childish ideas?"

Yet Mrs. Wainwright, once in her own room, sat looking out thoughtfully. And at last, more perturbed than she cared to admit, she tapped on her husband's door.

"Tom," she confessed uneasily as her big husband, swathed in a gorgeous bath wrap, opened the door, "I believe I've made a mess of things."

"Well," he said cheerfully, "you're not without precedent in the matter, Annette. How have you done it? Unburden yourself."

"It's Ted and Francesca Gray. I—I"—

"You mean you're afraid he's lost his head?" Tom Wainwright asked. "Nonsense—nothing of the kind; not a symptom of it. Go to sleep, Annette. He'll take care of himself."

Mrs. Wainwright felt decidedly heartened, but when, two days later, she found Ted Barrington all alone by the old sundial in the gardens behind the house, his hands clinched and his face hard, a quick fear and an equally swift contrition gripped her heart.

He had not heard her noiseless approach. She hurried to his side. At the sound of her steps he looked up and grinned rather sheepishly.

"Ted," she cried, "I know it now. There is no use denying it."

"Why this commiseration spilled for unworthy me?" he said, with an attempt at nonchalance.

"I saw your face just now."

"Oh, did you?"

"You'd better confess," said she. "It's my fault, anyway. Maybe I can help you."

"You're quite right, Annette," he said quietly—so quietly that it cut her to the quick. "The impossible has come to pass. My case is desperate."

"Has she refused, then, and laughed at you?" she asked anxiously.

"She has not," said he, "and please heaven she'll never get the chance. I think I know how to make a graceful exit from a mighty trying situation. I've said no word of it to her, nor shall I. I couldn't quite stand having her refuse me. I really couldn't, Annette. She's going away this afternoon. I think I can hold my tongue in leash."

Mrs. Wainwright arose without a word and left him. Ten minutes later she was back again. He was still sitting there by the sundial.

"You're a brute," she announced flatly and uncompromisingly.

Barrington stared at her.

"Haven't you any eyes in your head?" she demanded almost angrily.

Barrington frowned. "My dear Annette," said he, very much puzzled, "this is not at all like you."

Long and searchingly and also disapprovingly Mrs. Wainwright looked at him.

"Well," she said at last, "I have just seen Francesca, and if you are worth the tears she's wasting on you I'm very much mistaken. She may have been heartless before, but if you had any eyes, as I said before"—

"Huh!" Barrington interrupted her. "Say, where is she—where is she, Annette? Down by the river, you say?"

A brown streak that might have been Ted Barrington went tearing across the lawn in the direction of the river. Mrs. Wainwright sat watching him with shining eyes.

He Knew What They Would Do.

Sir Charles Locock, who was the physician attending Queen Victoria at a certain period of her reign, was once commanded by her majesty to proceed to Berlin and report on the condition of her daughter, the crown princess. On the return trip, stopping at Dover for a hasty luncheon, he was enabled to snatch a glass of poor sherry and a piece of questionable pork pie.

After the train had pulled out and Sir Charles had been locked in his compartment he began to feel drowsy and to fear that faintness was overtaking him. Immediately he thought to himself:

"They will find me in a faint on the floor and bleed me for a fit, and I need all my blood to digest this pork pie."

Thereupon he hurriedly drew out his pencil, wrote on a piece of paper and stuck it in the band of his hat. Then he resigned himself to the deep sleep that came upon him. He did not wake until the train had pulled into the London station, and, still dazed by his slumber, he jumped into a carriage and was driven home.

The grins of the servants and the exclamation of his wife were followed by the inquiry from one of the children, "Oh, papa, what have you got in your hat?"

Then he remembered his experience on the train. Taking off his hat, he removed the large white paper on which he had scribbled this petition to the general public:

"Don't bleed me. It's only a fit of indigestion from eating some confounded pork pie!"

Investment and Speculation.

When any one is buying a coat or a fishing rod or a rose tree or laying down a cellar or setting up a library, either he knows what he wants, where to get it and what to pay for it or else he takes earnest counsel with his friends and with the most trustworthy professional advisers that he can find and uses all the wits that he and others can bring to bear on the subject in order to make sure that his purchase is prudently conducted. He attends sales, rummages in shops and discusses the matter in his club until he and it are voted a nuisance. If only half as much time and trouble were devoted to the careful selection of investments there would be fewer bad companies, unscrupulous promoters and ornamental directors, the world would be very much richer, and its riches would show less tendency to gravitate into questionable hands.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Good Time.

Frequently you hear a rich man abused because he stays on the job that made him rich instead of spending his time gadding about the earth in search of a good time. But it is hardly fair to assume that avarice and greed prompt such action or even that it is a lack of faith in humanity. Very likely the work done represents the good time for the man who stays at it after all need of work has passed, for it is certain that there are many ideas of what constitutes happiness, and the man who selects loafing is apt to change his mind in time if he tries it. Doing nothing is harder than work and if a man has spent many years at work, learning little of play, work brings him more enjoyment than the butterfly existence.—Atchison Globe.

Reconciled.

Visitor—I don't see how you can reconcile yourself to being a farmer, Si Seeder—I couldn't if I didn't see one of you city men once in awhile.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PLAYING THE PIANO.

Rubinstein's Way as a Teacher With His Pupils.

"Once I played a Liszt rhapsody pretty badly. After a few moments he said, 'The way you played this piece would be all right for auntie or mamma.' Then, rising and coming toward me, he would say, 'Now let us see how we play such things.' Then I would begin all over again, but hardly had I played a few measures when he would interrupt and say:

"'Did you start? I thought I hadn't heard right.'

"'Yes, master, I certainly did,' I would reply.

"'Oh,' he would say vaguely, 'I did not notice.'

"'How do you mean?' I would ask.

"'I mean this,' he would answer. 'Before your fingers touch the keys you must begin the piece mentally—that is, you must have settled in your mind the tempo, the manner of touch and, above all, the attack of the first notes before your actual playing begins.'

"On another occasion I asked him for the fingering of a rather complex passage.

"'Play it with your nose,' he replied, 'but make it sound well.'

"Once Rubinstein said:

"'Do you know why piano playing is so difficult? Because it is prone to be either affected or else afflicted with mannerisms, and when these two pitfalls are luckily avoided then it is liable to be—dry! The truth lies between those three mischiefs.'"—"Hofmann's Piano Player."

The Brute.

A certain married man who boasts to the boys that his wife never sits up for him slipped out for a cigar the other evening after supper and failed to notice that his wife had her party gown on. When he softly tiptoed into the house at 2 a. m. he was slightly surprised to see a dewy eyed lady trip down the stairway, turn her back to him and tearfully say:

"There are two hooks I just couldn't reach. Won't you unfasten them so I can go to bed?"

Fortunately he could and did.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 07 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m, then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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Critical.

She—I can't bind myself until I'm sure. Give me time to decide, and if six months hence I feel as I do now I will be yours. Ardent Adorer—I could never wait that long, darling. Besides, the courts have decided that dealing in futures without the actual delivery of the goods is gambling pure and simple.—Puck.

The One to Blame.

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of twenty-two," said the lecturer.

"Well," said a woman of thirty, with some asperity, "you needn't tell me that. Talk to the man."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Popularity.

"Are you popular with the Kash girls?"

"Dashed if I know. Each one always introduces me as a friend of her sister."—Cleveland Leader.

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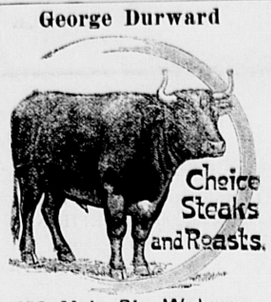
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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.39 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.2 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 8.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.40 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m., Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Eldah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Pine Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
312	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
391	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Fri.) Piano Co.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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Justice of the Peace.

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E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 449 Main St., Woburn.

HE WANTED A PARROT.

The Use to Which the Old Man Would Put the Green Bird.

We are all striving for two things—success and happiness. To get these many of us are struggling for a third—fortune. In striving to attain our desires many of us need a green parrot. In a little town in Iowa, in the midst of a great stretch of timber and meadow, a man built a castle. Something over $25,000 he spent in building a home. It was finished within with the finest polished woods. The foundation was of brownstone, the windows of French plate, and every detail was carried out in the best manner. He had grown to be an old man. He had always lived in a modest cottage of six rooms. This mansion had fifteen. On one side there was a magnificent stone arch over the paved drive that led up to the house. He had just completed showing a friend over the place and reached this point when the visitor exclaimed:

"Well, John, you ought to be happy. This is a magnificent home. Here is everything one could wish for."

"Waal," replied the old man, who was a cattle buyer, "a fellow always wants something else."

"What on earth could you want?" was the query.

"A green parrot to hang up thar in the drive."

"Why a green parrot?"

"So every morning afore I drive out he would say, 'John, you're a darn fool.'"—Cleveland Press.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

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WITH FLYING COLORS.

The Incident That Ended His Period of Probation.

By CLARICE ENGLE.

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A man picked his way slowly along the sun baked trail that led westward to Taggart across the desert. It was high noon and the day had been hot and dry and the man's throat was parched with thirst. This did not tend to lessen his ferocious aspect nor to soften the anger that glowed in his eyes. It was all due to his visit that morning to the little ranch a few miles behind, for there he had met with the first failure in his life. He had proposed and been rejected.

It was not Bill Warren's nature to be balked by anything. He usually carried matters his own way and with a high hand, as a result of which he was looked upon as a sort of local "bad man." But this cognomen was applied to him only by people who did not know Bill. In reality no better nor kinder natured man than he ever rode into Taggart.

But Sue Patterson was one of those who were not intimately acquainted with Warren, and this assertiveness she looked upon as something evil. Therefore, although otherwise she liked Warren better than any other of her admirers, she felt that she was acting quite right when she rejected his offer of marriage.

All the consolation that she had given him in answer to his earnest pleading was that she would put him on an indefinite probation and if he came through it with flying colors why—she would think about it.

All of which Warren took too literally, and he thought that she had spoken thus only to soften her refusal. He became angry at the thought of it.

She don't care nothin' fer me," he muttered savagely, "an' I know why. It's all along of that sneakin' coyote, Ralph Henderson. Been to Frisco an' seen a few things an' comes out here to lord it over us. I know the brand. She's plumb loco over the cuss, too, an' he ain't no man. No," he finished spitefully, "he ain't no man."

He rode on across the desert in a sort of dulled consciousness, with his hat pulled well down over his eyes. At length, toward the middle of the afternoon, he came into the foothills. Before him lay the Tooth of Time, the largest mountain in that vicinity. Beyond it, ten miles to the westward, was Taggart. This necessitated his taking the trail that wound round the base of the mountain. This trail was hardly more than a well trodden footpath and was only wide enough to permit a single rider upon it. One side of it sloped up at an angle of almost eighty degrees. The other formed the side of a precipice that dropped a sheer 200 feet to the sandy ravine below.

As he rode over the trail, lost in thought, Warren was dead to external sounds. He did not notice the fidgeting of his horse nor his frightened whinnies. He had no intimation whatever that any one was approaching along the trail from the opposite direction. And yet not a hundred feet ahead of him a horse and rider were rounding the curve of the mountain. Neither noticed the other until they were fifty feet apart. Then by some strange intuition both raised their heads. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous, for the man ahead of Warren was Ralph Henderson.

The faces of both men paled with fear. Not in years had two men met on that narrow trail, and it seemed some strange intervention of destiny that it should be Warren and Henderson. While the face of the cattleman grew anxious, that of Henderson became quickly overshot with a crafty cunning.

"Hello!" he drawled pleasantly.

"Hello!" muttered Warren nervously. "Well, what are we going to do about it?" the city man continued. "It looks as if you'd have to go back."

"Not by a —— sight!" snapped Warren. "There's no turning about for either of us. We'll have to manage to pass each other. The place seems pretty wide here."

"Flip a coin for the inner side," suggested the other, suddenly reaching a hand into his pocket.

"Right," agreed Warren, "but let's have a look at it first."

Henderson's face turned scarlet and he stayed his hand. "I declare, I'm all out of coin," he rattled sheepishly.

"Here's an eagle," replied Warren, with narrow eyes. "Heave her up! Heads I pass on the inside, tails I pass on the outside."

He tossed the coin to Henderson as he spoke who, pale faced and hesitating, fumbled with it a moment and let it fly up into the air with a twirl of a veteran trickster. It fell down on the trail at their feet, ringing out clear and cold.

"Tails!" cried the city man, overcome with excitement. His face resumed something of its natural color and the old craftiness stole into his eyes.

Warren accepted his fate nonchalantly, although he knew that it might mean death for him. There was one thing about it, however, that galled him. He well knew that Henderson was on his way to the Patterson ranch, and it came to him as a rather bitter thought that he might have to play the martyr and sacrifice his own life in order that the man could do so. But without a word he pressed his pony's ribs with his heels and rode forward.

Henderson had drawn his horse as close as he could against the side of the mountain, but he seemed overtaken by fits of nervousness, for the reins shook in his hands and the color came and went in his dark cheeks.

The ledge where Warren would have to pass Henderson was somewhat wider than the rest of the trail, and he rode forward light hearted and confident that he would easily accomplish it. But just as he brushed against the side of Henderson the latter suddenly drove his spurs with great force against his horse's ribs. With a snort of terror the animal plunged madly forward, dislodging the other horse and rider and sending them hurtling down and over the edge of the precipice. Then he went careening down the slope.

The breath went out of Warren as soon as he felt himself falling, and under the sickening sensation that ensued he lost consciousness. A stinging pain in his leg finally awoke him. Bruised and bleeding, he now sat up and gazed about him. He had landed in the branches of a tree that jutted out from the slope of the mountain. Down below on the sand he could see the form of his horse, dead as a stone.

The first thing Warren did was to swear. Then he looked to his leg. It had been broken just below the knee. As he started to wrap his handkerchief about it he heard a sound from above. Over the rim of the precipice a bushy head was peering.

"Hello!" it called. "Kin ye manage ef I send down a rope?"

"Sure," Warren yelled back.

A minute later the end of a lariat came whirling down through space. Warren caught it, made it fast about his body, and then, clinging to it with both hands, ordered the man above to hoist away. A few moments later he crawled up over the ledge and lay panting for breath at old Jem Patterson's feet.

"I seen the hull thing, Bill," began the latter as he undid the rope about the man's body. "Henderson will swing for this or I'll shoot him on sight. I was comin' along a mile behind him an' I seen him jab the buckskin and then scoot." But Warren was unconscious before the man finished speaking, and Patterson lifted him up on his pony after great difficulty and started down the trail for home.

When Warren next regained consciousness he was lying on a bed in a dimly lighted room. Soft hands were bandaging his head and soothing words fell from the lips of their owner. Warren opened his eyes and took in the situation at a glance.

"Sue," he demanded fiercely, "has that skunk been here?"

"Sh!" she murmured, touching a finger to his lips. "He has not been here. Evidently he has skipped the country. Father has told me all about it—the honorable way in which you acted and Henderson's treachery. You have indeed behaved splendidly."

"Sue!" cried the man eagerly, starting up.

"Be quiet," she admonished smilingly. Then she added, "Your probation is over, and you have come through it nobly."

And then Warren claimed his own.

Builder of the Great Wall of China.

To superstitious notions Chin added the lust of luxury, his life being a blaze of oriental magnificence. He built a wonderful palace, which has been described in the Imperial History as having certain gorgeous annexes attached at intervals, the whole extending over a distance of a hundred miles. In consequence of his life of luxury perhaps he became more and more a prey to superstition, and it may be that because of this he completed the Great wall. At any rate, history records that he was informed by prophecy that in time he would be overwhelmed and destroyed by outside enemies. So he mobilized an army of 300,000 men to work on the Great wall and if necessary to fight in its behalf. Chin's design evidently was to inclose his massive empire in a rampart which should have the shape of a horseshoe, with the heel calks at the ocean shore. He did not plan to parallel the coast with a wall, doubtless considering that seaside an ample protection to a country vast and densely populated. The wall is not for modern use. It is an ancient fossil, the largest fossil on the earth. But fossils are useful and truthful. It is a dividing line between two civilizations and between two eras. In space it cut off the herdsmen of the north from the tillers of the south.—William Edgar Geil in Harper's.

Why She Was Glad.

A young Louisville man who was out west not long ago has returned, telling a yarn which he admits is not at his own expense, but which he declares to be about one of the most interesting experiences of even his checkered career.

"I was walking along the street in a western town," he said, "when suddenly across the way I saw a Louisville girl whom I recognized immediately. She saw me, too, and I expected her to bow rather coolly and distantly, as had been her wont back home. I was considerably astonished, therefore, when she dashed across the street, seized me with both hands and fairly bubbled over in her delight. I was so surprised, in fact, that I commented on it.

"'I'm glad to see you, too,' I said when I had managed to extricate myself from her exuberant greeting; 'but, to tell you the truth, I hadn't expected to see you so excited over my appearance. You always treated me rather à la iceberg at home, you know. What has caused your change of heart?'

"She was nonplused for only a moment and then explained, 'Mr. Smith, I've been away from home so long that I'd be glad to see even a dog if he came from Kentucky!'

"I let it go at that."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Spoiling the Show.

Showman—I don't know as we can give any kind of a show this afternoon. Assistant—What's the matter? Showman—That fresh kid's been in the cage of the man eating lion having a romp, and the critter is as playful as a kitten, the farmer we rented the sacred cow from India from says the money ain't payin' him for the loss of his milk route, and the wild man of Borneo says he's got to have a day off to register and see the police parade.—Baltimore American.

Convincing His Chum.

Johnny (in the garden)—Father, father, look out of the window!

Father (putting out his head)—What a nuisance you children are! What do you want now?

Johnny (with a triumphant glance at his playfellow)—Tommy Brooks wouldn't believe you'd got no hair on the top of your head.—London Tit-Bits.

AN IMPRACTICAL JOKER.

He Thought It Was Very Funny to Fire the Hayrick.

Practical joking, "the meanest form of wit," is common in Hungary. Formerly the pranks used to be coarse, if not dangerous, but that is changing now. The only saving grace of the Magyarian practical jokes, says W. B. F. Bovill in "Hungary and the Hungarians," is that they are not perpetrated in a spirit of bitterness.

One of the most famous jokers of the old school was Jozsa Gyuri. Exiled in one of the most inaccessible parts of the great plain, he lived and died "a prodigal and a buffoon."

A story is told of Jozsa going to spend a night with a Count Keglevich. Wishing to be impressive, he journeyed thither in a beautiful new coach, of which he was very proud. On being shown over the grounds by the count his attention was directed to a remarkably fine hayrick. Hay was then standing at a good price. After supper Jozsa drew together some friends and the rick was soon nothing but a heap of ashes.

The next morning when Jozsa wanted to continue his journey his wonderful carriage was not to be seen anywhere.

"Why, my friend," said the count, "you yourself burnt it last night. The fact is my conch house wants repairing, and as the evening threatened to be wet we put your carriage under the rick to keep it dry."

A MAN OF LUCK.

The Story of the Test by the Eastern King's Minister.

A king once said to a minister, "Do you believe in luck?"

"I do," said the minister.

"Can you prove it?" asked the king.

"Yes, I can."

So one night he tied up to the ceiling of a room a bag containing peas mixed with diamonds and let in two men, one of whom believed in luck and the other in human effort alone. The one who believed in luck quietly laid himself down on the ground on his blanket; the other after a time found the bag and, feeling in the dark the peas and stones, ate the peas and threw the diamonds to his companion, saying, "There are the stones for your idleness."

The man below received them in his blanket.

In the morning the king and the minister came and told each man to keep what he had found. The man who believed in trying got the peas which he had eaten; the other got the diamonds.

The minister then said, "Sire, there may, you see, be luck, but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds, so let none hope to live by luck."—An Eastern Fable.

Teaching Him a Lesson.

The new mail carrier on the rural free delivery route glanced at the name on the letter box by the roadside, stopped his horse and spoke to the roughly attired farmer with the old slouch hat who was resting his sun browned arms on the gate and looking at him.

"I see," he said, "your name is Holmes."

"Yes."

"Beverly G.?"

"Yes, I'm the man that lives here."

"Any relation of Sherlock Holmes?" gravely asked the carrier.

"No, sir," answered the farmer, "but I'm detective enough to know that you're not a very good judge of human nature. You took me for an ignoramus because I've got my old working duds on. I'm Sherlock Holmes enough to look at a man's face and eyes before I size him up as a— Some mail fot me? Thanks."—Youth's Companion.

Men and Their Feet.

The Frenchman's foot is long, narrow and well proportioned. The Scotchman's foot, according to anthropologists, is high and thick, strong muscular and capable of hard work. The Russian's foot possesses one peculiarity, the toes being generally "webbed" to the first joint. The Tartar's foot is short and heavy, the foot of a certain type of savage, and the toes are the same length. The Spaniard's foot is generally small, but finely curved. The Englishman's foot is in most cases short and rather fleshy and not, as a rule, as strong proportionally as it should be.—Argonaut.

Javelle Water.

Wherever water is used in preparing bleaches it should be soft. The alkali in hard water affects all chemical substances. Javelle water is a standard preparation for bleaching white cloths and removing spots and stains, but must not touch colored cloths. To make it dissolve half a pound of washing soda in a pint of boiling water, mix it with a quarter pound of chloride of lime dissolved in a quart of boiling water. Stir well, let settle, pour off the clear liquid and keep closely corked in a dark place.

You May Need It

Ask your doctor about the wisdom of your keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, ready for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis. If he says it's all right, then get a bottle of it at once. Why not show a little foresight in such matters? Early treatment, early cure.

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We banish alcohol from our medicines

We urge you to consult your doctor

Many a boy is called dull and stupid, when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills will do such boys a great deal of good. They keep the liver active.

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DETECTIVE STORIES.

Little Things as Aids In Solving Problems In Crime.

THE VALUE OF SMALL CLEWS

"In All My Experience," Says Police Sergeant Cuff, One of Wilkie Collins' Creations, "I Have Never Yet Met Such a Thing as a Trifle."

If you ask some London publishers they will tell you that no book sells so well as a detective story and that people still find a fascination in the achievements of Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin, Gaboriau's Lecocq and Tabaret and the redoubtable Sergeant Cuff of Wilkie Collins.

These men were the forerunners of Sherlock Holmes, and their feats of criminal tracking were as remarkable as those achieved by the famous character created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Perhaps the least known is Cuff, who figures in "The Moonstone."

Cuff looked for clews in trifles. Investigating a smear on a newly painted door, he was told by the superintendent who had the case in hand that it was made by the petticoats of the women servants. The superintendent said petticoats were trifles.

"In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world," replied Cuff, "I have never met such a thing as a trifle yet. We must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain that the paint was wet."

Lecocq, the beau ideal of the French detective, was wont to explain his deductions to assistants, just as Sherlock Holmes did to his friend Watson. In the story of "File No. 113" a safe has been robbed. There is a scratch on the door of the safe which seems to have been made by the key slipping from the lock. But Lecocq explained that the paint was hard and that the scratch could not have been made by the trembling hand of the thief letting the key slip.

He therefore had an iron box made, painted with green varnish, like the safe. As Lecocq inserted the key he asked the assistant to endeavor to prevent him using the key just as he was about to insert it in the lock. The assistant did so, and the key held by Lecocq, pulled aside from the lock, slipped along the door and traced upon it a diagonal scratch from top to bottom, the exact reproduction of the one shown in a photograph of the safe. Thus it was proved that two persons were present at the robbery—one wished to take the money and the other to prevent its being taken.

In the play Sherlock Holmes, the detective, with the aid of an accomplice, raises an alarm of fire at the house of the Larrabees, during the excitement of which he is able to investigate the mystery of the purloined documents.

A somewhat similar incident occurs in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Purloined Letter," when Dupin, having obtained entrance to the house of a minister of the state who had purloined a letter of great importance from a lady, wished to take it from its hiding place—a card rack over the mantelpiece—and substitute a facsimile. While Dupin was talking to the minister there was a sudden report of a pistol beneath the window, followed by fearful screams and loud shouting. The minister rushed to the window, and while his attention was thus distracted Dupin took the real letter and substituted the false one which he had prepared. Needless to say, the diversion had been created by Dupin's assistants.

Although "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" somewhat overshadow the stories of other detectives which appeared in the Strand Magazine, one should not forget to mention Martin Hewitt, investigator, and Dick Donovan.

Both these detectives worked alone and were past masters in the art of solving robbery mysteries, murders and the crimes of secret societies.

And the value of noting trifles, particularly in detective work, is strikingly illustrated in "The Case of Mr. Foggatt." The latter had been murdered in his chamber, which was situated at the top of the building in which Hewitt had an office. Hewitt was the first one on the scene. The door was locked, and when he got inside the room he found Foggatt lying across the table, shot dead. There was a sheer drop of fifty feet outside the windows. How had the murderer got in, and how had he escaped?

On the sideboard were the freshly bitten remains of an apple. Hewitt noticed that it had been bitten by a person who had lost two teeth, one at the top and one below. He also saw that the dead man had an excellent set of false teeth, with none missing. He observed, too, that an active young man could, by standing on the window sill, draw himself on the roof and thus escape. Thus Hewitt comes to look for a tall, athletic looking young man with two teeth missing. He finds him, obtains by a ruse another apple which he has bitten, compares the two and ultimately obtains the startling story of the murder from the murderer himself after the coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "accidental death."—London Tit-Bits.

It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.

Confide a secret to a dumb man and it will make him speak.—Livonian.

The Oldest.

Three old sports were chatting after a copious dinner, when one of them said, "I bet $5 my name is the oldest."

The bet was immediately accepted, and he produced his card, reading "Mr. Abel."

"Oh, dear $5!" said the second, showing his card. "I am Mr. Adam."

"Mine is the bet," replied the other, producing his card, and they could read "Mr. B. Ginning" printed on it.—Judge's Library.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUG. 6, 1909

THE TARIFF.

Last Tuesday Congress fixed on Thursday, August 5, 1909, as the date on which the final vote on Payne's Tariff bill should be taken, and, nothing to the contrary having been heard, it is assumed that the programme was carried out. It is likewise taken for granted that President Taft stood ready, with pen in hand, to sign the document as soon as Senator Aldrich, the real father of the bill, should give the word.

On Tuesday the regular Republicans, or Aldrich followers, got a bad scare. There was a serious hitch in the proceedings, and a possible failure of the entire scheme. A Western member found a flaw in the shoe schedule which he insisted must be corrected, or the bill couldn't get through. But the President, Payne and Aldrich removed the trouble in a manner satisfactory to the Bolters and Democrats, and the windup was voted to take place yesterday.

Concerning what the law really is there is a great variety of expressions by Congressmen, politicians and newspapers; but the weight of opinion seems to sustain the contention of the "Insurgents" to the effect that the Dingley tariff has been "revised upward," as the Aldrich people would have it, rather than "downward," as contended for by the President and Congressman McCall of this district.

— Woburn's Traders Day last Wednesday was spent very much as usual. Business houses were closed from morning to night, and only the druggists kept open stores in the evening. Better weather for the holiday could not, in reason, have been asked for; it was favorable for seaside and country visiting. The tradesmen sought recreation in many ways and places, and no reason was seen why they should not have found it. The Clerks Association spent the day at Bass Point, where they engaged in baseball and other sports, in which they passed a delightful season. Many people went down to Bass Point with the Clerks, and the Winchester outers were, also, there for fun and frolic. The ball games were admirably played and very interesting. At the close of the holiday the wanderers returned somewhat tired, but satisfied with the rest and pleasure it gave them.

☞ The consumer, which Senator Lodge says is a myth, is amply provided for in the new tariff. For example: the duty on foreign cabbages is reduced from 3 cents a head to 2 cents; that on fresh meats from 2 cents to 1 1-2 cents; and so on to the end of the chapter. In view of which facts, and more that might be given equally conclusive as to the question under consideration, the following pessimistic remark by an esteemed contemporary seems to be out of place:

"Perhaps the new tariff law will decrease the cost of living, but it is hard for the average man, looking over the provisions of the bill as it stands at present, to see just how."

☞ Major Charles W. Stevens, who died at his home at Waterford, Maine, last week at the age of 78 years, was a Past Master of Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. & A. M. of Woburn. He was, also, the second oldest living Past Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which has been in existence now 270 years. Up to the time of his retirement a few years ago he had been a leading Boston merchant 55 years. Major Stevens was the author of several books, which were principally concerning water and forest game. It is presumed that the records of Mt. Horeb Lodge will show when he joined it, and how long his membership continued.

☞ When President Taft, the champion of tariff "revision downward;" and Col. Albert Clarke, Secretary of the Home Market Club, and the thickest skinned high tariff advocate in the country; agree in saying the new Payne tariff is nearly perfect, and both of them apparently delighted with it, is it any wonder the common people are puzzled to find out the meaning of it all? Not only the common people, but intelligent Congressmen don't know what the bill means.

☞ The Republican members of the Bay State Congressional delegation are unanimous in praise of Chairman Payne's new tariff bill. According to their figuring, it favors New England manufacturers to a greater extent than any other section of country; and that suits them.

☞ President Taft leaves Washington today for Beverly, where a hearty greeting awaits him from his family and citizens of that charming North Shore town.

☞ Last Wednesday Governor Draper reappointed Hon. Joshua B. Holden of Boston to the office of Charles River Basin Commissioner, a position he has filled with marked ability continuously ever since the Commission was created by the Legislature, several years ago. It is an important post of duty.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mr. Odlin—Citation.
A. H. Holland—Citation.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
City of Woburn—Tax Sale.
R. G. Wilson—Probate Notice.
Miss May Wheeler—Estate For Sale.

— Mrs. L. L. Dorr is at East Haverhill, N. H.

— Baseball seems to be on the wane in this part of the country.

— Mr. Joseph McKay, driver for hose 6, is away on his vacation.

— Last Sunday was a cold day for August, but fine for churchgoing.

— James E. Feeney, Esq., has returned from Denver, Seattle, etc.

— The Massachusetts State election will be held on Nov. 2, this year.

— Thomas Heartz and family are to spend the month of August at the seaside.

— Latest advices from Lawyer John P. Feeney located him at Cork, Ireland.

— The Independent Maids, a prominent society club, are vacating at Old Orchard.

— Mrs. Henry M. Eames is visiting her old home, relatives and friends at Fryeburg, Maine.

— Mrs. Mary A. Seeley and her son Harlow of Lawrence street are at North Conway during August.

— Collector Gray has a notice in this paper which the public should peruse with care, and give heed to.

— The City Council held a regular meeting last evening. The B. P. W. held theirs on Wednesday evening.

— The Montvale church Field Day is to be held tomorrow. Everything is ready for the best time that ever was.

— Don't fail to attend the St. Joseph's Parish annual Field Day at Pavilion Park at Montvale tomorrow.

— Last week Master Low of the High School and wife had for guests Miss Edith Low and Miss Ruth Merritt.

— Mr. Andrew R. Linscott, former member of the Legislature from this District, enjoyed ocean breezes at Swampscott last week.

— Rev. Mr. Herrick, pastor of the Methodist church, is to preach at the next assignment of Union Sunday services, beginning Aug. 18.

— We are not interested in Italian sunsets just now: the home article is good enough for us: last Tuesday evening's display was simply gorgeous.

— According to the new schedule, it is only 20 hours and 30 minutes between Boston and Chicago, a reduction of 4 hours and 40 minutes—rapid running.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— On Sept. 4, 5, 6, the Ladies Auxiliary of St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to occupy a cottage at Canobie Lake, for which they are already making extensive preparations.

— Labor Day comes in 4 weeks from next Monday, by which date vacationists will have returned from their summer outing, and, in a measure, be prepared for autumn festivities.

— Another silly expression used by reporters of society gossip for newspapers is: "they are sailing" for they are to sail. Example: "Mr. and Mrs Uppercrust are sailing for Europe next month."

— The leather manufacturers of this city who, for a dozen years, have been clamoring for "free hides" ought to be reasonably happy now that the duty on them has been removed by the new tariff.

— The funeral of Mr. John A. Parkin, 81 years old, father of B. & M. station agent Parkin, was held last Saturday. Rev. W. H. Osmond of Trinity church conducted the religious exercises.

— Mr. George F. Watt, who was badly injured while stepping off a moving train at the Centre station one evening last week, is rapidly recovering from the amputation of one of his feet, and expected to shortly leave the hospital.

— The present month of August will have two full moons to boast of—Aug. 1, 31. Few months in the year are so fortunate as to have two of them. The Moonlight Club have special reasons for gratitude to the "Gentle Queen of Night" this month.

— Miss Marie Conway of Philadelphia, daughter of the late Dr. James H. Conway, a former well known physician of this city, is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James W. McDonald on Broad street, and other relatives in Woburn and Boston.

— The people in this city who work in Stoneham and Wakefield are praising Ald. Highley to the skies for his successful labors for better accommodations for them by the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. They will all vote for him for Mayor next fall.

— Rev. William H. Osmond, Rector of Trinity church in this city, was the minister who conducted the religious exercises at the funeral of Mr. William Scales at his late home last Saturday, and Messrs. Tripp were the undertakers. The burial was in Woodbrook cemetery.

— Rev. Frank Poole Johnson of Woburn, Assistant Rector at St. Paul's Church, Boston, will leave the latter part of this week for Nova Scotia, to visit Bishop Jagger, who has a summer home near Digby. During Mr. Johnson's absence, Dr. De Cormis will have charge of the services and work at St. Paul's.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson was a welcome caller at the JOURNAL headquarters last Monday, and something of a stranger, besides. Very sensibly he is taking his vacation at home, preferring his own bed and board to that of the seaside or mountains. He is blessed with fairly good health this summer.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Strout are anticipating with rare delight, a vacation tarry at a popular Inn at Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, during the last half of August. Mr. Strout has arranged with his Boston storemates in a manner that affords him and his spouse the privileges and pleasures of a summer outing.

— Mrs. Fannie Jackson Joslin of Whitman, a graduate of the Massachusetts School for the Blind, has sung at Woburn's assemblies, hospital, and at the Sunday evening services at the Trinity Episcopal church, while visiting the family of the Rev. Mr. Stewart on Summer street. Mrs. Joslin sings readily five hundred and four songs.

— If the workmen go ahead as rapidly on the Library Park grandstand in the future as they have since entering on the job, our most excellent friend, Commissioner Kelley of the B. P. W., will soon be in a condition to "point with pride" to the completion of this useful and ornamental public improvement.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.



For Sale by

McLaughlin & Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

— Read the Safety Razor ad in this paper.

— Geo. W. Nichols, city electrician, and wife have returned from their vacation outing.

— The St. Josephs and North Woburns are to play ball on Library Park tomorrow afternoon.

— Miss Mary Prior is enjoying herself in fine style at Intervale, N. H., among the White Mountains.

— The Jolly Two Club personally conducted a large trolley party to Revere Beach last Wednesday.

— The City Council will hold no more meetings this month. The Aldermen are taking their vacation.

— The offices in City Hall were closed all day Aug. 4 to give the incumbents a chance to celebrate Traders Day.

— Water Registrar Walsh returned to his duties in City Hall last Monday, and the first thing we hear about him will be that he is busy making out next October's water bills with which to hector the public.

— Mrs. Mary Plannett and her niece, Miss Bertha Smith, left here one day this week for Sanbornton, N. H. for a vacation visit of three weeks at that favorite summer resort of theirs. Mrs. Plannett prizes Sanbornton highly, and has a notion that not many New England towns surpass it for vacation pleasures; and Miss Bertha agrees with her.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney and family of Warren avenue are at Old Orchard, which shore they prefer to all others as a seaside summer resort. The Old Orchard Beach is 10 miles long; the ocean view is unsurpassed at any point on the New England Coast; and its facilities for rest and repose, or fun and frolic, are not equalled at any other Maine watering place.

— There was an immense rush in Boston last Tuesday morning for "Lincoln cents." The Federal Building does not open until 10 A. M., but by 9 A. M. its corridors were crowded with applicants for the new coins. The JOURNAL representative was handed 3 of them as early as 11 A. M., in a Boston business house, and had them in this city at 12.30, Tuesday, Aug 3, 1909.

— The excellence of a volume recently published by the Board of Assessors, called the "Politax, or Ward Book," confirms the popular idea that the members, Messrs. Fred J. Rice, Arthur E. Gage and J. Fred Leslie, are literary men and authors of rare ability. The work is very useful, as well as ornamental, and is printed in Haggerty's best style, which is praise enough for any printer.

— Mr. Lamprey, the local American Express Agent, was brought to a sudden halt in his business one day last week by a severe attack of rheumatism, which was accompanied by a threat of rheumatic fever; but Dr. Charles O'Brien put his wits to work and medicinechest into active operation and brought him through in good shape, although he hasn't got quite back to his normal physical condition.

— A happy vacation outing party left here last Wednesday morning. It was made up of Mr. James W. McDonald, the well known and popular piano dealer; his wife, and Mrs. Dr. Conway of Philadelphia, sister of Mrs McDonald. This trio of rest and pleasureseekers were destined for Salisbury, N. H., where Mr. and Mrs. McDonald have spent many summers delightfully, and where they propose to stay a month.

— A dispatch from Honolulu, Hawaii, dated Aug. 1, reads in this way, and will interest his host of friends in Woburn, where, for five or six years, he faithfully and successfully labored as a minister of the Gospel, and was greatly beloved by everybody: "Rev. D. Scudder, pastor of the Central Union Congregational church of this city, announced today that he had declined a call to New York to become Secretary of the American Board."

— Wild deer are getting to be quite plenty in the woods and pastures hereabouts. Last Saturday Station Agent Murray of Montvale saw a fawn emerge from a nearby thicket, which was, also, sighted by some rude and unfeeling boys who chased the beautiful little animal into Winn's cranberry bog, according to the testimony of an esteemed contemporary. It is suspected that the deer seen about here are strays from the Middlesex Fells.

— Dora Gilbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gilbert of Montvale avenue, is at Mrs. Hannett's Camp Quanset for girls at South Orleans on the Cape, where she is enjoying herself finely. Last Saturday evening she was one of the actors who gave the comic opera, "The Girl from Quanset," on the quarterdeck of the USS Louisiana at Provincetown, where a section of the Navy have been engaged in Naval exercises for some time. The opera was repeated on Monday night.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson, the Civil War Veteran, is taking his vacation on the European plan, and pays as he goes along.

— Mr. Charles Pollard of Albany, N. Y., has been visiting lately his sisters in this city, Misses Emily and Mary Pollard.

— Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., came up from Harpswell, where he and Mrs. Williams are summering, yesterday to officiate at the Towse-Gates wedding.

— Another long and severe drouth, or the same old one, broke yesterday, to the gratification of everybody. During the month of July there was less than an inch of rainfall.

— Mr. George French, senior member of the firm of French & Andrews, who owned the JOURNAL a few months in the forepart of 1880, is Editor of a monthly trade paper published at 253 Broadway, New York City, called the "Advertising & Selling." He has been connected with several papers since leaving here 29 years ago.

— The Herbrand Company of Fremont, Ohio; London, England; New York and Chicago; are manufacturers of Safety Razors, said to be the best in the world, which are sold at prices lower than were ever before offered in this country, with the strongest guarantee to cover purchaser. The razors are now on sale at the drugstore of McLaughlin & Dennison, this city. People who shave themselves should not miss the opportunity to purchase one of these fine hollowground silver-plated razors. Call at McLaughlin & Dennison's store and examine them and prices.

— To a well regulated mind the prosperity of other men or women is a source of gratification, instead of envy and jealousy. That is why the JOURNAL, which boasts of the possession of a well regulated mind, rejoices to observe that Captain Rice, the honest and popular milkman of this city, has recently had his milkwagon painted a beautiful chrome yellow, which matches splendidly his sorrel horse, both together constituting a team that any milkman in the Nation might well feel proud of. Capt. Rice has the enviable reputation of selling pure milk, and of living square up to his reputation.

— Last Wednesday morning a Boston paper said: "There is a man in Boston in the ice business who is in the City Hospital, where he is recovering from an encounter with an ice-cream can. Edward F. Wyer of Woburn is the man. He is employed by the Boston Ice Cream Company. Yesterday he was superintending the loading of a team with cans of assorted cream. While looking upward, as an elevator load was coming down, one of them became detached and Wyer received a supply of ices in the face, but not in a manner to be satisfying, as the can struck him, causing severe lacerations.

— Winchester and Reading plume themselves on their fine brand of morals and exemplary lives; and, yet, last Monday morning, Chief of Police McIntosh had five Winchester citizens in the District Court and fined for drunkenness; and the Reading constable had one victim from that town. Woburn would be ashamed of a like exhibition of depravity, if it were possible for it to be guilty of such violations of law and decency, and, mind you, these Winchester and Reading cases of intoxication occurred on Sunday when Woburn people were attending divine services in the various religious edifices of the city.

— Some of the Pub. Fancs. under the chaperonage of Mr. Jonathan Ela of the Board of Overseers of the Poor, inspected the city's almshouse the other day, but came to no conclusion as to what ought to be done to put it into decent shape for a dwelling. The city authorities meet with no serious obstacles in their search for money with which to furnish playgrounds and grandstands for the boys, but when it comes to making the almshouse habitable, or half decent for people to stay at, the funds for it are hard to be found. The JOURNAL insists on it that the city's poor has as much right to be decently housed as anybody else.

— It may be somewhat singular, but a fact, that relatives of the first two American citizens Knighted by the King of England, Count Rumford of Woburn, and Sir Charles Hobby of Boston, are now inhabitants of this city. The numerous Thompson family are of the Benjamin Thompson, or Count Rumford, stock; while another resident is the great great grandchild of Rev. William Hobby, who for 32 years, from 1733 to 1765, was pastor of the Reading Congregational church, and the nephew of Sir Charles Hobby. Rev. William Hobby of Reading was a cotemporary and intimate personal friend of the great Jonathan Edwards, and graduated from Havard University in 1731.

— Engineer and Mrs. Charles Josiah Chase leave tomorrow for a visit at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

— There were three notable weddings in this city last Wednesday: Chester W. Holland and Emma J. Hopper; Harold F. McDonald and Effie M. Francis; Dennis McCarthy and Barbara Flaherty. Equally notable postnuptial receptions were held at all of them.

— The intelligent observer thinks our city people have had and are having more trolley pleasure excursions this summer than ever before. Neighborhood parties, societies, clubs, Sunday Schools, go to Supt. Myers, charter a car, or more, for the beaches or popular inland resorts, all hands pile in, then strike out for the day and have a good time. Moonlight evenings are favorite hours for such trips and amusements, for which the B. & N. furnish electrical conveyances almost every night in the week.

— Gentlemen are rapidly acquiring the habit of shaving themselves, using, of course, the Safety Razor, now so much in vogue. The Safety Razor is a boon to the man who does his own beardcutting, and among the several brands of the instrument the Herbrand, which McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, of this city, sell are acknowledged to be superior to all others. This Herbrand make of the "Safety" costs only onehalf as much as others, and is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case of sale. McLaughlin & Dennison take pleasure in showing people this handsome razor with hollow ground blades, explain its operation, and give prices.

— Far be it from the JOURNAL to be, or seem to be, meddlesome, at the same time, it thinks, to do Mr. Amariah Haynes full and complete justice, the Woburn Board of Assessors should, in their next pollbook, add about 3 years to his age, for he was born in the year 1824, and has been, for an extended period, Secretary of the highly respectable and universally esteemed organization in this town familiarly known as the "Sons of '24." We repeat, it is none of the JOURNAL's concern, yet, we do think Mr. Haynes is entitled to credit for the full measure of his years; and, no doubt, future Assessors will take pleasure in making the correction.

Literary Notices.

The delightful sports and pastimes of a summer outing shown in the front cover picture of the August AMERICAN BOY are in pleasing accord with the contents of the magazine. The popular serials, Winning His Shoulder Straps and The Young Continentals at Lexington, are continued with increasing interest. Of the many fine short stories, there are, The Dean's Diagnosis, showing how one mischievous boy was reformed in the effort of reforming another mischievous boy; The Forward Step tells of the heroism displayed by a boy who thought he was afraid; The Camp of the Royal Pirates, a particularly jolly story of the Camping experiences of five boys on their vacation. An Attractive Cannon tells how an ingenious boy stirred up a whole town. In addition there are over 93 illustrations. $1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

There was a time when such an organization as the Fadettes was considered a whole show in itself at highest prices, but B. F. Keith evidently believes in double shows, judging by the program he is announcing for the week of August 9th. Besides the Fadettes, there is a list of vaudeville attractions, such as one would expect to find only at the height of the season, for every act is, without exception, a star feature. Ben Welch, the Hebrew and Italian impersonator, is now conceded to be one of the foremost in this class of work, and he is on the bill.

WINCHESTER

The merchants and others of this town disported themselves at Bass Point on Traders Day last Wednesday.

Your "esteemed contemporary," the *Star*, thinks Congressman McCall is about as "near right as they make 'em this year."

This town has no "slum" districts, and the person who says anything different from that, in print or otherwise, is a fool; that's all I've got to say about him.

There is great rejoicing over the prospective matrimonial union of Tom Lawson's daughter Dorothy and Sam McCall's son Henry, and the people can hardly wait for next January to come.

Our people are congratulating themselves and thanking the Assessors for a reduction of $1.20 in their tax bills from last year. When looked at soberly it will be seen that the Board made the town a fine present.

The Assessors have just had printed for distribution a Polibook, which will be found a mighty nice thing to have handy by. It is, in effect, a town directory, and if you have any doubts about its being "just the checker," go to Wilson's bookstore and get a copy.

Samuel Stone, who was arrested charged with larceny in Winchester and Woburn, was identified in the East Cambridge jail last Monday by Laura Hildebrand and then placed under arrest on the charge of larceny of $3 from the store of Mrs. Capen, 362 Somerville avenue, Somerville.

Mr. Samuel W. Twombly, one of our most highly esteemed citizens, celebrated the 87th anniversary of his birthday last Saturday, July 31, in health, peace and plenty. He spent the day at his home on Wildwood street in company with a fine brood of children and grandchildren, everyone of which he sets a store by. Mr. Twombly has been a useful citizen all his days in Winchester, and done more than any other man to make it the lovely town it now is.

Congressman McCall will be obliged to put up with a rather brief summer vacation. That tariff business has kept him in his seat in the National House all through the heated term; but he has stuck to it manfully and fought for the interests of New England in a manner that has brought praise for him from all quarters, except Democratic. He has been a great help to President Taft all along through the tariff fight, and hasn't shied at a single proposition that favored this section of country.

Tommy—I see wood yields about one fifth as much heat as coal.

Bobby—I guess my dad don't know that.

"Why?"

"Because when he 'warms' me he always uses a shingle."—Yonkers Statesman.

A PRECOCIOUS DOG.

The Wonderful Feats He Performed For Joseph Jefferson.

There is a story that is told of Joseph Jefferson and the boys that had to do with the training of dogs. It appears that there was a gentleman in New Iberia who owned a very intelligent animal, and he was most anxious for Mr. Jefferson to see an example of his prowess. Accordingly he brought him to the island one day and put him through his various tricks, which were remarkably clever.

When the performance was over Mr. Jefferson expressed his appreciation and wonder at what the dog had done, but added that he had an animal that was even more remarkable. As the gentleman seemed to be in some doubt as to the truth of this statement the dog, a dejected, stupid looking beast, was produced, and Mr. Jefferson ordered him to go into his room and bring him a shoe.

Obediently the dog trotted into the house to presently reappear with the shoe in his mouth. Taking it from him, Mr. Jefferson patted him upon the head and told him to return to his room and bring him the slipper for his left foot.

"And, mind you, bring the left one," he cautioned as the animal trotted away.

When he returned in a moment with the left slipper the gentleman could hardly express his astonishment, but Mr. Jefferson waved the matter indifferently aside.

"It is nothing," said he. "However we will now try something a little more difficult." Then, turning to the dog, he spoke to him very slowly and carefully. "Now go into the library," said he, "look upon the bottom shelf on the right hand side of the room and you will see a set of Dickens. Bring me the second volume. Remember, now, the second volume; not the first or the third, but the second."

When the dog returned in a few moments with the second volume in his mouth the gentleman retired in the utmost confusion, declaring that in comparison with such a prodigy his own much vaunted animal was little better than an imbecile.

And I may add that Mr. Jefferson enjoyed the joke fully as much as did the boys, who, according to a prearranged plan, had placed each successive article in the prodigy's mouth. As to the prodigy, his one accomplishment consisted of trotting into the house and trotting out of it again.—Nevil G. Henshaw in Bohemian.

Table Mountain.

At Capetown, in South Africa, where the traveler usually has the first glimpse of the continent, is Table mountain, a magnificent natural curiosity which rises behind the city to the height of almost 4,000 feet and has a level top about three square miles in area. Its resemblance to a huge table is so marked that the dense clouds which collect at times around the summit are referred to as the tablecloth. A pretty little flower which is found nowhere else on earth grows on top, while on the northern side of its base is a similarly rare tree, popularly called the silver leaf tree.

The Slow One.

"Would you," he said after they had been sitting in the dark for a long time, "be angry with me if I were to kiss you?"

She was silent for a moment. Then in tones the meaning of which was not to be mistaken she replied:

"Why do you suppose I turned down the light an hour and a half ago?"

And yet he wondered, poor fool, how other young men who had started far in the rear were able to pass him in the race of life.

A Chronic Grumbler.

Charles Lamb tells of a chronic grumbler who always complained at whist because he had so few trumps. By some artifice his companions managed to fix the cards so that when he dealt he got the whole thirteen, hoping to extort some expression of satisfaction, but he only looked more wretched than ever as he examined his hand.

"Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you trumps enough this time?"

"Yes," grunted Tom, "but I've no other cards."

Not Desired.

Having at enormous pains got her length, breadth and thickness about right, the woman heaved a sigh of relief. "No fourth dimension in mine, if you please!" she exclaimed, with unmistakable feeling.

Some aver that the feminine mind is not attracted by metaphysics anyway!—Puck.

Precedent.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house.

"I guess so, father," replied the matterfamilias. "He always has gone."—Washington Herald.

CARD OF THANKS.

We employ this method to return our sincere thanks to the good friends who were so kind to our husband and father, Mr. William Scales, during his last illness; for the profusion of beautiful flowers they placed on his casket at the funeral; and the sympathy they extended to us in our bereavement.

MRS. WILLIAM SCALES AND SON.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES.—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, July 29, John A. Parkin, aged 81 years, 4 months, 29 days.

In this city, July 31, Catherine Lynch, aged 1 year, 10 months and 14 days.

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 36,834 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner at Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 55 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn.

Let the "Blue Bell" Sign Remind You

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

OF THE ERRAND YOU FORGOT TO EXECUTE, and a ready way out of the difficulty.

OF THE ORDER YOU WERE ASKED TO DELIVER for your firm or for your home.

OF THE ENGAGEMENT FOR WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN DELAYED and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

OF THE CALL YOU PROMISED TO MAKE, but failed to make, through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "LET YOUR HEAD SAVE YOUR HEELS."

Remember:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 320,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England states.

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New England Telephone and Telegraph Co

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Sarah C. Warren late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Peter Warren who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of September A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Abbie Hart late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie F. S. Miller who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County Middlesex, on the twenty first day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And said petioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Johan A. Franson otherwise known as J. Alfred Franson late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Carl J. Franson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, July 10th, A. D. 909.

Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14th, 1909,

at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwelling house, No. 58 Montvale Avenue in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Ellen McInnis of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the twenty-fifth day of May A. D., 1909, at five o'clock P. M., the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:—a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in Winchester in the County of Middlesex, being lots numbered 206, 207, 208 and 209 as laid out on a plan of lands in said Winchester belonging to the Suburban Land Improvement Company, L. J. Hawkes, Surveyor, dated September, 1891, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 71, Plan 49, bounded and described as follows:—Northerly by Kirk Street one hundred feet; Easterly by Loring Avenue one hundred feet; Southerly by Lot 210 on said plan one hundred feet; and Westerly by Lot 205 on said Plan one hundred feet. Containing ten thousand square feet.

JOSEPH H BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Cordia D. Holland, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ROBERT C. WILSON, Adm.
Pearl St., North Woburn.
July 31, 1909. aug 6, 13, 20

FOR SALE.

To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 33 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached; about ¼ acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy.

Apply to F. BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick Barry to Thomas Moore dated May 13, 1893, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2193, Page 150, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1909,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, on East street, now known as Garfield Avenue, containing about one acre, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Garfield avenue and at land formerly of John A. Boutelle, from thence the line runs a little south of west by said land formerly of Boutelle nine rods one and one half links to a corner of the wall; thence a little east of south by land formerly of James Abbott seventeen rods six and one half links to a stake; thence a little north of east by land now or formerly of Holton et al ten rods and nine links to a stake at said Garfield avenue; thence a little west of north by and with said Garfield avenue seven rods seven and one half links to an angle in said avenue; thence more northerly still by and with said avenue nine rods ten and one half links to the point of beginning. For grantor's title see two deeds, the first dated May 8th, 1865, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1038, Page 501, and the second dated June 30, 1882, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1906, Page 168.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal assessments, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

THOMAS MOORE, Mortgagee.

Woburn, July 29, 1909.

Administrator's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license granted to me by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated July 25, 1909, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on **Thursday, August 26, 1909,** at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate:—

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing 26,227 square feet, and bounded: Beginning at the southeasterly corner thereof, on the westerly side of Main street, at a stake at a point 117.4 feet northerly from the line runs westerly, by and with said private street 257.85 feet to land of Patrick Welch; thence turning, the line runs northerly on land last named 117.4 feet to a stake at land of Connors; thence northeasterly on land of Connors 47.9 feet; thence southerly on land of Murphy 28.3 feet; thence easterly on land of Murphy 59.1 feet; thence northerly still on land of Murphy 21.3 feet to land formerly of McLaughlin, now of Cleary; thence easterly on land last named 51.5 feet to land of Plummer; thence southerly on land of Plummer and land of McLaughlin 100.27 feet to Main street; thence southerly by and with said Main street 68.85 feet to the point of beginning.

One Hundred Dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at the sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Administrator of the Estate of Annie L. McCormick.

Woburn, Mass., July 30, 1909. 3t 30, aug 6 13

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

OUR GLASSES

are well made in all parts—not only more becoming but more comfortable and more durable.

Prices are thoroughly satisfactory.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
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REMEMBER
WE SELL
Shreded Wheat
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Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242 3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!
I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.
Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"
by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc
ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET
we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R. R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8 15, then every hour until 2 15 P. M ; then every half hour until 10 45—11 15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6 45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1 45 P M; then every half hour until 10 15 PM 10 45, 11 15, 11 45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9 30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre to Stoneham Sq. at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M and every half hour until 10 45 P. M., 11 15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9 45 A M then every half hour until 10 15 P M 10 45, 11 15, 11 45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 2, 1909.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1907, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 28, 1909,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

The parcels described below are in Ward 6.

For Wards 1, 2, 3 and 7, see The Woburn Daily Times, issues of August 5, 12, 19.

For Wards 4 and 5, see The Evening News, issues of August 5, 12 and 19.

WARD 6 RESIDENTS

GEORGE E. BROWN—About 115,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Ingalls street, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at land now or late of Robeson, thence northeasterly by land now or late of Akeson; land now or late of Johnson and land now or late of Putman, 348 feet to land now or late of Converse; thence southeasterly by land now or late of Converse and land now or late of Coakley to land now or late of Donovan; thence southwesterly by said land of Donovan, 188 feet, to land now or late of Mahoney; thence more westerly by said land of Mahoney to land of Crombie, thence northwesterly by said land of Crombie 187.4 feet to Ingalls Street; thence southwesterly by Ingalls Street to said land of Robeson; thence westerly by said land of Robeson to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1907 $36.80

GEORGE E. BROWN—About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Main Street bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Daniel Kimball, 151.91 feet; easterly by Main Street 80 feet; southerly by land of Elizabeth P. Torry, 151.91 feet: westerly by land now or late of said Torry, 80 feet.
Tax of 1907 $8.83
Street watering 1907 $1.64

ALBERT EVERETT BROWN—About 10,368 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, on Salem Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land of A. C. Brown; easterly by land of A. C. Brown; southerly by Salem Street; westerly by land of John Maloney.
Tax of 1907 $56.12
Street watering 1907 $2.02

FRED H. BOWSER—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Hart Place, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises, thence northerly by land now or late of Sawyer and land now or late of Heggie, 106 feet; thence easterly on Hart Place 62.5 feet; thence southerly 121 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of Brown, 62.5feet.
Tax of 1907 $20.42

LOUISE MOSER—About 22985 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 941 Main Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by passageway, 133 feet; easterly by land now or late of Page, 179.5 feet; southerly by passageway, 146.1 feet; westerly by Main Street, 142.1 feet.
Tax of 1907 $49.68

EDWARD E. PARKER—About 11,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, 8 Middle Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Hovey; easterly by Fairview Road; southerly by Middle Street; westerly by land now or late of Hurd.
Tax of 1907 $37.71

EDWARD E. PARKER—About one-half acre of land, situated in said Woburn on Mishawum Road, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Mary A. Carton; easterly by other land of said Parker and land now or late of Hovey; southerly by land now or late of Hurd; westerly by Mishawum Road.
Tax of 1907 $18.40

EDWARD E. PARKER—About one-half acre of land, situated in said Woburn on Fairview Road, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land of Watson and land of Ela; easterly by Fairview Road; southerly by land now or late of Hovey; westerly by other land of said Parker and land of Mary A. Carton.
Tax of 1907 $13.80

LAURA DELANEY—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 37, Block 20, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz.: Northerly by lot 38 in said Block; easterly by lot 11 in said Block; southerly by lot 36 in said Block; westerly by Wentworth Avenue.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ALICE I. ROLLINS—About 2 7-8 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on West Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or formerly of Fisher and land now or formerly of Reuben Green; easterly by land now or formerly of Oliver Fisher; southerly by West Street; westerly by Pearl Street; being the same premises described in deed of Elijah Rollins to said Alice I. Rollins, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds Book 3091, Page 203.
Tax of 1907 $66.24

WARD 6 NON-RESIDENTS

GEORGE W. BLANCHARD—About 12,800 sq. ft. of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn at No. 718 Main Street, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at the southeasterly corner on Main Street, thence northerly by Main Street 60 feet; thence westerly by land now or formerly of Torrey 225 feet; thence southerly by land of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation 60 feet; thence easterly by land of the City of Woburn 210 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1907 $63.48
Street Watering of 1907 $1.20

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 9, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 5, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.37

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 15, Block 4, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10 and 11, Block 8, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.37

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 16, Block 4, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

FRED N. DAVIS—About 9800 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 12 to 15, Block 13, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Jones Avenue; easterly by Chester Avenue; southerly by lots 11 and 16 in said block; westerly by Foster Avenue.
Tax of 1907 $31.28

JAMES D. BACKUS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 18, Block 8, shown on Plan of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $.74

CHARLES N. BACON—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 30 and 31, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

CHARLES N. BACON—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 and 7, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ESTHER A. BARTLETT—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

ANNA A. BEZANSON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 32, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.18

ELEANOR A. CHURCHILL—About 2400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 17, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan2.
Tax of 1907 $.55

EMMA COOPER—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 35, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 34, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 32 and 33, Block 33 Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 12, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.18

EDITH EGGLESTON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

WALTER H. ELLIOTT—About 7350 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 4, 5, and 6, Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.38

EDWIN L. GOODWIN—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 5, Section F, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.46

EDWIN L. GOODWIN—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 17 and 18, Block 5, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.37

EDWIN L. GOODWIN—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 3, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.92

ADA M. GORDON—About 5000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

HARRIET P. HASTINGS DEVISEES—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 16 and 17, Block 4, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

KATHERINE HEALEY — About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 to 8, Block 13, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1
Tax of 1907 $1.10

PETER J. HERMAN—About 5050 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, Block 1, shown on Plan of house lots, Rumford Park Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

FRANK W. HERRICK — About 19,600 square feet of land,situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 8, Block 33, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $2.21

OTIS J. HOUGHTON—About 2,300 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 10, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.37

DELIA LAVENDER—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, Block 30, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

MARTHA A. McCORMACK—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

METROPOLITAN CHURCH ASSOCIATION—About 5 639 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 7, shown on Plan of House Lots, Rumford Park, Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

JAMES J. NAUGHTON — About 5,400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 2,450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.55

ROGER SULLIVAN—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JENNIE M. TARBELL——About 14,700 square feeet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 5 and 15, Block 34, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $2.76

JENNIE M. TARBELL—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 24 and 25, Block 28, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.92

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 to 7, Block 21, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.10

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 5,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 23, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, Block 19, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 8,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 to 8, Block 20, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $2.30

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 18, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 11, Block 18, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.10

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 20 and 21, Block 18, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JENNIE WHITMAN Wescott heirs —About 2750 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 5, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ANNIE J. WILLIAMS—About 7,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 4 and 5, 20 and 21, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

ALBERT E. WRIGHT—About 4802 -square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 2, shown on plan of the Park Hill lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 70, Plan 47.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

EMILY H. SWIFT—About 14,670 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots O, N and M, Block 3, shown on Plan of Lots, Woburn, belonging to F. S. McGregor and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 119, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $3.68

WILFORD D. GRAY
Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn

AFTER THE BATTLE.

An Incident That Seemed to Explain Joshua's Miracle.

There was an incident in our life at Brandy, connected with Gettysburg, which is worth relating. Batchelder, whose map of the battlefield of Gettysburg is authority and whom we had fallen in with while we were there, asked to join our mess at Brandy when he came to the army to verify the positions of the various commands. One night we had just sat down to dinner when he entered our big hospital tent, quite tired.

"Well," he announced after taking his place at the table, "I have been down in the Second corps today, and I believe I have discovered how Joshua made the sun stand still. I first went to —— regiment and had the officers mark on the map the hour of their position at a certain point. Then I went to —— regiment in the same brigade. They declared positively it was one or two hours earlier or later than that given by the other. So it went on, no two regiments or brigades agreeing, and if I blated that some of them must certainly be mistaken they would set me down by saying with severe dignity, 'We were there, Batchelder, and we ought to know, I guess,' and I made up my mind that it would take a day of at least twenty hours instead of thirteen at Gettysburg to satisfy their accounts. So when Joshua's captains got around him after the fight and they began to talk it over the only way under the heavens that he could ever harmonize their statements was to make the sun stand still and give them all a chance."

Any one who has ever tried to establish the exact position or hour when anything took place in an engagement will confirm Batchelder's experience and possibly, if not too orthodox, accept his explanation of Joshua's feat. —Morris Schaff in Atlantic.

A MONSTER SKULL.

One That Was Said to Be Bigger Than a Bushel Basket.

One of the most remarkable finds of gigantic human remains of which we have any record was that said to have been made at Palermo, Sicily, in the year 1516, when an entire skeleton of unheard of proportions was unearthed by some marble quarry men. These mammoth remains measured exactly thirty-four feet from head to foot and nine feet seven inches from point to point of the shoulders.

A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen at Palermo in section "Z" of the St. Isorent museum. It is made of a bluish looking, fine grained bowlder and appears to be about two feet eight inches long by one foot broad and nine inches through in the thickest place. A musty, rusty looking tag attached to the relic informs the visitor that it weighs fifty-two pounds, but the general verdict is that it could not weigh over thirty or thirty-five pounds.

The skeleton was burned by a mob in the year 1662 during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant, superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death dealing distemper. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely excessive of the baskets sayd to hold the bushel, being fitted above and belowe withe teeth to the number of sixty-feure, the each of which would have weighed two ounces."

Cavalier Scroy claimed to have found a skull on Tenerife that had sixty teeth.—Westminster Gazette.

Outdoor Trimmings.

"Tell me something."
"Well?"
"What's an al fresco lunch?"
"A lunch served with caterpillars instead of flies."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Metallic Maid.

Miss Hunt—I didn't know that Miss Flash was a college graduate, did you? Miss Blunt—To be sure I did. She is one of the aluminum of Vassar.—Boston Courier.

Freddie—Your father told me that I was the black sheep of the family. Gertie—What did you say? Freddie—Bah!—Comic Cuts.

THE CRUSH OF WORLDS.

What Would Happen if a Dead Sun Invaded Our Solar System.

It is possible, though it is not proved, that stars may sometimes approach one another and even "leap madly from their spheres." "What would happen were an unknown star or a dead sun to invade our solar system?" asks a writer in the London Illustrated News, who answers his query in two ways. In the first place, the star might rush straight into the sun and by the heat of the collision reduce the sun and all its planets to a nebulous mass without form or structure. But it is more mathematically probable that just as comets approach, circle and recede from the sun, so the starry invader of our system would approach our system and recede from it, having altered it beyond recognition.

But what would be its effect upon our sun? The sun as we know it today is explosively elastic. Great tongues of flame which would consume a little planet like ours at a mouthful continually leap from it with speeds of several hundred miles a second. This enormous explosive force is restrained only by the greater force of the sun's gravity. But if an approaching star as great as the sun came within striking distance of it then along the line joining the two bodies, each would begin to pull the other, as today the moon pulls up the earth's oceans.

The mighty pull of the invading star would neutralize the sun's gravity in one direction, and the sun would, in a sense, explode. Out from our ancestral sun and from opposite sides of it would fly two great lengthening arms of matter, reaching far beyond the farthest planet. As the star passed, its moving mass would give a further twist to the sun and would pull the arms of matter into the shape of a great double spiral. Form and motion would thus be imparted to the nebula thus created, and from the solar system thus extinguished in catastrophe a new sun, with planets condensing from the lumps and inequalities in the projecting arms, would arise.

CAPE HATTERAS.

The Shifting Sands and Point of This Isolated Place.

There are few names more widely known in the United States or localities about which a greater ignorance prevails than Cape Hatteras. Situated as it is at the angle where the long strip of sand beach from Cape Henry south turns at a right angle to the westward, with the widest part of Pamlico sound between it and the mainland and with the beach both west and north cut into several islands by inlets from sound to ocean, its position is isolated. No means of transportation exist along the beach, and with the nearest railway station from which a regular transportation route is operated nearly a hundred miles away it is an easier place to talk about than to visit.

Like all sand promontories, the point of the cape is always moving. An old wreck imbedded deep in the sand and showing only the stumps of her masts and bowsprit and the rusty skeletons of what were once her chain plates and dead eyes is now a quarter of a mile or more inland. Twenty years ago she is said to have lain in the water, where she struck or drifted ashore, the land now outside of her having been built up since by the action of the wind and the waves.

Two features connected with the sailing of the fishing skiffs used hereabouts are new to me. One is that of using a member of the crew as shifting ballast. A plank is run out over the side, the inner end caught under the lee washboards, while on the outer end, with legs dangling over the water, sits the man acting as ballast, and this not in racing, mind you, but in every day sailing. The other is the practice of "nodding," as I heard it called. In moderate weather, when the skiff is only lightly gliding along, one man will stand up alongside the centerboard on the weather side and, facing outward, will steadily rock sidewise from one foot to the other with faster. And perhaps it does.—Charlotte Observer.

The Red Sea.

In the Red sea reefs of bright pink coral are clearly to be seen. Much of the rocky bed of this sea is the work of the coral insect. But probably the true reason for the name of the Red sea is because along its eastern shore lies ancient Edom. This word signifies "red." It was given to the region not from the color of its sandstone hills, but from its people. These are the descendants of him who came in faint and weary from hunting and said to his brother, "Feed me, I pray thee with that same red pottage, for I am faint;" therefore was his name called Edom.

Only a Man.

Little Muriel flew into the house flushed and breathless.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold me for being late to tea, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down, and they said that they were going to send for a horse doctor, so of course I had to stay. And after I'd waited and waited he came, and, oh, mother, what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all. It was only a man!"—Everybody's Magazine.

FLOATING STORES.

Merchandise Steamers of the Muskoka Lake Country In Ontario.

Among the interesting features of life in the Muskoka lake country, in Ontario, are the floating stores. A good sized steam vessel fitted out with every imaginable item of merchandise that might be required makes a tour of an assigned chain of lakes once each week. On a certain hour of a certain day the boat is expected at the different resorts and summer homes, and enough merchandise must be bought at each to tide over until the next trip of the floating store.

Upon stepping on board the store boats, says a writer in Popular Mechanics, the purchaser approaches a counter with scales and cash drawer, as in any other kind of store. Behind the counter are shelves, on which are displayed such articles as may tempt the eye. Behind these shelves is the entrance to the storeroom and hold, in which more merchandise is stored. Each article has its place, and the storekeeper can find it in a moment.

Sometimes isolated farms on the lakes are not worth stopping at every trip, so a flag is flown when stores are desired. The store vessel drops anchor when the signal flag is down, and some member of the family rows out and makes the purchases.

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A LITTLE WATCH TALK.
Did you ever stop to think that the balance wheel in your watch makes about 300 moves a minute, 1800 per hour, or 43,200 from the time you wind it until you wind it again? You oil your windmill or wagon, your wife her sewing machine, almost daily. Still you let your watch run in old rancid oil and accumulated dust year after year, or until it stops. Then when it is worn and the delicate bearing cut out, blame the jeweler, because your watch kept good time for ten years until you took it to him. An ordinary watch, cleaned and oiled yearly, will last any man a lifetime.
It will cost you nothing to let us examine your watch. All work guaranteed.
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A Jewelry Store since 1871.
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MY LADY DAFFODIL.

How She Happened to Wear Her Yellow Gown That Night.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

In Miss Priscilla's garden there was a clump of daffodils.

"I am going to pick all of them," said Judy Perkins, who was Miss Priscilla's niece.

"Please don't, Judy," said Miss Priscilla faintly.

"Why not?"

"Because," was Miss Priscilla's woman's reason.

Judy looked at her. "Tell me," she urged. "You are blushing, and you can't have any secrets from me, Aunt Pris."

Miss Priscilla beamed. It was such a new delight to be bossed by this beautiful being who had come all the way from Europe to the little country village to see for the first time her father's sister.

"Tell me," Judy repeated and drew the little lady down beside her on the garden bench.

Judy listened intently while Miss Priscilla hammered out her little romance. "So you and he always sat on this bench by the daffodil bed, and you wore a little yellow dimity gown, and he called you 'My Lady Daffodil?'"

"Yes." Miss Priscilla's voice was dreamy. "And he used to quote some verses that ended:

"And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

"Why didn't you marry him?" Judy murmured.

"There was a misunderstanding." Miss Priscilla said, "and he went away, and I haven't heard from him since, and that was twenty years ago."

Judy enveloped the shabby black figure in a big hug. "Dear Aunt Pris," she said, "and you have been alone and lonely all these years, while I have been having a good time."

"You couldn't know," Miss Priscilla said, "that after father and mother died I invested all of my money in a mining scheme that failed."

"No; we didn't know," Judy said, "and you have scrimped and saved and gone without pretty things while I have simply squandered piles of money on gowns."

"The one you have on is a beauty," Miss Priscilla said. "You look like a rose."

Judy laughed. "The rose and the daffodil," she sang. "We belong in your garden, Aunt Pris."

"Miss Priscilla," said some one from the other side of the fence, "may I have a rose from your garden?"

"I told you last night you couldn't, Bobbie," Judy retorted.

"Don't quarrel," Miss Priscilla expostulated. "Come up presently and have lunch with me."

As she left them Judy stood looking after the slender, old fashioned figure. "Did she ever tell you about the daffodils, Bobbie?"

"No."

"He was her lover and he went away—and his name is Constantius Mercer."

"Do you know," Bobbie said, "there's a man at the hotel named Mercer—C. Mercer?"

Judy grasped his hands across the fence. "Bobbie, boy," she said, "suppose it should be the same one—and suppose he is coming back here to look up Aunt Pris."

"She must have changed awfully in that time," Bobbie said. "She—she isn't very pretty now, you know, Judy."

"She's beautiful," Judy said defiantly. "Her hair is lovely and her eyes"—

"Constantius is probably old and bald and ugly—but of course that doesn't count."

"Well, one doesn't exactly look for beauty in a man"—

"If one did one might be disappointed," Judy murmured pointedly. Then she went on, "If it is Constantius he'll probably be over this evening, Bobbie."

"Why."

"Because she said he always came at twilight, and—and lovers don't forget such things, Bobbie."

"Don't they?" Bobbie demanded with some interest. "Will you remember that I always came at high noon in time for lunch, Judy?"

"Aunt Pris," Judy said a little later when they were at lunch, "I'm going to get the dinner tonight and I want it late. Bobbie's coming and I'm going to put on style."

Bobbie looked up in amazement, but Judy's eye warned him. "You are to come at 7:30," she said. "I want to show you what a fine cook I am."

After Bobbie left Miss Priscilla protested.

"Please," Judy began, "let me get the dinner and—and I want to dress you up and have you play lady for once in your life. You are going to wear a pretty gown tonight," Judy said decidedly. "Come on upstairs and choose one, Aunt Pris."

Once in Judy's room that enthusiastic maiden dumped on the bed a dozen gowns before she found the one she sought.

"There," she said at last, as she took down a fluttering fluffy thing of pale yellow chiffon. "Put that on and see how you look, Aunt Pris."

"Oh, my dear," Miss Priscilla protested. But Judy commanded, and soon Miss Priscilla was incased in the wonderful gown.

"But your hair's wrong," Judy decided and pulled out hairpins and curled and patted and puffed the shining brown locks into a wonderful coiffure—topped with a gold comb.

"Why, it's just the way I used to wear it," Miss Priscilla said.

"And now you are to take a book and go down to the garden seat and stay there until I call you to dinner."

A half hour later Bobbie appeared at the kitchen door.

"Judy," he said in an awed voice, "I didn't know clothes could make such a difference."

"What?" asked Judy, abstracted. She was deep in the mysteries of mayonnaise.

"Miss Priscilla is down by the daffodil bed in a yellow gown, and she looks like a girl with her hair done that way. And Constantius is headed for the garden. He is a good looking old duffer, Judy."

"I hope he has piles of money," Judy said.

"I'll run back and dress," Bobbie said. "But I wish you'd let me get the Lady of the Roses if he gets My Lady Daffodil, Judy."

"Go 'way," said Judy, but her eyes were kind.

There were golden shadows across the grass as Bobbie went toward the gate, and Miss Priscilla's gown made a spot of gold in the dusky corner where the daffodils grew. And at the gate Bobbie met Constantius, but the man scarcely bowed. His eyes were on that golden spot in the dusky corner.

"My Lady Daffodil," he said softly.

Miss Priscilla turned, started up, and her eyes were like stars.

"Connie"— she gasped, and then Bobbie fled.

And when he crept back later he found shades on the silver candlesticks.

He produced a great bunch of daffodils and Judy put them in a silver bowl in the center of the table.

"Judy, this is my old friend Constantius Mercer," said a happy voice.

Constantius held Judy's hand and looked down at her. "Priscilla and I have been wondering how you happened to make her wear that yellow gown today."

"A little bird told me you were at the hotel."

"A little bird?"

"Bob-o-link," said Bobbie from the other side of the table.

"Oh," and Constantius grasped the other's hand. "I told you I knew Miss Perkins?"

"Yes," said Bobbie, "and I told Judy, and thereby hangs the tale."

But Constantius was not listening—hand in hand with Miss Priscilla he was looking at the daffodils that nodded under the golden light.

And Judy, watching the old lovers, turned her eyes presently on her young lover and then her hand went out to him and behind the backs of the others he bent and kissed her.

Willing, but Helpless.

"Shave," was all he said, and he snapped it out as if he wanted to be let alone during the operation.

"You oughter have a hair cut, sir. Needs it badly," said the barber.

"No; I want a shave," said the man.

Everything was quiet for the next few minutes, and the barber scraped away. Then, the bristles removed, the barber ran his hands through his hair, preparatory to combing it. That seemed to remind him of something.

"Hair's getting thin, sir. Shall I put on some follicular freshener?" he inquired.

"No!" snapped the man.

The barber fussed about some more and then, "Try a facial massage—just what you need," he said.

"No; I only want the shave," said the man firmly.

This appeared to get past the barber, for as he was flirting with the combs and brushes and looking over the customer's cranial development he remarked in a friendly and kindly tone, just as if the idea had that moment occurred to him, "You oughter have your hair cut, sir."

The tired man's patience was all gone now. "Hang it," he exclaimed, "if you are so anxious to cut somebody's hair, why don't you cut your own? It's four times as long as mine."

Sadly the barber looked at himself in the glass. His locks were best described by the mid-Victorian terms "ambrosial and umbrageous."

"If I could I would," he answered.—New York Press.

To Was or Not to Was.

"Dear me, now!" exclaimed the nervous old lady with the seventeen packages and the parrot, bound for Cockle-on-the-Shell. "What did the guard say was the next station? Did he say Cockle-on-the-Shell?"

"Excuse me," remonstrated the girl from Girton. "You mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong, madam," interposed an octogenarian. "What is was, isn't it?"

"Is is was?" asked the Girton girl sharply.

"Don't be ridiculous!" snapped the nervous old lady. "Was may be is. But if was was is, then is isn't is or was wasn't was." She passed her hand across her fevered brow. "If was is, was is was, isn't it?" she continued. "But if is is was, then"—

"Listen!" interposed a fifth. "Is is, was was, was was was, is is is."

"Oh, well, anyway," cried the old lady, "is the next station my station—Cockle-on-the-Shell?"

"No, madam," replied the octogenarian. "But it was. We have just gone by it."—London Scraps.

A Candid Retrospect.

"Why are you in this prison, my friend?" asked the philanthropist.

"It was the result of my own folly."

"In what way were you foolish?"

"I didn't employ the right kind of a lawyer for my case."—Washington Star.

Couldn't Turn It.

The eye of little Willie's teacher was sad and sorry, for, notwithstanding that he was her favorite pupil, he stood before her convicted of the heinous charge of a theft of candy from a fellow pupil. It was a first offense, however, and she did not desire to inflict corporal punishment. A moral lecture, she thought, would fit the case.

"Bear in mind, Willie," she concluded, "that these temptations can be resisted if determination is used. Always turn a deaf ear to temptation."

Little Willie's lip trembled.

"But, teacher," he answered, "I ain't got a deaf ear."

Making Hubby Appreciative.

A doctor tells of a note he received from a woman saying that her husband, who was about to make him a professional call, found constant fault with the dinner she prepared for him. She appealed to the physician for aid. The doctor examined his patient, who had a slight attack of indigestion, and told him to cut out luncheons, to eat nothing but a slice of toast and a cup of tea. The scheme worked excellently. Of course hubby returns home in the evening, eats everything in sight and votes his wife's cooking even better than mother used to make.—Boston Record.

Thrifty.

A Scotsman and his wife were traveling from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose, and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"Oh, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afeard o' deein', but I dinna care to dee at sea."

"Dinna think o' deein' yet," answered Sandy; "but when ye do, ye'd better be drooned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife.

"Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouldna cost sae muckle to bury."

Good Advice.

"Young man," said the boss, "come hither and listen." He approached. "When you've made a mistake forget it and go on to the next job. Don't potter around all day adding a lot of finishing touches."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TIME OF THE NATION.

How It Is Kept at the Naval Observatory In Washington.

THE SIGNAL FOR HIGH NOON.

It Is Flashed Out Over Nearly a Million Miles of Telegraph Wires Every Day In the Year—The Finely Adjusted Instruments That Are Used.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock noon every day in the year a young man walks into a certain room of the main building at the naval observatory, which is set up on a hill in the northwestern part of the District of Columbia. He glances at the various clocks in the room and then goes over to a table which is covered with electric apparatus.

He watches the clocks to his left closely and waits for the hands to reach 11:55. As the second hand approaches the 60 on the dial he prepares to shift a switch. The clock is so finely adjusted that when the second hand points to 60 it exactly marks the beginning of a new minute.

As it touches the 60 the switches are thrown on. That starts a signal that goes out instantaneously over 900,000 miles of telegraph lines. In Washington, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Newport, Baltimore, Newport News, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, Key West, Galveston, Chicago and elsewhere the time balls go up on their poles. People know that it is five minutes to noon, Washington time.

The clock which keeps the time in the observatory ticks on. With each tick there is a contact of electric points. A circuit is closed, and an instrument on the table similar in appearance to a telegraph sounder ticks away loudly.

It goes on to the twenty-ninth second, then skips one tick, then resumes its steady sounding until the last five seconds; then there is another gap. These gaps are for the purpose of giving listeners at the other ends of the great system of wires a chance to know what part of the minute the clock is on. So it goes up to the last minute.

At the twenty-ninth second there is again the skipping of one second. Finally the clock gets around to the fiftieth second. Then the circuit remains open for ten seconds. There is silence all along the telegraph wires.

At the other end, where there are time balls or merely train operators, the long pause indicates that noon is almost there. The second hand makes on toward 60 and finally reaches the mark. Then there is another click; in about a second the sounder is down, and that tells hundreds of thousands of people that it is noon in Washington.

It is a wonderful operation, this getting the time, and highly technical. Finely adjusted clocks, chronographs and other instruments of great value are used, and the taking and recording of the time have reached a point where the human equation is practically eliminated.

The results obtained are of great value, particularly to mariners. The time is not only flashed to hundreds of points in the United States, but it is sent far out to sea by wireless. A cable carries the flash to Havana; another to Panama and Callao, Peru.

The observatory here does not send the time much farther west than the Rockies, but they have an observatory at the Mare Island navy yard, and from there the time is sent up and down the Pacific coast, just as it is from here to the eastern part of the United States. In the cities where the central time is used the flash marks 11 o'clock. An hour later local operators drop the time balls.

The mean time is determined by astronomical observations. When certain stars pass the seventy-fifth meridian, called the meridian of Washington, it is a certain time. The operator watches for the stars through a telescope, the field of which is covered with fine wires.

As the stars reach a certain point in transit the operator presses a key in his hand. A contact is made and recorded on a chronograph. The chronograph consists of a cylinder covered with paper. A fountain pen rests on the paper. It is held by an arm attached to the mechanism. The cylinder revolves once a minute, and the pen moves along the surface of the paper, making a spiral line.

A sidereal clock of the finest make is running in a vault underneath the observatory. With each tick of the clock there is a contact of two points. These two points are attached to wires that lead to an electro-magnet attached to the arm that holds the pen of the chronograph. The clock is so adjusted that each minute the pen jumps to one side. Consequently there is a break in the line.

There are other breaks, too, when the observer watches the stars cross the lines in the field of the telescope. The mean time thus recorded for each star, after being corrected for errors, is the clock time of the star's transit. Whatever difference there is between the clock time and the sidereal time marked by the transit of the stars is the error of the clock. From these astronomical observations the sidereal time is obtained. The error amounts to but little, rarely being more than five one-hundredths to ten one-hundredths of a second.

The time of sending a flash over the wires is practically nothing. A flash has reached Greenwich, England, in three-tenths of a second.—Washington Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Can't Beat 'Em.

As usual, he was monopolizing the newspaper.

"Please let me have the woman's page," she said.

He carefully tore off a page and handed it to her.

It was a full page advertisement of a millinery opening, and he chuckled at his own little joke.

Still, she was revenged. She went to the opening, and he paid the bill.—Chicago Post.

An Ample Test.

The Insurance Agent—Sure your heart isn't weak? The Insured One—Oh, yes, yes. The Agent—Ever test it? The Insured—Yes, indeed. I watched a fifteen inning ball game with the score 1 to 1.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Open Confession.

Aunty—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that? Tommy—Please, it was so dark, aunty, I din't see that one!—London Punch.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 8, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Thess. v, 12-24. Memory Verses, 16-18—Golden Text, I Thess. v, 15—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The topic of our lesson is Paul's instructions to the Thessalonians, and yet we are assigned a very small portion of this most helpful epistle. Let those who would profit most by our study today note how much Paul has to say about the word of God, the gospel of God and the faith of these people. See in chapter i, 1, where this great salvation placed them and places every true believer "in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ," that we might walk worthy of God, who hath called us unto His kingdom and glory while we wait for His Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus who delivered us from the wrath to come (ii, 12; i, 10). The word "comfort" in iv, 18; v, 11, reminds us that, being in God the Father, we are in Him who is "the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort," that we who enjoy Him might bear His comfort to others, the comfort of His great salvation, of His continual care of His redeemed and of the glory of His kingdom. In the opening verses of the portion given us as a lesson we are exhorted to esteem those who bring us this comfort in His name, which must certainly mean that, while we esteem them, we give Him always the pre-eminence in all things, that the Lord alone may be exalted (Col. i, 18; Isa. ii, 11, 17). Having obtained peace with God through Him who made peace for us and who is our peace and who will give us peace always by all means if we will let Him (Eph. ii, 13, 14; Col. i, 20; II Thess. iii, 16), we are exhorted to be at peace among ourselves, for all envying and strife are from beneath, not from above (Jas. iii, 15-18). In chapter iv, 11, we hear of an ambition to be quiet and to attend to one's own business, for the word "study" in that verse is a word used elsewhere only in Rom. xv, 20; II Cor. v, 9, and really signifies a holy ambition in these matters.

There will always be some disorderly ones who need warning, some feeble minded who specially need comfort and some weak ones needing support, and with all classes we are to manifest the love of God and the patience of Christ (II Thess. iii, 5). Col. i, 11, is a most wonderful word on patience and the need of it and the kind the Lord loves. To return good for evil is Christ-like and to bless those who curse us and pray for those who persecute us (Matt. v, 44). A Christian should be a happy person, rejoicing evermore, rejoicing in the Lord and before the Lord and in spite of all manner of circumstances (Phil. iv, 4; Deut. xii, 12, 18; Hab. iii, 17, 18), because He is worthy to be praised, always loving us, always caring for us and fulfilling Rom. viii, 28, 32. It is our privilege to be in constant touch and communion with God through Jesus Christ, to talk with Him about everything and thus to pray without ceasing, be free from all anxiety and enjoy the peace which passeth all understanding (Phil. iv, 6, 7). If we only knew the blessings which we might bring from God to people in the name of Jesus Christ and the strength and encouragement we might bring to many a lonely, weary missionary, it does seem as if we would be most gladly talking with God about some one all the day long. To say, "Father, I thank thee," thus accepting all that comes or that does not come as the will of God for us is the only proper attitude of a child of God, knowing that He so loved us as to give His only begotten Son to die for our sins, cannot withhold any real good, but will with Him freely give us all things (Ps. lxxxiv; Rom. viii, 32). Compare Eph. v, 20.

Unbelievers resist the Spirit by refusing to receive Jesus Christ. Believers grieve Him by sin or quench Him by disobedience or by despising His message through the prophets. God has told us by the prophets all that He intends to do, and if we would walk with Him as He would like us to we must be perfectly agreed with Him by believing all that the prophets have spoken; otherwise our Lord will count us foolish people (Amos iii, 3, 7; Luke xxiv, 25). We cannot believe all that men teach, but must try the spirits, for there are many false teachers. All who do not accept Jesus as God manifest in the flesh, truly a man, a sinless man, but truly God, the Creator of all things, are not sent of God. Those who deny the supernatural birth of Jesus or His literal resurrection from the dead and His ascension to the right hand of the Father are not in accord with the Scriptures. Those who deny that Christ died for our sins, the just for the unjust, made sin for us, and that, apart from His sacrifice, any one can be saved, are not of God. We must stand with Christ in all that He said and did; otherwise we are against Him. By His word we must prove all things and reject all that is not according to Scripture, holding fast the faithful word (Tit. i, 9).

As we are here in Christ's stead to manifest His life in these mortal bodies, we cannot be His faithful witnesses if anything unholy is seen in us. There is a filthiness of the spirit as well as of the flesh from which we must cleanse ourselves if we would be such sons and daughters as the Almighty desires (II Cor. vi, 16-18; vii, 1).

A Bright Boy.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "you may give me an example of coincidence."

"Why—er," said Tommy, with some hesitation—"why—er—why, me fadder and me mudder was both married on de same day."—Harper's Weekly.

Shrewd Girl.

Ella—Bella is an economical girl.

Stella—There is no doubt about that. She is engaged to a clergyman, and he says that she asked him if he couldn't perform the marriage ceremony and save the wedding fee.—New York Press.

National Pride.

Sleepy Silas—I see dis paper says England and Wales have 750,000 paupers. Weary Watkins—Dat's just like de English, allus blowin' about something!—Yonkers Statesman.

Liberty is worth whatever country is worth. It is by liberty that a man has a country; it is by liberty he has rights.—Henry Giles.

JIMMY'S OPPORTUNITY.

A Very Important Conversation That Settled Matters.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Jimmy Fitzgerald was downcast. Everybody was against him, he told himself, and in that sweeping generalization he included even Carroll. For if it had not been for Carroll's connivance, her tame submission to the maneuvers of interfering relatives, the words which had trembled on his lips for three dragging months would have been spoken long ago.

From the standpoint of a disinterested spectator Jimmy was ready to admire the cleverness which so far had circumvented him. "Good team work," he denominated it. The ingenious air with which Grandmother Reynolds would appear to claim Carroll's assistance in regard to a dropped stitch in her knitting just when Jimmy was bringing matters to a climax and Carroll was turning a most becoming pink was only equaled by the childlike innocence with which Carroll's small brother would rush bawling into the library with a bloody handkerchief held to his nose, interrupting an eloquent outbreak beginning "Since the first hour I saw you"—

In Jimmy's estimation this was all the harder to bear because he was so perfectly eligible. Character and prospects alike were beyond question. The most serious accusation that could be brought against the match was that both of them were young. Carroll's sister, Marie, was of the opinion that an engagement would be absurd, and Jimmy thought he knew why. If George Freeman, Marie's latest admirer, had been as eager to propose as Jimmy was, the latter young man felt positive that no obstacles would be put in his way.

With a duplicity foreign to his usually frank nature, Jimmy lost no opportunity of expressing to Freeman the admiration with which Marie inspired him. If the older sister were once engaged or, better still, married, Jimmy believed there would be hope for him.

Meanwhile the family opposition showed itself in a system of espionage which kept Jimmy's great avowal unspoken. If he suggested a walk, either Mrs. Reynolds declared that Carroll's cold would not permit her to venture out or Marie invited herself to accompany them; if the theater, a chaperon was necessary. Whole souled co-operation on Carroll's part would have relieved the situation, but the girl knew so well what Jimmy wanted that her modesty shrank from giving him anything but the most negative assistance. Accordingly Jimmy decided that she, too, was against him and gave himself up to thoughts of unutterable gloom.

He called one afternoon wearing an expression of grim determination which, if he had known it, put the conspirators on their guard. He was ushered into the family living room, and Mrs. Reynolds entertained him till Carroll came down. Jimmy made a few inane comments on the weather, his eyes devouring the pretty girlish figure seated demurely in the opposite corner.

"It's too fine a day for the house," said Jimmy. "Suppose we take a little walk."

"Really, Carroll, dear," said Mrs. Reynolds before Carroll could reply, "it won't do for you to leave the house. Mrs. Baker is likely to want you any moment. We have a dressmaker here, Mr. Fitzgerald," she continued, turning to Jimmy with her most charming smile.

"Can't we sit on the piazza?" suggested Jimmy. Carroll agreed to the suggestion. But, as it proved, her small brother, Bob, was in possession of the hammock, and he remained for two hours, enlivening the occasion by describing the exploits of the ball team.

An ear splitting whistle in the rear of the house relieved them at length of Bob's company. Without delay Jimmy plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Carroll, there's something I want to say to you"—

"Carroll, Mrs. Baker is ready for you," said Marie's voice behind the parlor shutters. That she had been waiting there, biding her time, Jimmy could not doubt. Then the gate clicked, and Mr. Reynolds came up the walk. He settled himself in the chair Carroll had vacated, and he and Jimmy talked politics till dinner time.

The young man refused an invitation to remain to dinner. He went away with a lowering brow and a heavy heart. But at half past 9 that evening the telephone bell rang, interrupting a game of bridge going on in the den. Carroll, who was nearest to the insistent instrument, pushed back her chair and went to answer the summons.

"Hello—hello! Oh, yes, this is Carroll." She turned a pretty, flushed face toward the three at the card table. "Please don't talk for a minute. I can't hear."

The next minute she heard very distinctly, for the room had become absolutely still, and the voice at the other end of the wire was clear and penetrating.

"This is Jimmy, Carroll. There's something I've been trying to say to you for three months. And I'm going to say it now."

"Why, I don't see"—

"Well, it doesn't matter whether you see or not. Just listen. Ever since I met you on Phil Reynolds' yacht a year ago I've loved you—from the very first hour."

"Oh, hush!"

"I'm not going to hush. I think about you every minute while I'm awake and dream about you when I'm asleep. I'm not any good any more, and I shan't be till I find out whether you care for me or not. And if you don't I'm going to the Philippines or somewhere."

"Don't talk so loud."

"I don't care who hears me. I've kept it to myself just as long as I can, Carroll, darling, can't you care for me a little?"

"Sh! Come tomorrow."

"I'll come tomorrow fast enough if you tell me what I want to hear. Haven't I been coming day after day for months without getting a chance to tell you that I love the very ground you walk on? And now I've got it I'm going to wait till you say yes or no. If you can't love me I might as well"—

Abruptly the voice ceased. Carroll waited expectantly. Then a terrible suspicion flashed through her mind which in a moment had become a certainty. Tremulously she accused the operator, "You've cut me on."

"What number do you want?" replied that young woman.

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any idea. Oh, why did you cut me off just then?"

The trio at the card table were staring at her strangely. "How absurdly you are acting, Carroll," exclaimed Marie sharply. "Come and finish the game."

"Yes, come and finish the game, Carroll," said her father. "The other matter can be settled another time, I hope."

"We've got 'em on the run, Miss Carroll," chuckled George Freeman, who happened to be Carroll's partner.

Slowly the girl moved toward her place. What would Jimmy think? Perhaps he would believe that she had deliberately hung up the receiver, preferring this way of giving him his answer. And he had spoken of the Philippines. She grew a little dizzy and groped for her chair.

Just at that moment the telephone rang again, and Carroll bounded toward it, her agility in surprising contrast to her late uncertainty and feebleness.

"Hello! Hello!"

"Hello, Jimmy. I will. I mean I do."

A long pause. "I suppose it's too late for me to come up this evening," suggested Jimmy tentatively.

"Of course not. Only hurry." She hung up the receiver and turned a radiant face. Again Marie looked suspicious.

"That must have been a very important conversation," she said scathingly. "I hope it's settled now."

Carroll answered her with a dignity in which there was no suggestion of the downtrodden younger sister.

"It is," she replied. "Jimmy and I are engaged."

His Rivals.

In Turkey it often happens that marriages are arranged affairs—arranged by the parents of the man and the woman. Such was the case, says Demetra Vaka in Haremlik, with Halil Bey and his bride. They had never seen each other, and at first it did not look as if the match would be a good one, since the lady was buried deep in German philosophies, in which the gentleman had little interest.

By the time I had parted from Halil Bey's fiancee I was so filled up with high ideals that I kept thinking, "Poor Halil Bey!"

The next morning I found Halil Bey in the garden, very impatient to hear all about his fiancee.

"Tell me," he cried out as soon as we had shaken hands, "is she beautiful?"

"Very," I answered, "but, my poor boy, she is crazy over Kant and Schopenhauer."

"Who are they?" he bellowed, thunder in his voice and fire in his eyes. "Tell me quick, and I will draw every drop of blood from their veins!"

"I have no doubt," I said, "that in a fist to fist encounter you would have the best of them, but they are both dead and gone, and only their miserable books are left to fight against."

"Oh," he laughed, "is that all? I think I can take care of that."

As events turned out, he did.

The Restful Life.

"We must live rhythmically if we would live healthfully," writes Grace Dawson in "How to Rest and Be Rested." "To live rhythmically we must not always strain tense nerves and muscles. We must learn to relax, that we may know how to economize our nervous and muscular power, so that some part of us will always be resting while another is at work. This is living by the law of rhythm. It is the secret of working tirelessly, resting restfully, resisting disease, throwing off morbid feelings, of living healthfully and feeling zest and enjoyment in our lives."

We are living unrhythmically "when we lie awake in the night with harassed, with anxious, worrying thoughts; when we rush to the station in great anxiety and reach it in such good time that we catch the train before the one we went for; whenever we get a feeling of being 'rushed' or 'driven' or 'tied to time.'"

Case of Extreme Cruelty.

Algy Apely—Yaas, she bwoke Fweddie's heart. He nevah wecovered.

Percy Primrose — Deuce y' say How'd she do it?

Algy Apely—Why, the day after the death boy bwoke their engagement she had a million left her.—Detroit Free Press.

Engraved Gems of the Ancients.

Engraved gems are among the most interesting objects of art inherited by us from the ancients. Though many of the cameos and intaglios were engraved on precious stones over 2,000 years ago, they are still as clear and fine as if they were cut yesterday. The designs engraved on these stones indicate that the old Greeks and Romans regarded them as charms against accident or misfortune. This superstition generally took the form of a fondness for representation of certain animals. Sailors affected the dolphin because it was believed to be the mariner's friend. Women, so far as fishes were concerned, preferred the representation of the prolific aringa of the Adriatic, which was a symbol of fruitfulness because of the great number of its eggs. The ant was worn as an emblem of industry. By the frog was indicated the idea of resurrection, because that interesting batrachian renews its youth each spring by shedding its old skin.

Pertaining to Fish.

Blessings on thee, little man! Go a-fishing when you can. Never mind the teacher's rule not to run away from school. Take your bait and alder pole and then haunt the deepest hole where the wary troutlets hide by the canyon streamlet's side. You'll get licked at home, of course, and you'll suffer great remorse, but when daddy sees your string he'll gasp and say, "By jing!" And his red and reel he'll snatch and start out to make a catch when your jacket he doth tan. Blessings on you, little man!—Los Angeles Express.

Clothes and the Man.

Man is in some sort a slave to his clothes, and there are many men who dislike wearing the same clothes on two consecutive days, more particularly the necktie. For the first two or three things you look at when you meet a man are his eyes and his necktie. And there is a sort of underlying consciousness as you face the morning world that your tie must be straight and clean and new. But to this end you must buy the cheap tie and throw it away with your sins before going to bed.—London Chronicle.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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Lincoln as He Knew Him.

Asked under the civil service rules to write what he knew about Abraham Lincoln, an applicant for the police force of New York wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky at a very early age. His father moved the family to Ohio, floating down the Mississippi. If he had not been killed by a murderer he might be living today. He was an intelligent man and could easily have been president of New York city."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Needed Airing.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Borem hotly. "I've got a right to air my opinions, haven't I?"

"Oh, of course," replied Brightly. "They're so stale and musty they certainly need something of that sort."—Philadelphia Press.

Suspended.

"I have decided to suspend your sentence," the judge began.

"For the Lord's sake, judge, you don't mean to say lifting a few chickens is a hanging matter!"—New York Herald.

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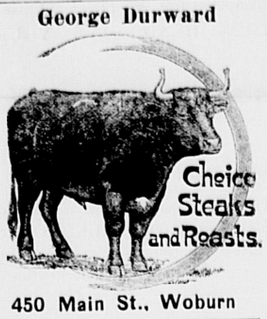
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.30, 3.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.a. m., 2.30, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.30, 5.20, 6.20, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 5.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Winow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Ruby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
x91	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
—AND—
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

JAMES McDONALD
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BOSTON, MASS.
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John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 440 Main St., Woburn.

The Shorter Word.

The day before Christmas Edith, aged ten, had a number of packages tied up for distribution. The doctor felt of one intended for "Uncle John" —and the rest is as the New York Sun prints it.

"That's some tobacco," said the doctor, as he fingered the package.

"How can you tell?" asked Edith.

"Because I am a good diagnostician," he replied.

Then, as Edith seemed somewhat dazed at the big word, the doctor inquired:

"Do you know what a diagnostician is?"

"Yes,' she answered promptly. "It's a good guesser."

He Took the Cake.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's some t'ings dun gold bricks."

"What's happened?"

"De lady up de road said dat if I'd chop an armful of wood she'd gimme a cake."

"Didn't she keep her word?"

"Yep. She handed me a cake of soap."—Washington Star.

When It Started.

"Captain, what time does the boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever or did something. Thank you ever so much."—Chicago Tribune.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

$1.50 A YEAR In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly
Of Large Circulation
Among People of Culture
Live Editorials
All the Local News, and
Choice Literary Selections
Fill Its Columns.
A Family Newspaper
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Friday Morning
At 434 Main Street.
Delivered Promptly.

HER TRUE MUSIC.

The Surprise That Came After the Lovers Were Engaged.

By BETTINA MAYHEW.

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"St. James' park? Pardon me. Can you direct me to the Woodson residence?"

The park's thick turf had deadened the sound of the steps; hence the two clerical looking gentlemen had observed at close range for some time the girl in the swing before either of them spoke.

For a minute a sensitive face, framed by a big hat, lifted, and a pair of glowing black eyes traveled with slow deliberation from one to the other before she replied.

"The graystone, first turn to the left."

Then she resumed her book, the wide hat drooping so that the merest outlines of chin and neck peeped from below the edge of the brim.

"A pretty hat and a pretty girl," the Rev. Paul Freyer meditated, "and a picture worth remembering."

Two hours later from the landing of the stairs his eyes fell upon the same hat, entirely at home on the rack in the Woodson hall. He knew it instantly. By no chance could there be two such hats. It was broad and low crowned, a mass of white popples with dark hearts—one of those articles, in fact, which proclaim with brazen tongue the personality of the wearer.

Perhaps the graystone, with its web of dull green and gay red creepers and its more than full quota of nooks, sunny and conspicuous or unexpected and shadowy, had something to do with the Rev. Paul's mood. At any rate, before he stirred from the landing the pretty girl in white, with the glowing black eyes, had responded to his imagination by assuming the proportions of his ideal—a Portia, a veritable Portia.

Who was she? The Rev. Paul derived a pleasurable shock from an inspired guess. Who else, indeed, but Ada, stepdaughter to his sister, Mrs. Sara Woodson? Quite distinctly he recalled a forgotten fact. There had been at the time of the marriage mention made of a child. That, of course, was years ago. She was now probably well grown.

He had been in college then, afterward traveling abroad. Returning, he had immediately settled into a pastorate that had taxed his powers to the uttermost and tired his very soul. Sister and all else outside of duty had gone from him with an imperceptible drift till the day dawned when he was peremptorily ordered away for rest. He had come protesting, regretting, and now—what if— He laughed softly and sought his sister.

In the dining room, when he entered, the pretty girl, prettier than he had thought, stood with her hand on the back of a chair at the foot of the table.

"My stepdaughter," Mrs. Woodson's smile was gracious and sweet. "Ada, my brother, the Rev. Paul Freyer, and his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Condon. Just think, Ada," she laughed gayly, "for the whole of the summer they have nothing to do nor a thought or wish but to amuse. That list we were preparing for our summer reading"—

"Oh, Sara!" Eager and bright the clear voice floated from the foot of the table. "We must—we must first finish that story of 'Sindbad the Sailor.' It is Maupassant's very best. Maupassant?" she reflected. "Perhaps, now, it's Poe, or maybe," and the big childish eyes sought those in turn of each present—"No; I have it. It's Halifax. Am I right? Sara, do set me straight."

Mrs. Woodson's hands dropped heavy on her unfolded napkin, and the Rev. Paul's heart contracted to diminutive proportions. For him the golden bowl was broken, the swift born hope of an hour trailed in the dust. The—the hat—then, had not been—

He sighed, and the sigh was—for the smallness of the beautiful concrete and for the greatness of the beautiful abstract.

And Ada babbled joyously on, her clear voice and soft laugh dominant features of the dinner hour. "The chatter of a child," the Rev. Paul decided, unconsciously talking down to her. Afterward she flitted about the rooms, never still, the quick tattoo of her high heeled slippers quite as musical as her rendition of a famous concerto and disappearing early with a pleasant good night.

"A charming young girl," ventured Rev. Mr. Condon, and the Rev. Paul re-enforced the remark with: "For all the world like a white butterfly. Has she never gone to school, Sara?"

But if Ada had not womanly graces and scholarship she possessed an accomplishment out of the usual, a constant eruption of small talk. No conversation, serious or learned, could resist it. Without a thought she cleft it at a blow, severing each thread past hope of redemption.

"Tinkling cymbals," the Rev. Paul remarked one day, watching the flying, whirling white figure in pursuit of butterflies in the occasional patches of sunshine among the great trees. "It's a pity so exquisite a creature should be so—so— You ought to send her to school, Sara."

Mrs. Woodson flushed to the little curls on her forehead. "Paul," she said, "you do Ada injustice. I"— She stopped, laughing lightly, as Ada fluttered into the room.

"Ada," she called, "Paul is recalling his youth by translating some of the Homeric poems. He's found his stone wall. Perhaps you can help him over."

Obediently Ada bent over the stalwart reverend, her white forefinger tracing the lines, translating slowly, word by word, with great difficulty, but with absolute correctness, the entire passage, her bright eyes meeting his uplifted gaze at the finish with the frank pleasure of an unspoiled child.

"Why, ladybird," he laughed, "who could have dreamed of that pretty head holding such gems of wisdom?"

"Mere accretions!" She had seized her net and was off after a big white moth with dark patches on his downy wings.

The Rev. Paul watched her thoughtfully. "Sara," he said, "the child has possibilities. This glimpse of memory, with one or two glimmerings of a mind that I have surprised, convinces me that she could be awakened. You ought to send her to school.

"I didn't mean to offend," he added as Sara's face, flushing and twitching, appeared above her paper, her eyes deprecatingly seeking those of Condon. "I think, if you don't"—

He forgot to finish. The habit of long years of self effacement in the interest of unfortunate humanity rose before him like a pillar of fire. The duty was plain. He would accept it in behalf of his sister as well as himself.

After that the numerous nooks of the graystone had frequent occupants, the Rev. Paul lecturing and explaining and Ada listening, the big eyes at last growing so wistful that in the end, with a great pang, he gave it up.

"Tinkling cymbals," he muttered and sighed again. And the sigh was for—the lavish outward riches, the lamentable inward poverty.

She was radiant, beautiful as an angel, he thought, that last Sunday morning, very like one of her own poppies. He turned in his seat to watch her, the rosy skin of hands and arms showing through the meshes of her gloves as she turned the leaves of the hymn book. She found the place presently, offering him a half of the book with an upward glance and little dimples showing about her lips.

Then they rose with the congregation. A minute after he stopped singing in the middle of a verse the better to listen—

Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.

The Rev. Paul withstood the flood for one small moment; then abjectly, in spirit, he knelt before the soul of the singer. The tenderness, the pathos, the love, his splendid vocabulary held not the words to express the wealth of it. His ideals of womanliness and intellectuality went down in a very sirocco of yearning. The beautiful casket with the birdlike spirit and the soul of music far, far more than sufficed. Fortunate man indeed was he if—

They walked across the park in silence. At the swing the Rev. Paul stopped.

"It was here, Ada," he said, "that I first saw you. I love you, dear, more than anything in the world. I want you for my wife."

Ada did not at once turn. Her shoulders heaved, and a small handkerchief with cobwebby lace was in requisition. Presently from behind its daintiness came a muffled voice, "I—I know—so—little."

"It makes not the slightest difference," he urged. "Ada, just one word."

"If—you're—sure."

"Do I live? I am no surer of life."

The engagement was necessarily brief. The very next day it was announced. The Rev. Paul, sitting alone when the mail was brought in, glanced over the papers. Almost in scare lines the notice met his eyes—the usual form, but—what—what—

He sprang up electrified. He sank back shivering. How she had played with him—Sara too!

"Miss Woodson is not only strikingly beautiful," he read, "but she is a woman of rare attainments, having but recently returned from a two years' postgraduate course abroad in the best institutions open to women. The Rev. Mr. Freyer ought to consider himself a lucky man."

There was a rush of feet, then clinging hands caught his and pretty lips close to his ear demanded forgiveness.

"I couldn't help it," she murmured. "The temptation was too great. You did so look the grave and reverend seignior."

Patti's Narrow Escape From Burning.

On my first appearance in Moscow an exciting event occurred. Just previous to going on to the platform I approached the cheval glass in my dressing room to arrange the blossoms in my hair, when the long muslin skirts I was wearing suddenly caught fire from a spirit lamp. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to keep perfectly still while those in the room extinguished the flames with rugs and shawls. The danger was over, and I naturally felt upset, but managed to make my appearance and sing my role in the usual way. However, on returning to the dressing room the extra excitement was too much and caused me to faint. The news of the mishap spread quickly, and the manager, with the artists, came and congratulated me on my escape, and there arose a contention for the pieces of muslin the fire had spared, which were carried off as trophies.—Adelina Patti in Strand Magazine.

Uncle Sam Rejects Own Stamps.

Thomas A. Daily, an Indianapolis lawyer, was laughing at himself the other day for sending stamps to the government at Washington in payment for a patent circular. A few days later he received a letter stating that stamps could not be accepted.

"It never occurred to me they couldn't use stamps," he said, laughing. "But they use a frank, and of course they wouldn't want stamps. All the government could do would be to sell the stamps over again, and I might as well get the money in the first place."—Indianapolis Star.

Calve's "Screaming."

I could talk for hours about my country and my own people. I am so fond of both. On my birthday many of them came in procession to see me and I danced what is called the "bourree" with them. They say such quaint things. An old woman once, hearing me sing, asked, "Doesn't it hurt you to scream like that?" A peasant once told me he was sure the proprietor of the grotto would give me 5 francs a day to sing there.—Calve in London Standard.

The Hater of Quietude.

"That man says he will create some real excitement if he gets into congress."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "he is one of those peculiar patriots who want to climb on board the ship of state simply for the pleasure of rocking the boat."—Washington Star.

THE DIAMOND CUTTER.

His Skill Has Much to Do With the Brilliancy of the Gem.

When the expert looks at a diamond he can tell you in a moment where it came from and even whether it was cut lately or some years ago. He knows by its color whence it comes, for the color of the Brazilian diamond differs from that of the South African, and even in South Africa different colors are found in different mines.

In the rough the diamond has little brilliancy, for there is a crust that must be cut away before it can properly refract the light, and it is this power of refraction which makes the brilliancy of a diamond and has everything to do with its value in the market. The skill of the diamond cutter has much to do with bringing out this brilliancy. He must do the most he can with the rough stone before him and lose as little as possible of the precious weight in the stone.

Diamonds are found in all kinds of queer shapes, for the carbon may be in any position while being crystallized, and the act of crystallization may affect only parts of that carbon. When the expert cutter has a rough diamond before him he judges almost instantly how it will cut to the greatest advantage. If it inclines to the pear shape he will make a pear shaped diamond of it. If it be square or round the cutting will follow the natural lines as closely as possible, so that the loss may be reduced to a minimum.

To make the stone as brilliant as possible the diamond cutter cuts many facets so as to refract the light from as many points as he can. A full cut brilliant has at least forty-eight facets, and so expert are the cutters that they often cut diamonds so small that it requires a hundred to weigh a carat. Each has forty-eight facets.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SARATOGA'S SPRINGS.

The Water Was First Used by the Indians as a "Cure."

The Saratoga Springs "cure" antedated the settlement of this community by the white man, when the High Rock spring was only a bubbling springlet, drunk at first by the Indians as a fresh water spring. Finding that their health was improved by the water, they bethought them that it must have medicinal qualities, and from that time all sick Indians were brought to High Rock spring for the healing of their ills. The "outward and visible sign" that impressed the red men was the deposit of the salts of the water about the spring in the form of a cone, called tufa, which still exists and from which it received its name and through and over which the water bubbles to this day.

In 1800 the Congress spring was discovered and became renowned the world over as a saline cathartic. This combined with the sulphurous iron water of the Putnam spring, made Saratoga Springs famous as the leading health resort of the United States. The remainder of the thirty-five mineral springs were discovered from time to time, and all have a wide therapeutic application in the treatment of almost all chronic diseases and are divided into four groups according to their component parts. These groups are: First, sodic, muriated, alkaline saline, cathartic; second, sodic, calcic muriated, alkaline saline; third, chalybeate; fourth, sulphur.—National Magazine.

Living Over Catacombs.

Paris, in many of its districts, is built over the catacombs, says Harper's Weekly. These vast subterranean chambers and galleries produce that peculiar cavernous sound which is heard in the Luxembourg, Montparnasse, Vaugirard, Montrouge and Montsouris quarters when heavy carts pass rapidly along the coarsely metaled roads. The streets are then like monstrous drums beating funeral marches to the grave over that vast common grave of ten centuries of Parisians with its millions of skeleton dead. That quaint little Gothic house at the corner of the Boulevard Raspail, which many an American artist must remember from his student days, actually has a private staircase leading to the catacombs from beneath a hermetically closed stone slab just in front of the doorstep.

Family Floriculture.

George Blank, the stage manager, is a lover of nature and a hater of overcoats and umbrellas. Recently during a violent rainstorm he called on his mother, entering her presence wringing wet.

"George," said she firmly, "you ought not to expose yourself in such weather. You will get pneumonia."

"But, mother," exclaimed George, with a theatrical wave of his hand, "why should I fear the rain? Does it not nurture the grass? Is it not life to the flowers?"

"It is a long time," said the good woman, closing a window, "since you were a flower."—Success Magazine.

Does Not Color Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made a shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Remarks with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

Ayer's

Indeed, we believe it will stop every case of falling hair unless there is some very unusual complication, something greatly affecting the general health. Then you should consult your physician. Also ask him about the new Ayer's Hair Vigor.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CHARGED WITH THEFT

A Queer Trial In Which Was Used a Queer Defense.

SHIPPING A CASE OF GOLD.

The Solution of the Difference In Weight of the Box at Cape Nome and at San Francisco—The Clever Move of an Astute Young Lawyer.

One of the most interesting trials that ever took place in any country was that of James Stevens in the California courts for theft. The circumstances were as follows:

There were four prospectors in the Klondike region when the gold fever there was at its height, among whom Stevens was one. They "struck it rich," divided up and started out for the United States. Just before leaving Stevens got into a faro game and lost everything he had. Winter was coming on and he bade fair to starve unless something was done for him. So the other three decided to pay him so much to guard their dust on the ship and pay his way home to San Francisco. They each had their share of dust and nuggets accurately weighed and then put them into a common pile, pending, of course, their reapportionment on reaching port.

This they placed in a strong box which they nailed up and sealed carefully. It was Stevens' duty to watch this by day and sleep by it by night until the destination was reached. There was exactly 200 pounds avoirdupois of the gold, sworn to by a regular weigher. It was worth a great deal of money.

Well, everything went along smoothly until San Francisco was reached. Stevens seeming to appreciate what his former partners were doing for him and guarding his trust jealously. When the ship came into port the box was immediately removed, under the supervision of Stevens, to a place of reweighing, so that each could take his share again and deduct so much for Stevens' pay.

It was found that instead of having 200 pounds of gold as before there was now only a fraction over 508 pounds. The partners were loath to distrust Stevens and had it reweighed twice, but with the same result each time.

Reassured as they were of his guilt and having contempt for such ingratitude, they immediately swore out a warrant for his arrest. He all the time protested his innocence, but was not able to account for the loss.

The poor fellow was thrown into prison and held for trial. Not having any money or friends, he gave up all hope of being acquitted, as the circumstantial evidence seemed absolutely against him. A young lawyer was appointed by the court to defend him. This young man, Thaddeus Wayne by name, set to work on the seemingly hopeless job with great enthusiasm, as he had few clients anyhow and plenty of time.

The case was soon called and all the circumstantial evidence set forth. Wayne did not even question a witness.

When all the testimony was in Wayne requested the judge to allow him to qualify Samuel L. Johnson, teacher of physics in a high school, as an expert witness. The judge, not seeing any relation of physics to the theft, was about to refuse the young man when a peculiar glimmer in the latter's eye persuaded him to humor the boy. Johnson was placed on the stand, and the following colloquy ensued:

"With what does physics deal?"

"With natural phenomena, or the changes in the state or condition of matter."

"Does the weight of a person change as he changes his location on the earth?"

"Yes."

"Just how does that happen, and how much does the weight change?"

"The weight of any body is greatest at the poles of the earth, as they are the nearest points to the center. It gets less and less the farther we travel toward the equator, for we go away from the center. This effect is enhanced by the rotation of the earth, bodies tending to fly off more at the equator than near the poles. The combination of these two makes a body weigh one two-hundred-and-eighty-ninth less at the equator than at the poles and a proportionate amount for distances between."

"About what fraction of its weight would a body lose in going from Cape Nome, Alaska, to San Francisco?"

"I should say about one in 300."

"Then gold weighing 680 pounds in Nome could not possibly weigh over 508 pounds here, could it?"

"It could not."

It is needless to say that Stevens was acquitted on this evidence. His former partners were so sorry of their recent suspicion and so eager to make amends that they not only paid him the salary they had promised him, but set him up in business from their ample funds.

This fact is peculiar, but perfectly in accord with reason. It is recognized by the United States government. Every time bullion is sent from Washington to the New Orleans mint a certain amount of weight is lost in the mere act of transit. So in order to get the same amount of metal in each coin compensating weights or those specially calibrated have to be used or else special scales. If the weights are made at Washington and sent to New Orleans of course they will lose in weight and will weigh true on a pair of balances. But spring balances cannot be used.—Lawrence Hodges in Denver Times.

Couldn't Forget It.

"Saturday night some miscreant lugged off a whole cord of my wood, and somehow I can't forget about it!" declared Silas.

"Have you tried to forget it?" inquired his friend.

"Yes. Sunday morning I went to church hoping I could get it off my mind, and before I had been there five minutes the choir started in singing 'The Lost Chord,' so I got hut!"—Judge.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13, 1909.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S IDEA OF IT.

"I have signed the Payne Tariff Bill because I believe it to be the result of a sincere effort on the part of the Republican party to make a downward revision and to comply with the promises of the platform as they have been generally understood, and as I interpreted them in the campaign.

"The bill is not a perfect tariff bill, or a complete compliance with the promises made, strictly interpreted, but a fulfilment free from criticism in respect to a subject matter involving many schedules and thousands of articles could not be expected."

—PRESIDENT TAFT.

This candid summing up of the new tariff hits the mark about in the centre, and will, we think, be accepted by the Republicans as the correct idea. It is a frank and honorable statement of the case.

No sensible person expected that a perfect bill would be framed and adopted in this case—that is an impossibility. The conflicting business interests of the country are too many and strong to be entirely harmonized by any tariff measure that human ingenuity would be able to devise; but the new one is as near an approach to it as possible; so, let it go at that.

PRETTY GOOD.

New Englanders are famous for driving sharp bargains, but never before, from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present day, did they accomplish such a shrewd and onesided bargain as the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Bill. —Kansas City, (Mo.) *Times*.

The Yankees have always had the reputation of being sharper than anybody else at swapping horses.

☞ Sharp newspaper criticisms lately of the sorry condition of the Woburn almshouse have stirred up quite a stiff breeze, and the matter is being talked about by the people. It isn't disputed by anybody that the house, built 75 years ago, with its badly contrived rooms, is wholly unfit for the purpose for which it is used, and ought to be made to give way to one of modern style and conveniences. Even Mr. Terence J. Maguire of the Board of Overseers of the Poor makes a poor fist of it while weakly apologizing for its unhealthy condition and the inexcusable objectionable manner in which the inmates are housed and taken care of. He fails to make out a good case for delay in bettering the home of the city's poor.

☞ The Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station has just issued a bulletin containing a summary of the principal meteorological records of the station for the past twenty years. Precipitation and temperature records taken in Amherst for a period of about fifty years prior to 1889 are also given. The edition is limited, but so far as possible will be sent to those applying for it. Address, Mass. Agr. Exp. Station, Amherst, Mass.

☞ At a meeting of the Managers of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company of Boston, which closed at Hotel Somerset there last Saturday evening with a banquet, Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, who is General Manager of the Advertising Department of the Company, read a paper on "Directory Advertising," on which specialty of his branch of work he ought, we should say, be thoroughly posted.

☞ Senator Champ Clarke, Democrat, put experts to work on the new tariff as soon as Congress adjourned and found, to his surprise and chagrin, that the revision had actually been "downward," just as President Taft and Congressman McCall of this District insisted it should be. The total reduction of duties from the Dingley tariff, the experts discovered, is exactly 97-100ths of 1 percent.

☞ As a distinguished member of the National House of Representatives, and one of the most influential of the Conferees in the Tariff Revision, completed on Thursday, August 5, Congressman Samuel W. McCall of this District served the manufacturers of New England in a manner that entitles him to the gratitude and praise he is receiving from them.

☞ The Labor Unions of this State are planning to defeat the reelection of Gov. Draper on account of his action on the Eight Hour law enacted by the last Legislature. If solidly united and well organized, the workmen may give the Massachusetts Republicans some trouble next Novemer.

☞ Congressman McCall of this District received a few days ago his annual midsummer nomination. They always come in August. This time the tariff Softshells and Democrats want to use him to beat Draper for Governor.

☞ President Taft's "swing around the circle" will take about 13,000 miles of travel to accomplish.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

W. G. Snow—Rogers Bros.
Chester W. Clark—Citation.
Boutwell & Hastings—Citation.
J. H. Buck—County Com. Notice.
Herbrand Safety Razor Co.—Razors.

— City Collector Gray is down in Maine.

— The John C. N. Parker family are at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

— Mr. William P. Warren and daughter are at Salisbury, N. H.

— Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Brigham spend their vacation in Billerica.

— Lettercarriers Foss and Sherburne are away on their vacation.

— Mrs. Moses W. True is with a party of friends at the Weirs, N. H.

— Ex-Mayor W. Davis and wife of Arlington Road are at Southport, Me.

— Just now there is a suspension of hostilities towards the gypsies and browntails.

— Are you preparing for the festivities of Labor Day, which will arrive on Sept. 6.

— No choice of a site for the proposed Southend playground has yet been made.

— The High School baseball club have received their sweaters, and are proud of them.

— Mr. F. H. Burdett of Burdett College, Boston, and family are at Intervale, N. H.

— Mr. James F. McGovern, Janitor of the Public Library, is taking his annual vacation.

— Mrs. C. Willard Smith and daughters Jeanette and Marguerite are at Ogunquit, Maine.

— The employees of Burnes's furnishing store are to hold their annual picnic on Labor Day.

— The family of Mr. J. J. Grothe, the carriagemaker, were at Revere Beach lately, and enjoyed it.

— The date for going into Camp by the N. W. Boys Brigade has been changed from Aug. 12 to Aug 16.

— Mr. Fred Stanley, proprietor of the Boston Branch grocery, and Mrs. Stanley are away on their vacation.

— Chester W. Holland and bride went to Montreal, Canada, for their wedding tour and honeymoon outing.

— Mrs. Helen C. Hanson, formerly of this city, has returned to her home in Uxbridge from a recent visit here.

— Mrs. Hardcastle has bought and moved into the A. V. Haynes residence on Pleasant street. It is a fine estate.

— More Woburn people went to the beaches last Sunday than on any previous Sunday in the history of the B & N. St. Ry.

— The portrait of ex-Mayor Blodgett has been duly hung in City Hall. Ald. Highley saw to it that the job was properly executed.

— The women of St. Charles church are arranging for a garden party to be held on the parochial school grounds Wednesday, day and evening, Sept. 1.

— The Italian celebration of Italy's National holiday, Aug. 7, at Winchester last Saturday evening, actually disturbed the slumbers of some Woburn people.

— Editor Albert B. Grimes of the *Times* was summoned to Princeton last Sunday, where his mother died that day. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grimes.

— Alice Williams, the courteous and capable young woman who is Mr. Buck's mainstay in the City Treasurer's office, has returned from her vacation to work.

— Somebody advocates that Library Park be widened and lengthened into a playground. By all means! Woburn is actually suffering for more playgrounds.

— Mr. Walter Knapp, Superintendent of the Woburn Gasworks, has gone to Blanchard, Maine, in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake, to see his father, who is sick.

— Mr. Arthur W. Dalziel, one of the most skilful builders of leather manufacturing plants in this part of the State, has gone to Blackinton, where he will tarry for a season.

— Dr. Byron R. Harmon, an old resident of this city, engaged for many years in the practice of his profession, died last Sunday, Aug. 8, at Somerville, at the age of 72 years. His wife died on Aug. 18, 1908.

— Mr. A. G. Brown, a graduate of the JOURNAL office 52 years ago, who for a long period of time, has been a prominent printer at Malden, visited this city last Monday and called on a few old acquaintances here.

— Mr. Carl E. Reynolds, the dentist, left here last Sunday morning for Lake Memphremagog, where his father and wife are spending the summer. He expects to return about Sept. 1.

— The Spanish War Veterans of this city are preparing to attend the reunion of the State Department of the Order at the Point of Pines on Sept. 4. An Auxiliary of the Camp is to be organized.

— Mayor Bond very properly, refused to discuss the Woburn Almshouse question with the reporter of a Boston newspaper the other day. Mayor Bond carries a levil head on his shoulders.

— Last Sunday was the hottest of the season, and the hottest Aug. 8 ever known in Boston. The heat drove 150,000 people to Revere Beach. "It was mortal," as Old Sol Penny of Penney's Slough used to say.

— By good rights, the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company ought to doubletrack their road from Woburn Common to Medford. The rapidly increasing travel on it would not only justify the laying of another track, but demands it.

— Survivors of the 39th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers in the Civil War are to hold their 43d annual reunion at Revere Beach on Aug. 30. Many Woburn men served in Co. K 39th, some of whom will, doubtless, attend the reunion. They always top-off with a fine dinner.

— The game laws of this State are the same as last year, except that the season for shooting quail, woodcock and partridge is from Oct. 15 to Nov. 15; geese, brant, ducks, (except wood ducks and teal) from Sept. 15 to Dec 31. The open season for shore, marsh and beach birds is now on.

— Not many more weeks will come and go before the women again turn their attention to the semi-annual housecleaning tasks, and to putting the home into proper winter trim. To do this to perfection new rugs will be required, and it is a safe wager that not a housekeeper in this city will fail to remember that Mr. C. A. Nichols of Buel's Court makes better and handsomer rugs from old carpets than any other manufacturer in New England. There are no rugs equal to the Nichols rugs, orders for which are all the time coming to him from home and abroad.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.



For Sale by

McLaughlin & Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

"SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are **$1.00, $1.25, $2.50.** Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

McLaughlin & Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

— Last Tuesday and Wednesday were peajacket days again. The cold was unusual for August.

— There has been hotter and colder weather in the last 12 days than any August has produced in many years past, if ever. The extremes have been remarkable.

— The drouth is still rampant. Within a month, or so, there have been a couple of brief rains, but the long, severe drouth of 1909 has not really been broken yet.

— Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Orlando M. Brooks left here for Jefferson, N. H., on a vacation outing. Jefferson is a favorite mountain summer resort among the Granite Hills.

— A committee of City officials and hydraulic experts visited the pumping station at Horn Pond the other day and found everything lovely. No official test had been made of the new pump, but the committee said it worked like a charm.

— Speaking of the "time of their lives," Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Nichols had theirs at the great Gloucester celebration last week, which they attended in response to an invitation from kind friends there, by whom they were handsomely entertained.

— Mr. and Mrs. John C. Andrews, Miss Maude Littlefield, the violinist, and Miss Helen Ramsdell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell of Arlington Road, go to Orr's Island in Casco Bay this week, one of the most popular seaside resorts on the New England Coast, for a vacation visit.

— The present address of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street is at Franklin Falls, N. H., for which delightful summer retreat they hied themselves last Monday for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Bertha Taylor and Miss Marion Hortense who have been tarrying there for several weeks past.

— Baseball is about played out in Woburn for the present season. It has been a lively one, and our home pitchers and batters have established a respectable record for themselves, and done credit to the city. The next thing on the carpet, we suppose, is to be football. Basketball is as unpopular here as it is elsewhere.

— Judge and Madam John G. Maguire left their pleasant home on Montvale avenue last Tuesday for a fortnight's outing among the hills and woods and waters of New Hampshire. They were anticipating great pleasure from their northern trip and visit, and nobody will begrudge them the realization of their hopes.

— Mr. Frank W. French, former City Engineer and Superintendent of Highways, and family are pleasantly sojourning at Pine Point, Scarboro, Maine, where, for several years past, a couple of respected Woburn gentlemen, Messrs. Ruggles & Turnbull, have been successfully conducting a fine Hotel—the Lookaway Inn.

— The Union Services of the Baptist, Congregational and Methodist churches will be held, next Sunday in the Methodist Church, morning and evening. The services are in charge of Rev. A. H. Herrick; but, finding it necessary to be absent from town, he has secured to take his place, Rev. Dr. Frank K. Stratton, who will preach morning and evening.

— Mr. Daniel Hood, who performs the duties of organist at First church in this city admirably and in a highly satisfactory manner, and Mrs. Hood are taking their vacation in Northern Vermont, where, it is fair to presume, they are having the time of their lives. We employ the word admirably in alluding to Mr. Hood's abilities as an organist, (he is equally expert in handling the piano), and well we may, for he has spent nearly all of his life in studying and teaching those instruments, 25 years of which as head of a large and popular Conservatory of Music in the pleasant and thrifty city of Rockford, Illinois.

— Manila, P. I., was captured by Uncle Sam's battleships 11 years ago today.

— Copeland & Bowser's midsummer sale of drygoods has been a success. Everything has been disposed of at bed rock prices, meaning, far below cost, and the goods have disappeared like hot cakes well buttered. This old and reliable drygoods house are now preparing for a big fall trade. Superintendent of Counters Dorr is feeling fine.

— Fortunately for the Merrimac Chemical Co. there was but slight cause for the fire alarm rung in from there on Wednesday forenoon. Their Works at North Woburn is a bad place for a fire to get a foothold in, for the numerous buildings abound in combustables and explosives, and once started it is a hard task for the firemen to prevent a big conflagration.

— Edward Johnson, Esq., Cashier of the Woburn National Bank, took time by the forelock and secured 20,000 of the new Lincoln cents (not pennies—a penny is 2 cents,) which were delivered to him here by the middle of last week, or a couple of days after their issue to the public. He beat the Boston bankers 8,000 for they got only 12,000 of the shiners.

— On Monday, Aug. 9, 30,000 Civil War Veterans were in attendance at the National G. A. R. annual Encampment at Salt Lake City, and 20,000 more expected. The Massachusetts delegation, with Department Commander Capt. John L. Parker in the lead, had reached there, their arrival having been hastened by a 10-mile race with a tornado in Nebraska Capt. Edwin F. Wyer of Commander Parker's Staff didn't send back word that he was frightened while racing victoriously, with the tornado; but the newspaper dispatches stated that the women on the train were scared half to death.

— Illicit rumselling is a hazardous and unprofitable business in this city. With Mayor Bond, Chief McDermott and his men constantly on their track, and a Court who looks upon the captured seller as about the worst pill in the box, the lawbreaking kitchenbar man or woman finds Jordan a hard road to travel. He, also, finds it a costly game. So concluded the woman on whose person Officers Timothy Walsh and Michael Hickey seized 25 half pints of whiskey last Monday. You couldn't make that woman believe that the detection and prosecution of illegal rumsellers has slackened up any here this year.

— Possibly neither Mayor Bond, City Council, nor Board of Public Works, have the power to compel the Lexington & Boston Street Railway Company to put their line from Woburn to Lexington into decent running order, and to give the people a square deal as to transportation; but if they have such authority, they cannot exercise it a day too soon to suit the scattering patrons of the road, which, at the present time, is neither useful nor ornamental. Unless there is improvement in roadbed, rails and running gear, derailed cars will soon demolish every house, barn and fence on the line, to say nothing of life and limb of the occasional passenger who is compelled unfortunately to ride over it.

— Mrs. Teel, widow of the late Mr. Warren Teel of Davenport, Iowa, and daughter spent last Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Nichols at their home on Burlington street, this city. Mrs. Teel is a first cousin of Mr. Nichols, and her husband was similarly related to Hon. E. E. and Abijah Thompson, both of whom she and her daughter visited early this week. Mrs. Teel, who is 80 years old, was raised in Woburn and lived here until she and her husband emigrated to the West many years ago. This is the first time she and Mr. Nichols have met since he was a little boy. She is visiting other relatives here and in Winchester, and is enjoying her visit East immensely—indeed, her cousin Charles insists that she is having the time of her life; and the daughter is having a lovely visit, too.

— Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Foss are enjoying their vacation at Bay Point, Maine.

— The St. Joseph's Parish field day at Montvale last Saturday was a great success.

— For trolley travel in this quarter of the globe last Sunday smashed all records.

— Mrs. Alfred T. Carter and little ones are at Wilton, N. H. for a vacation visit.

— Mr. Thomas Moore, the merchant, was quite under the weather a short time ago, but he is up and about again, just as though he never saw a sick day in all his life. That, probably, comes from having a Doctor in the family.

— Attendants at the Baptist church, Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor, were delightfully entertained at the midweek meeting last Wednesday evening with sacred songs and hymns by Rev. H. R. Myers, Evangelistic soloist, of Baltimore, Maryland.

— Yesterday morning Mr. Loring J. Codding, 81 years old, of Mansfield, who, with his wife, was visiting friends on Salem street, was found drowned in the "swimminghole" near the Walnut Hill station. It was supposed he was examining the "hole," fell in, and lost his life.

— Miss Hattie Kenney of No. 13 Church avenue has returned from a month's pleasant visit with relatives and friends in Nova Scotia. The Maritime Provinces have become a popular resort for summer vacationists from the States, and becoming more so every year. The climate is fine and the scenery captivating.

— The man who was fined $50 in the District Court last Wednesday for selling milk which contained 20 percent of water was served just right. He seriously claimed that the drouth was responsible for so large a percent of water in the milk; but that plea didn't prevail with Judge Johnson, who fined the man a good round sum for cheating in one of the main necessaries of life.

— Major John M. Portal, O. D., M. V. M., is to be Chief Ordnance Officer in the Army of Defence, the "Blue," of which Brig. Gen. W. A. Pew, Jr., M. V. M., is to be Commander in the military maneuvers and sham battles to take place in Eastern Massachusetts next week. The Attacking Army, or "Reds," is to be under the command of Maj. Gen. T. H. Bliss, U. S. A.

— Capt. John P. Crane a highly respected citizen of Woburn, who, as usual, is spending the present summer months at Poland Springs on the Androscoggin River, one of the most popular inland hot weather resorts in the good old State of Maine, is proudly informing his hosts of friends in this city, by postalcards, that he and an aged male companion (an octogenarian) are distancing all competitors on the famous golf links of that town. Although of a modest and retiring disposition and manners, the Captain comes very close indeed to indulging in boasting when recounting the late signal victories achieved by him and his companion at his favorite game of golf.

— The Warren Academy Free Industrial School closed a profitable term of study last Thursday, to the credit of Principal Carter, under whose supervision and instruction the classes have made commendable progress this summer. The school is an important and valuable one to the boys and girls who are advancing toward the stage of active and responsible life, and it is gratifying to hear of their progress in the study of the arts taught in it. It is encouraging, too, to observe that people, especially mothers, are deeply interested in the School, as evidenced by the attendance at its close yesterday. Principal and teachers are pleased with their summer's work, and hope for still stronger public interest in it.

— The wedding of Mr. Arthur C. Edwards of Constantinople, Turkey, and Miss Clara Carey Cass, under a mulberry tree on the splendid estate of Mr. Charles L. Case, U. S. Manager of the London Assurance Corp., father of the bride, at Paris Hill, Maine, last Monday, Aug. 9, to which 1,200 people were invited, was the most swell nuptial affair that has occured in the Pine Tree State in many a year. The Hymenial knot was tied by Rev. John Peters, Rector of St. Michael's church, New York, assisted by Rev. Dr. George Washburn, for many years President of Robert College at Constantinople. The Groom's Best Man was Mr. Morris Carter of Woburn, who has, for several years past, been officially connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

— President Lynch of the City Council should not be taken to task too severely by the public for insisting that the ledge on the High School lawn must be removed before any appropriation is made for necessary improvements of the grounds. He isn't to blame for a lack of appreciation of the beauties of nature any more than credit is due to Landscape Architect Shurtleff for the natural possession of an artistic eye and temperament, and ought not, therefore, to be held accountable for his inability to distinguish between correct ideas and their opposite in the application of true art in landscape planning and work. If president Lynch fails to discover beauty in the picturesque scenery to which New England is indebted for its charms, including its ledges and boulders, which all true artists love, we repeat, it is nothing for which he is responsible, hence should not be criticised for demanding that the ledge on the school grounds, so generally approved of, should be removed.

Crowds At Wonderland.

The beautiful fairy spectacle "Cinderella" is now given at Wonderland at 3 30 o'clock in the afternoon as well as at 8 30 o'clock at night. This great show—the big free show of the season at this popular park—engages the services of sixty boys and girls, and from beginning to ending is a most fascinating, brilliant entertainment, characterized by daintiness and refinement in every costume, movement and color scheme. The music by Teel's band is of the best. There are new incidentals every week.

CITY COUNCIL.

A regular meeting of the Board was held on the evening of Aug. 5, at which some business of importance was transacted. It finally adjourned to Sept. 16 for its next regular session. President Lynch presided. There was a hot discussion over the putting up of an awning over the door of a meat market at the old depot, which was finally postponed to Sept. 16.

The increase of salary for the regular police force was voted without a dissenting voice. It was the proper thing to do. Our policemen are good, faithful servants who deserve to be fairly paid.

Com. Kelley's request for money for the Library Park grandstand went through without a hitch. This insures the finest baseball grandstand in the U. S.

Action was taken to secure street railway transfers for passengers going up Winn street on certain cars, or know the reason why.

A large share of the rest of the business related to matters of a personal, or semiprivate character in which the general public wouldn't be likely to be interested.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S

The distinction has been given to Harry De Coe of London of having the coolest head in the world. He places four tables, one on top of the other, and on top of this he places two chairs. Then with two more chairs he climbs to the top of this rickety heap and in the most incredible manner manages to put a third chair on top of the two already there. Then climbing up on the tables he balances a fourth chair, and not only that but he sits on it and smokes a cigarette. De Coe accomplishes the feat in the most matter of fact manner. He comes to Keith's next week as a feature of one of the big bills that has been making the summer season a memorable one.

POLITICAL DATES.

The Massachusetts Commissioners of Elections have issued the following order of Caucus and Election exercises:

Aug. 30—Call and notices of intention to participate.
Sept. 4—Party nomination papers to be filed with city committees.
Sept. 9—Party nomination papers to be filed with the election commission.
Sept. 21—State primaries.
Oct. 2—Last time for designation of polling places.
Oct. 4—Certificate of State conventions with secretary of state.
Oct. 11—Canvassing board of Suffolk county meets at 10 A. M.
Oct. 13—Registration for State election closes.
Oct. 14—Certificates of nomination, district officers.
Oct. 15—Independent nomination papers, district officers.
Nov. 2—State Election.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The Boston Camera Club announces its second open prize competition in Amateur Photography. The competition is open to all amateur photographers within fifty miles of Boston and a large number is expected to participate in the contest, as several valuable prizes are offered and no entry fee is charged.

The Club will hold its second exhibition early in the season, and all photographs intended for the contest must be in the hands of the Exhibition Committee not later than November first.

Any of our readers who are interested in Amateur Photography should send for explanatory circular to John H. Thurston, Secretary, 50 Bromfield St., Boston.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Fiske Comm. Savings Bank Building, Room 12, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Married.

In this city, Aug. 4, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Harold F. McDonald and Effie May Francis, both of Woburn.

In this city, Aug. 4, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, Chester W. Holland and Emma J. Hopper, both of Woburn.

In this city, Aug. 5, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, Daniel D. Towse and Anna M. Gates, both of Woburn.

In this city, Aug. 11, by Rev. Geo. H. Tilton, Harry Francis Miller of Woburn and Sidney Robinson of Winchester, Mass.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 8, John McCafferty.

In this city, August 7, Mary McEachern of Winchester, aged 82 years.

Wilmington, July 20, 1909.

TO THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF MIDDLESEX COUNTY, GENTLEMEN:

The undersigned petition you to view and relocate Woburn Street in Wilmington from a point one hundred feet southerly of the house of N. Bradley Eames to a point one hundred feet notherly of said house.

FRANK L. EAMES and five others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the twenty-second day of July A. D. 1909:

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the house of N. Bradley Eames in North Wilmington, in said County, on Thursday, the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days, at least, before said view, and by publishing the same in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in said County, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days, at least, before said view; and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't. Clerk.

A true Copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy-Sheriff.

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 26,334 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner at Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 55 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn.

Let the "Blue Bell" Sign Remind You

OF THE ERRAND YOU FORGOT TO EXECUTE, and a ready way out of the difficulty.

OF THE ORDER YOU WERE ASKED TO DELIVER for your firm or for your home.

OF THE ENGAGEMENT FOR WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN DELAYED and of the quickest way of explaining your inability to meet it.

OF THE CALL YOU PROMISED TO MAKE, but failed to make, through forgetfulness.

Of a hundred ways in which, to use a quaint phrase, you may "LET YOUR HEAD SAVE YOUR HEELS."

Remember:

The sign indicates the presence of a Pay Station.

FROM ANY PAY STATION you may talk, at a reasonable charge, TO ANY OF 320,000 TELEPHONES connected with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company's system in the four northern New England states.

ALSO WITH TELEPHONES IN 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS connected with the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Co

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Sarah C. Warren late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Peter Warren who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of September A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Abbie Hart late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie F. S. Miller who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County Middlesex, on the twenty first day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty first day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Johan A. Franson otherwise known as J. Alfred Franson late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Carl J. Franson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Joseph King, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Chester W. Clark, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-second day of October, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Cordia D. Holland, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ROBERT C. WILSON, Adm.
Pearl St., North Woburn.
July 31, 1909. aug 6, 13, 20

FOR SALE.

To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 23 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached; about ½ acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy.

Apply to F. BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick Barry to Thomas Moore dated May 13, 1893, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2193, Page 150, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1909,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, on East street, now known as Garfield Avenue, containing about one acre, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Garfield avenue and at land formerly of John A. Boutelle, from thence the line runs a little south of west by said land formerly of Boutelle nine rods one and one-half links to a corner of the wall; thence a little east of south by land formerly of James Abbott seventeen rods six and one-half links to a stake; thence a little north of east by land now or formerly of Lemuel Holton et al ten rods and nine links to a stake at said Garfield avenue; thence a little west of north by and with said Garfield avenue seven rods seven and one-half links to the point of beginning. For grantor's title see two deeds, the first dated May 8th, 1858, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1088, Page 501, and the second dated June 30, 1882, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1606, Page 168.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal assessments, if any, thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

THOMAS MOORE, Mortgagee.

Woburn, July 29, 1909.

Administrator's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license granted to me by the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated July 22, 1909 will be sold at public auction on the premises, on **Thursday, August 26, 1909,** at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate:—

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing 26,297 square feet, and bounded: Beginning at the southeasterly corner thereof, on the westerly side of Main street, at a stake at a private street thirty feet wide, thence the line runs westerly, by and with said private street 257.85 feet to land of Patrick Welch; thence turning, the line runs northerly on land last named 117.4 feet to a stake at land of Connors; thence northeasterly on land of Murphy 28.3 feet; thence easterly on land of Murphy 55.1 feet; thence northerly still on land of Murphy 23.3 feet to land formerly of McLaughlin, now of Clancy; thence easterly on land last named 51.5 feet to land of Plummer; thence southerly on land of Plummer and land of McLaughlin 94.94 feet to a corner; thence easterly on land of McLaughlin 100.27 feet to Main street; thence southerly by and with said Main street 68.35 feet to the point of beginning.

One Hundred Dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at the sale.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, Administrator of the Estate of Annie C. McCormick.

Woburn, Mass., July 30, 1909. 1y 30, aug 6 13

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

OUR GLASSES

are well made in all parts—not only more becoming but more comfortable and more durable.

Prices are thoroughly satisfactory.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
Boston.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

REMEMBER
WE SELL
Shredded Wheat
For 10c. Pkge.
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!
I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.
Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M; then every hour until 1.45 P. M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A. M then every half hour until 10.15 P. M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

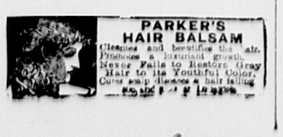
Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale
— OF —
Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 2, 1909.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1907, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 28, 1909,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

The parcels described below are in Ward 6.

For Wards 1, 2, 3 and 7, see The Woburn Daily Times, issues of August 5, 12, 19.

For Wards 4 and 5, see The Evening News, issues of August 5, 12 and 19.

WARD 6 RESIDENTS

GEORGE E. BROWN—About 115,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Ingalls street, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at land now or late of Robeson, thence northeasterly by land now or late of Akeson; land now or late of Johnson and land now or late of Putman, 348 feet to land now or late of Converse; thence southeasterly by said land of Donovan, 188 feet, to land now or late of Mahoney; thence more westerly by said land of Mahoney to land of Crombie, thence northwesterly by said land of Crombie 187.4 feet to Ingalls Street; thence southwesterly by Ingalls Street to said land of Robeson; thence westerly by said land of Robeson to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1907 $36.80

GEORGE E. BROWN—About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Main Street bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Daniel Kimball, 151.91 feet; easterly by Main Street 80 feet; southerly by land of Elizabeth P. Torry, 151.91 feet; westerly by land now or late of said Torry, 80 feet.
Tax of 1907 $8.83
Street watering 1907 $1.64

ALBERT EVERETT BROWN—About 10,368 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, on Salem Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land of A. C. Brown; easterly by land of A. C. Brown; southerly by Salem Street; westerly by land of John Maloney.
Tax of 1907 $56.12
Street watering 1907 $2.02

FRED H. BOWSER—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Hart Place, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises, thence northerly by land now or late of Sawyer and land now or late of Heggie, 106 feet; thence easterly on Hart Place 62.5 feet; thence southerly 121 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of Brown, 62.5feet.
Tax of 1907 $20.42

LOUISE MOSER—About 22985 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 941 Main Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by passageway, 133 feet; easterly by land now or late of Page, 179.5 feet; southerly by passageway, 146.1 feet; westerly by Main Street, 142.1 feet.
Tax of 1907 $49.68

EDWARD E. PARKER—About 11,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, 8 Middle Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Hovey; easterly by Fairview Road; southerly by Middle Street; westerly by land now or late of Hurd.
Tax of 1907 $37.71

EDWARD E. PARKER—About one-half acre of land, situated in said Woburn on Mishawum Road, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Mary A. Carton; easterly by other land of said Parker and land now or late of Hovey; southerly by land now or late of Hurd; westerly by Mishawum Road.
Tax of 1907 $18.40

EDWARD E. PARKER—About one-half acre of land, situated in said Woburn on Fairview Road, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land of Watson and land of Ela; easterly by Fairview Road; southerly by land now or late of Hovey; westerly by other land of said Parker and land of Mary A. Carton.
Tax of 1907 $13.80

LAURA DELANEY—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 37, Block 20, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz.: Northerly by lot 38 in said Block; easterly by lot 11 in said Block; southerly by lot 36 in said Block; westerly by Wentworth Avenue.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ALICE I. ROLLINS—About 2 7-8 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on West Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or formerly of Fisher and land now or formerly of Reuben Green; easterly by land now or formerly of Oliver Fisher; southerly by West Street; westerly by Pearl Street; being the same premises described in deed of Elijah Rollins to said Alice I. Rollins, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds Book 3091, Page 203.
Tax of 1907 $66.24

WARD 6 NON-RESIDENTS

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 9, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 5, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.37

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 15, Block 4, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10 and 11, Block 8, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.37

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 16, Block 4, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

FRED N. DAVIS—About 9800 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 12 to 15, Block 13, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Jones Avenue; easterly by Chester Avenue; southerly by lots 11 and 16 in said block; westerly by Foster Avenue.
Tax of 1907 $31.28

JAMES D. BACKUS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 18, Block 8, shown on Plan of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $.74

CHARLES N. BACON—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 30 and 31, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

CHARLES N. BACON—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 and 7, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ESTHER A. BARTLETT—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

ANNA A. BEZANSON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 22, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.18

ELEANOR A. CHURCHILL—About 2400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 17, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan2.
Tax of 1907 $.55

EMMA COOPER—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 35, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 34, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 32 and 33, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 12, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.18

EDITH EGGLESTON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

KATHERINE HEALEY — About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 to 8, Block 13, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1
Tax of 1907 $1.10

PETER J. HERMAN—About 5050 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, Block 1, shown on Plan of house lots, Rumford Park Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

FRANK W. HERRICK — About 19,600 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 8, Block 33, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $2.21

OTIS J. HOUGHTON—About 2,300 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 10, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.37

DELIA LAVENDER—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, Block 30, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

MARTHA A. McCORMACK—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

METROPOLITAN CHURCH ASSOCIATION—About 5 639 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 7, shown on Plan of House Lots, Rumford Park, Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

JAMES J. NAUGHTON — About 5,400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 2,450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.55

JOHN G. AND JANE SCHOFIELD—About 8220 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 19 to 21, Block 9, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $2.03

MARGARET SULLIVAN — About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 11, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.55

ROGER SULLIVAN—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JENNIE M. TARBELL——About 14,700 square feeet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 5 and 15, Block 34, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $2.76

JENNIE M. TARBELL—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 24 and 25, Block 28, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.92

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 to 7, Block 21, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.10

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 5,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 23, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, Block 19, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 8,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 to 8, Block 20, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $2.30

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 18, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 11, Block 18, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.10

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 20 and 21, Block 18, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JENNIE WHITMAN Wescott heirs—About 2750 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 5, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ANNIE J. WILLIAMS—About 7,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 4 and 5, 20 and 21, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

ALBERT E. WRIGHT—About 4802 -square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 2, shown on plan of the Park Hill lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 70, Plan 47.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

EMILY H. SWIFT—About 14,670 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots O, N and M, Block 3, shown on Plan of Lots, Woburn, belonging to F. S. McGregor and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 119, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $3.68

WILFORD D. GRAY
Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Byron R. Harmon, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Arthur W. Blake of Somerville in said County, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

WINCHESTER

This town is still pestered with house thieves.

The folks had a great time at Bass Point on Traders Day.

The summer wanderers are slowly returning to their homes here.

William M. Hurd of this town was admitted to the Bar of this State last week.

Editor Wilson's wife is at home again from a campingout season on Lake Cochituate.

"Society" is lotting on gay goings on here this coming season. Orchestras are already tuning up their fiddles.

Albert E. McClellan is the new lettercarrier on rural route 1. He has been in the same kind of business before.

The Band concerts on Manchester Field will close on Sept. 4 with one by the Woburn Brass Band. The series have been well attended and very enjoyable.

Our Italian citizens observed, with martial music, fireworks, and oratory, the National holiday of their native land on Manchester Field last Saturday night, August 7, in loyal style. They had a great time, and enjoyed the celebration amazingly.

W. W. Waugh's appeal for more respect for "Old Glory" is well put. The neglect to honor it is due more to thoughtlessness than anything else. The hat should always be raised in the presence of the American Flag—the Stars and Stripes.

— Rev. Dr. D. J. Keleher, pastor of St. Mary's church, Winchester, has been transferred to the pastorate of St. Peter's church, Lowell, to succeed the late Rev. Michael Rohan; and Rev. Fr. Nathaniel J. Merritt, pastor of St. Raphael's church, West Medford, has been transferred to the pastorate of St. Mary's church, Winchester.

Mrs. Angus McEachern of 3 White street, this town, died on Saturday night last, and her husband died the next morning, both of pneumonia. They left 6 children, the oldest 12 years, and the youngest a week. The parents were poor and the condition of the orphans was a pitiable one. Realizing this, our people came promptly and generously forward with means to have them properly taken care of; but their good offices were not needed, for on Tuesday the uncle and aunt of the children came from Nova Scotia and took them to their own home at Cape George in that Province.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

THE SAWMILL'S BOOKS.

They Needed Not an Auditor, but a Mathematical Carpenter.

Biffkins froze me with a stare. "I remember," he went on, calmly ignoring my interruption, "one time when I was hired to keep books for a sawmill way up north. 'Twas six days by log wagon from ever' place except h' the infernal regions, the same bein' a quarter of a mile away, straight down. The durned shupleton they sent down to Nigger Wool settlement after me had so much business with a rectlette dealer that he forgot to tell me to get some office supplies, so when we got to camp I found that the principal equipment of my palatial 6 by 8 business apartment consisted of three lumber crayons, slightly shop worn, and a last year's almanac. I got some smooth pine boards and kept my books on them with chalk."

"How did it work" I asked, interested in spite of myself.

"Like a charm," grinned Biffkins, "until the foreman of gang 1 got on a drunk one night an' slept in the office an' used up fourteen pages of the general ledger fer kindlin' wood the next mornin'. The company sent up an auditor to check over my books, but he went back plumb disgusted. Told 'em they didn't need an auditor—what they wanted was a carpenter who was handy at figgers. An' that reminds me"— —Bookkeeper

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No," answered the boy; "the pain is in me!"

AN OLD TIME HANGING.

The Dark Day When "Old Jennie" Was Executed In Maryland.

"As dark as the day when old Jennie was hang" is one of the many quaint sayings that for generations has been used on the lower eastern shore of Maryland, but from the accounts that have been given by those who lived in old Jennie's day there never has been a day since that time as dark as the day on which she was executed for wholesale murder in the neighborhood in which she lived.

The old murderess was publicly hanged in 1815 in the old jail yard at Princess Anne, and all those who remembered that particular day have passed into the great beyond long ago. The murderess was a white woman, tall and angular, and it was said that she resembled what was popularly supposed to be a witch far more than she did the up to date woman of that day. In fact, local history records that she practiced witchcraft. No one ever knew where she came from, she having "dropped down" very mysteriously into the neighborhood, where she killed a family of four.

Old Jennie was not hanged on a scaffold. In those days murderers were executed with as little trouble and expense as possible. The wizen faced terror of all Somerset was placed in a cart drawn by two oxen and placed directly under a stout limb of an old oak tree which stood in the jail yard. The rope was fixed in rude fashion around her neck, amid the hurrahs of the crowd and the curses of the doomed woman, and when all was in readiness a bunch of fodder was placed ten paces from the oxen's heads, and they were given the word to start. Obeying the command, they made a bee line for the fodder and left old Jennie dangling at the end of the rope.

That day, it has been told thousands of times, was the darkest ever known in this section. Chickens remained on their roosts throughout the entire day, while candles by the score burned in the houses that the servants might see to do their work. The local scientists of that day were at a loss to account for the strange phenomenon, and the graphic descriptions which they gave of it and which were recorded years ago make interesting reading.

The darkies and superstitious whites of those days naturally thought that the end of time had come. A great many negroes declare today that the ghost of old Jennie may be seen stalking around on the edge of the woods near where she committed her crimes any time on a dark, cloudy night, and they are very careful not to encounter her.—Oriole (Md.) Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

WINGS THAT WERE FINS.

Evidence That Penguin's Pinions Were Once Used For Swimming.

Ornithological puzzles are the penguins, with their curiously shaped wings and odd, unbirdlike, upright carriage. The peculiarities of their wings suggest that the penguins are descendants of birds which used their wings rather than legs in the pursuit of prey under water, and as the struggle intensified between the competing individuals the most expert at this sort of swimming would get the most food and oust less successful rivals. The winners gained advantage over their neighbors in proportion as their wings improved as swimming organs and inversely and of necessity became less suited to perform the work of flight.

In all other birds the feathers, though shed annually, are more or less gradually displaced. But in the penguins the new feathers all start into being at the same time and thrust out the old feathers upon their tips so that these come away in great flakes. Whereas in all birds save penguins the new feathers as they thrust their way through the skin end in pencil-like points, formed by investing sheaths, in the penguins these sheaths are open at the tips and attached by their rims to the roots of the old feathers, and hence these are held to their successors until they have attained a sufficient length to insure protection against cold.

The curious device for retaining the warmth afforded by the old feathers until the new generation can fill their places is apparently due to the fact that penguins are natives of the antarctic regions, although some now in habit tropical seas.—Chicago Tribune.

THE HURRYING BARBER.

Speed Manifested More In the Motions Than In the Results.

"Barbers," remarked the man with the short hair, "are born unable to hurry. Just you go into a shop, as I did the other day, wanting a hair cut, and ask the barber how long it will take. He told me, 'Oh, about twenty minutes;' and I said to go ahead.

"That barber honestly believed he was hurrying, but he couldn't leave out those little snip-snips about the back of the neck they are all so fond of doing, and he had to cut the hair as if he were chiseling priceless marble. When it got to be about half an hour I said to him, 'You're a pretty bad judge of time, aren't you?' He came back with something about not wanting to turn out a poor job.

"I've known it to happen often in the case of shaving. When you tell a barber to hurry he dashes around on the tiled floor at imminent risk of falling, and he splashes the lather into your eyes and your mouth, but the fact remains that he takes as much time as usual to rub the lather into your face and as much time to shave you.

"I begin to believe there is some sort of rule regarding time that all barbers observe, because I have timed them. Once I asked a barber to hurry shaving me, and he had all the motions, but took up just as much time as when he went along at his usual gait.

"I imagine they believe the customer will be satisfied with the appearance of speed, and that's the reason they run around so and breathe heavily as if winded when changing from one side of the chair to the other."—New York Sun.

Children of Criminals.

It is a curious fact—one all at variance with the doctrines of heredity, but borne out by police records—that the children of crooks, of all classes, rarely turn out to be crooks themselves. Deeper study of the subject might reveal that they are possessed of the criminal instincts, but that the tragically close example of the punishment and wretchedness that attend a criminal career has been a terrifying deterrent. The fact, at any rate, remains. The rogues' galleries of Scotland Yard, New York and Chicago may be studied in vain for the photographs of a father and a son.—Argonaut.

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A LITTLE WATCH TALK.
Did you ever stop to think that the balance wheel in your watch makes about 300 moves a minute, 1800 per hour, or 43,200 from the time you wind it until you wind it again? You oil your windmill or wagon, your wife her sewing machine, almost daily. Still you let your watch run in old rancid oil and accumulated dust year after year, or until it stops. Then when it is worn and the delicate bearing cut out, blame the jeweler, because your watch kept good time for ten years until you took it to him. An ordinary watch, cleaned and oiled yearly, will last any man a lifetime.
It will cost you nothing to let us examine your watch. All work guaranteed.
Smith & Varney,
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

LOVE'S INTUITION.

A Girl Who Was Able to Read Beneath the Surface.

By MARY WOOD.

Above the shrill whir of the crickets rose the hum of feminine voices. Under the green apple boughs the hammock convention was in full swing. Miss Maybrick called it a hornets' nest and preferred the doubtful coolness of the piazza. But, then, she was a college professor, too superior to appreciate the joys of the younger set.

Jane Carew, however, sometimes agreed with her. This afternoon she hid her face behind a book, while girlish fancies carried her far above the swaying leaves up into the perfect blue of the July sky. How lovely nature was this summer, how full life of new delights!

Miss Maybrick's name brought her back to earth again—Miss Maybrick, the one cloud in her sky.

"Oh, yes, she approves of him," saucy Madge was saying. "She can put up with his sunburned face, roughened hands and the general boorishness of a farmer. But I suppose at her age any man is acceptable. To tell the truth, I have almost reached that condition myself in this man forsaken spot." And she shook her head in mock despair.

"Jane agrees with her," some one added a little maliciously. "She never seems to mind sharing his attentions with her."

A book went down with a crash and angry spots of scarlet glowed in Jane's cheeks as she said defiantly: "John Staunton is not a boor. He is a gentleman. Just because he scorns to talk the twaddle that men usually think good enough for us girls you vote him a boor. He often makes me ashamed of the little I know, and the books he lends me have opened up a new world, a world bigger and better than all the flirting and shams and heartaches that go to make up society. No wonder he likes to talk to Miss Maybrick. She's worth the whole lot of us when it comes to knowing the things that are worth while!"

The girl stopped short with a gasp as she realized the horrified hush which had fallen on the circle. "Oh, what have I said?" she cried and buried her face in her cushions.

But Madge's gay voice was tender as she stroked the brown head. "You've read us a lecture, Janie, dear," she said gently, "but I fancy we needed it a bit. It's horrid to talk about one of your friends the way we talk about Staunton, and we ought to ask your pardon. As for Miss Maybrick, she's a stuck up old thing, and you're ever so much nicer than she in spite of all she knows. Just wait till Cousin Alex comes next week and see the new world that he opens to you. He is really literary and writes things for other people to read."

Jane's face was still hidden. She was battling to overcome her tears and even harder to drive out of her heart the unreasonable jealousy of the older woman that somehow had crept into it. The time had been when she would have scorned her as a rival, but love had made her humble. Youth and beauty seemed of small weight to cast into the scales against years of scholastic training and study.

Cousin Alex came. He was a slim, dapper young man, with an important manner rather at variance with his size. But he had a way of retailing old jokes that made them seem new and a stock of compliments suited to every age and was therefore greatly in favor among the guests at the sleepy old farmhouse. As befitting his pretensions as a journalist he rattled on unceasingly about books and literature. He knew this man and that book, and, above all, he was one whose name should some day stand foremost in the world of letters. The date was not yet set, but he spoke of "his novel" mysteriously, even reverently, and his feminine audience was accordingly impressed.

More or less unwillingly Jane was compelled to listen to many of these predictions, for "Cousin Alex" at once developed a fondness for her society. Perhaps certain glances that Staunton cast in his direction added zest to the chase. Perhaps it was the elusive fashion in which the girl received his advances. Certain it is that a week's time had earned him the very fitting name of "Jane's shadow."

Yet to Jane herself each day seemed to bring more unhappiness. Staunton came as often as ever, but at sight of Alex by her side he left the laughing group to chat with Miss Maybrick in intimate aloofness. And as the girl saw the door to the beautiful new world closing because the hand of him who held it open was withdrawn the pain and weariness of her old frivolous life seemed almost past bearing.

Her eyes were more wistful than she knew one evening as she saw a tall, muscular figure swing up the walk with the easy, confident stride of the man who was master of his fate. Staunton's face softened as he met them, and, though Cousin Alex Hamblin was on hand, as usual, he settled himself on the top step with the air of a man who had come to stay. The brown eyes were downcast now, but a shy blush of pleasure still flushed her cheeks.

There was always a visible air of constraint between the two men, but Hamblin rose manfully to the occasion. Here was a most longed for opportunity to prove to Miss Jane that Staunton was but a boor of a farmer, after all, and no match for a man of the world like himself.

If the older man detected his half veiled tone of patronage, he only smiled quizzically. Indeed, his position soon grew more untenable than that of his adversary. As the conversation ranged from books to men and back to books again Jane saw, with a thrill of pride, that Staunton more than held his own. What is more, he held his temper, a precaution neglected by the other.

At last the talk fell upon one of the recent novels, a book of unusual strength and breadth of view. Jane had read it several times, for it had seemed to point her to the new life she longed to live. Staunton was silent, as though in unspoken condemnation. Thereupon Hamblin became an enthusiastic defender and openly scoffed at his lack of appreciation.

A shadow crossed the moonlit porch, but the three did not see Miss Maybrick till her voice broke in on the controversy.

"You would not expect Mr. Staunton to criticise his own book, would you?" she said calmly. Then, as her ear caught Jane's low exclamation of wonder, she added in a tone of surprise: "Had you not guessed that he was an author, Miss Carew? I heard that you defended him very eloquently one afternoon in the orchard and said a good word for me too. For that I want to thank you."

Staunton's face was turned toward the blushing girl, and in full moonlight Miss Maybrick could read his secret. If it sounded the deathknell to some hope in her own heart, gratitude to her companion made her lead the bewildered Alex for a walk down the lane and a gradual restoration of his self confidence.

"And I have to thank you, too, Jane," Staunton said tenderly.

But he took her down to the orchard and told her in his own way.

"How did you guess that I was not the farmer I pretended to be?" with a hint of wonder under his gladness.

Jane raised a face radiant with the realization that the new world was opened forever. "Just because you are you," she said joyously. "Love is not always blind."

A Story That Varies.

There is a story more or less diffused of a young bride on her wedding day playing the game of hide and seek and concealing herself in one of those ancient carved chests of large size. After she had got in the lid closed, and she found herself unable to raise it again, for it fastened with a spring, and she was shut in. Search was made for her in every quarter but the right one, and great perplexity and dismay were caused by her disappearance. It was not till years after, when chance led to the opening of the chest, that the body of the young bride was discovered and the mystery of her disappearance solved.

The story is found in so many places that it may be questioned whether it is true of any one of them. Rogers tells it of a palace in Modena. The chest in which the poor bride was found is shown at Bramshill, in Hampshire, the residence of Sir John Cope. Another similar chest with precisely the same story attached to it was long shown at Marwell Old Hall, between Winchester and Bishop's Waltham.

The folk tale of Catskin or Peau d'Ane represents the girl flying with her bridal dresses from a marriage that is repugnant to her, and as this tale is found all over Europe it may have metamorphosed itself into that of the bride who got into a chest and died there.—Cornhill Magazine.

Detecting a Thief.

Some of the stories in the "Folklore of the Holy Land" seem to be at least founded on fact. And, indeed, when we come down to quite recent times we find undoubtedly genuine stories that might have been told of the days of the caliphs.

Here is one of Ibrahim Pasha:

A goldsmith of Jaffa complained that his house had been robbed and remarked that the Egyptian occupation had not brought security.

The pasha promised redress.

The next day he came to the man's shop and in the presence of a great crowd ordered the executioner to give the door a hundred lashes.

Then he stooped as if to listen. "The door tells nonsense," he cried; "another hundred!"

He stooped again.

"The same tale; the door persists that the thief is somewhere in this crowd of honest people and that he has some of the dust and cobwebs from the shop on his tarboosh."

He had his eye on the crowd and saw a man hastily raise his hand to brush his fez.

The man was arrested and confessed his guilt.

A Chromatic Love Affair.

"Marooned!" muttered the villain, turning white and striking his forehead.

Violet, pearl of women, had refused him again.

He lapsed into a brown study, wondering if he were too green to win any woman's love. Perhaps she objected to his prematurely gray hair, or could it be that the cardinal virtues of his rival outweighed his old gold?

The hero entering, black as a thunder cloud, readily solved the mystery.

"There's a yellow streak in you!" he cried. "In the hope of winning my betrothed, Violet, you have jilted Alice, and it has made Alice blue!"

The villain rose, madder than a hornet, purpling with rage beneath his tan. But before he could speak the hero had pinked him with his sword.

Violet screamed. Terror caught her.

But her lover soothed her.

"Red of him at last," he murmured, folding her in his arms and kissing her cherry lips as the crimson sun sank in the west, partially obscured by the London smoke.

Epilogue. Orange blossoms.—Los Angeles Times.

THE TONGUE.

It Appears That This Organ Can Be Eloquent Even When Silent.

From the observations made by a physiognomist it appears that the tongue when quite still can be as eloquent in giving its owner away as when it is wagging sixteen to the dozen. This is a hard fact for a silent man to swallow—in silence. His only remedy is to keep well so as to obviate the necessary injunction of the doctor to put his tongue out, for by this thrust out sign the doctor shall know him.

The tongue of the talker when obtruded inclines to the right side of the mouth, we are asked to believe, whereas the seldom used tongue gravitates to the left side. Orators, preachers and barristers are endowed with right sided tongues. Verbally parsimonious persons have left sided tongues.

Furthermore, "the tongue that shoots out straight without turning or wavering indicates a solid, reliable man of affairs." Tongues that turn up indicate impractical natures. A downward, drooping tongue belongs to a person born to poverty and a ready eye for the hopeless side of things.

The cruel tongue flattens and broadens when extended. The delicate speaking organ with curled up edges is the property of an imaginative and artistic being. When the tongue issues forth as if gripped in a dental vise it signifies a love of life more than ordinary.

Finally we are warned that the individual who thrusts forth his tongue to its extremest verge is a person to whom no secret should ever be confided, for he is an irresponsible chatterer.—London Chronicle.

Unrequited Love.

First Office Boy—Me boss is awful cranky lately. I wonder what makes him so hard on a fellow. Second Office Boy—Dat's easy. When a man's hard on a fellow it's a sign he's soft on a girl.—Lippincott's.

Not His Fault.

The Poet—Poets are born, not made. The Girl—I know. I wasn't blaming you.—Boston Transcript.

FIRST PLAYING CARDS

They Seem to Have Sprung From the Naibis of the Saracens.

INVENTION OF A VENETIAN.

The Evidence Appears to Prove That Games With Cards Originated Toward the End of the Fourteenth Century—The Cards of Charles VI.

The earliest direct mention of playing cards discovered so far is in the "History of the City of Viterbo," says the New York Telegraph. The author quotes Covelluzzo, who wrote about the end of the fifteenth century:

"In the year of 1379 was brought into Viterbo the game of cards, which comes from the country of the Saracens and is with them called naib."

It is worthy of remark that Covelluzzo did not write at that date he mentioned, but a century later, in 1480, and it is quite possible that he may have been mistaken in attributing the cards to Saracenic origin or may have simply been quoting a popular tradition. The Saracens were familiar with naibis, the predecessor of cards, but they did not invent the game of cards, of which naibis were only a part.

The earliest date about which there can be no dispute at which playing cards are directly mentioned by a writer as a matter of his personal experience is that discovered in the register of the court treasurer of France, in the reign of Charles VI. The entry is under the date of Feb. 1, 1392, as follows:

"Given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of playing cards, in gold and various colors and ornamented with several devices, to carry before the lord our king for his amusement 56 sols of Paris."

This is the foundation upon which is based the popular notion that playing cards were invented for the amusement of a crazy French king. Critics have pointed out that the amount paid is simply for the hand painting and decoration of the cards. There is nothing in the entry that gives ground for supposing that the cards themselves were new.

There are on exhibition today at the National library in Paris what are supposed to be seventeen of these cards that were painted for Charles VI., and this has strengthened the impression that they are the original model from which all playing cards have been copied. Unfortunately for the fame of the exhibit, it has been proved that the cards shown in Paris are really very fine Venetian tarok cards and are part of an edition made at least as late as 1425.

During the twenty years that follow this date of the royal treasurer's (1392) literature is full of references to playing cards. Almost every author that mentions games of gambling paraphernalia particularizes one or more games of cards. But before that date no allusion has been found to a game that could be construed as a card game, although there are several writers who might reasonably be expected to mention cards if they were acquainted with them.

Hugh von Tymberg, who wrote in the second half of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century; Petrarch, who wrote in the first half of the fourteenth century; Chaucer, who wrote in the second half of the fourteenth century, made no mention of cards, although in the writings of all of them there are references to gambling tables and implements.

In the Escurial library there is a manuscript composed by order of Don Alphonso the Wise, dated 1321, which gives the rules for a number of games, especially chess and dice, but does not contain a word about cards.

But one naturally asks if the earliest mention of cards is to be found in the register of the royal treasurer of France where did cards come from if they were not a new thing to him?

To go back a little, it is well known that there existed long before the date of any mention of playing cards a series of emblematic pictures called naibis, which were used by gypsies and others for the purpose of fortune telling and sorcery. It is probably these naibis that were brought to Europe by the Saracens, and perhaps they were supposed to be of Saracenic origin.

Authorities seem to be pretty well agreed that toward the end of the fourteenth century some inventive genius, probably a Venetian, selected a number of these naibis or pictures and added to them a series of numeral cards so as to convert them into implements by which the excitement of chance and the interest of gaming might be added to the amusement afforded by the original naibis.

The principal reason for assuming that cards originated in Italy and not in France is that the names of the cards themselves and the names of the earliest known games played with them are all Italian and that these Italian terms were carried all over Europe. If they were of French origin the nomenclature might be expected to be French.

There is an abundant evidence that the playing cards which rapidly found their way all over Europe were made in Venice. As each country got to making its own cards the emblems of the suits were changed to please the national fancy until there is nothing left today of the original faith, charity, justice and fortitude which were represented on the first Italian packs.

Advantages.

"I suppose you are glad to be free again?"

The ex-convict sidestepped a trolley car, dodged an auto and looked nervously toward a clanging ambulance.

"Oh, of course, of course," he said. "But let me tell you a man in prison feels mighty safe."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Drawback.

"Your ocean trip was pretty nice, I s'pose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Saw icebergs and such things, eh?"

"Yes, but I missed the billboards, I can tell you."—Washington Herald.

Caution Extraordinary.

"You have a night key?"

"Of course," answered Mr. Meekton, "only I'm so careless that Henrietta keeps it locked up in the safety deposit so that I won't lose it."—Washington Star.

Amateurish.

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

"You are—I swear it!"

"I accept your apology."—Cleveland Leader.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 15, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xix, 8-20. Memory Verses, 19, 20—Golden Text, Acts xix, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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On the return of Paul from his last journey he landed at Caesarea, where there must have been quite a company of believers besides the household of Cornelius and Philip and his four daughters. We can scarcely think of Paul passing through without fellowship with them, for at another time we find him and his company spending several days at Philip's home (xxi, 8, 9). The church at Jerusalem would be desirous to hear all about this great journey and the open doors in Europe, but the record simply says "saluted the church" (xviii, 22), which may have included a rehearsal of the Lord's doings in Europe. Then during his stay at Antioch he would not fail to tell of those households at Philippi who accepted the Lord Jesus and of all the marvelous grace of God. This brings us to his third journey, concerning the beginning of which we read that "he went over all the country of Galatia and Phrygia in order, strengthening all the disciples (xviii, 23). He has told us in his epistles how to be strong, so we can understand how he strengthened them. See Eph. iii, 16-19; vi, 10, 11; II Tim. ii, 1. There is no salvation, no strength, no victory except in Christ Jesus, by His word and Spirit and by virtue of His precious blood.

When Paul left Priscilla and Aquila at Ephesus on his return home from Corinth he did not know that he was thus providing teachers for a man already mighty in the Scriptures as far as he knew them, but so it turned out (xviii, 23-28). If increased knowledge of God is given to any of us it is that we may meekly instruct others who have not the same measure of light. Blessed that we may be a blessing is the Lord's way for His redeemed. When Paul reached Ephesus on this third tour he found disciples who had been taught by Apollos, evidently before he had been further instructed by Priscilla and Aquila, knowing only the baptism of John. When Paul had instructed them more fully they received through him in the name of the Lord Jesus a special filling of the Holy Spirit and spake with tongues and prophesied (xix, 6).

It seems quite clear that when Aquilla and Priscilla heard Apollos in the synagogue they did not attempt publicly to enlighten him, but with humility and loving tact took him privately, probably to their home, and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly. Then it may have been that Apollos thought better to begin elsewhere with the new light he had received rather than where he would have to confess that he had not previously been fully taught in some things. That would have been human weakness, but this is only a suggestion. As to Apollos' two instructors they were only humble tentmakers and, while doubtless glad to help any who were willing to be helped, they did not feel called to act as public teachers.

For three months Paul spoke boldly in the synagogue at Ephesus, talking to them from the Scriptures concerning the kingdom of God (verse 8). See this great topic elsewhere in the Acts in chapters i, 3, 6; viii, 12; xiv, 22; xx, 25; xxviii, 23, 31, and from other portions of Scripture seek to understand it and then let the Lord use you to help others to see that the kingdom of God is nothing less than the will of God done on earth as in heaven and that when it is fully come a righteous Israel shall be the earthly center, a blessing to all the nations on the earth, and Jesus, as son of David, shall occupy the throne of David at Jerusalem (Acts ii, 30; iii, 21; Luke i, 31-33; Isa. ix, 6, 7; lxii, 1-3, 6, 7).

This is the age of "the mystery." The kingdom being postponed, the church, the body of Christ, is being gathered to reign with Him when He shall return in His glory. To this end we should carry the gospel everywhere, having the ambition which Paul had to preach Christ specially to those who have not yet heard of him (Rom. xv, 20), and when the unbelievers resist and talk against "the way" then enter some other door in the same town or go to another city or town. When the Jews resisted, Paul continued teaching in Ephesus, but at another center, "in the school of one Tyrannus," and for two years he continued, so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus (verse 10). He was in Ephesus at this time about three years, warning people night and day and ofttimes with tears (xx, 31). This was the Lord's time to sow this part of His field, but in chapter xvi, 6, His time had not fully come. When we are fully yielded and can truly say "My times are in thy hand" (Ps. xxxi, 15) we will rest in the Lord and dwell with Him to open or shut, as He shall please, having full confidence in His management. God for some reason wrought in a special and unusual way upon the bodies of people through Paul at this time (verses 11, 12), probably because the devil by his agencies was working specially too. But the Lord exceeded all the power of the adversary, the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified, the word of God grew mightily and prevailed, and there was what might be called a $50,000 bonfire of the devil's literature.

Lunch and Luncheon.

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding house any more."

"You have lunch, I suppose?"

"No, luncheon."

"Well, that's the same thing."

"Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."—Puck.

Cure For Lonesomeness.

The redheaded girl is a winner—and the man who gets one will not be lonesome. He will soon find out whether he has drawn a Titian haired angel or a combination of a cyclone and a sunset.—Baltimore Sun.

The learned man conceals his erudition, the silly man clothes himself with it.—Houssaye.

A Concise Explanation.

"How does that man always manage to appear as the leader of you people?"

"I suppose," answered Farmer Corntossel, "that it's simply because he's smart enough to get ahead of us."—Washington Star.

THE SAFFRON PLANT.

It Is Among the Very Oldest of the Vegetable Products.

The particular species of crocus that has from time immemorial been cultivated for its dried stigmas, a product known under the name of saffron, is Crocus sativus, which is wild from Italy to Kurdistan. Saffron may be reckoned among the very oldest of vegetable products, being alluded to in the Song of Solomon among other spices of Lebanon. The name crocus is Chaldean or Greek and was first used by Theophrastus of Eresus about 350 B. C., and that it was a well known and admired flower in Greece soon afterward is shown by Sophocles, who mentions the "crocus of golden beam" in his "Oedipus at Colonos."

The word saffron seems to be a corruption of the Arabic name "al zahafaran," and the product itself was first imported into England as a spice or condiment, being also used as a color or dye for silks and other fabrics of the eastern looms.

At a later date, exactly when is not known, the plant itself was cultivated in England, more especially in Essex, in which county the name of Saffron Walden remains in evidence of the fact. Again, we have in London Saffron hill, which formerly was a site included in the bishop of Ely's garden at Holborn, once famous for its saffron beds as well as for its strawberries. Today, however, saffron is but little used.—London Chronicle.

SUGAR AND CANDY.

Satisfy the Cravings of the Children For Sweets.

Children may eat too much sugar, and they may also stay too long in their bathtub, or in the creek when they go in swimming, or get tanned or a headache from playing too long in the sun, or chilled by staying too long in the open air, but is that any sound reason why they should be deprived of sweets, sunlight, baths and fresh air or discouraged from indulging in them?

All that is needed, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine, is a little common sense regulation and judicious supervision, not prohibition or denunciation. Most of the extraordinary craving for pure sugar and candy, which is supposed to lead the average child to inevitably "founder himself" if left to his own sweet will and a box of candy, is due to a state of artificial and abnormal sugar starvation, produced by an insufficient amount of this invaluable food in its regular diet.

Children who are given plenty of sugar on their mush, bread and butter and puddings, a regular allowance of cake and plenty of sweet fruits are almost free from this craze for candy, this tendency to gorge themselves to surfeit, and can usually be trusted with both the candy box and the sugar bowl.

Parker House Rolls.

Materials.—Three tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of lukewarm water, one yeast cake, two cupfuls of new milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, two egg whites and six cupfuls of flour.

Way of Preparing.—Scald the milk and add to it the sugar, salt and butter. Let stand until lukewarm, then add three cupfuls of flour and beat for five minutes. Add the dissolved yeast and let stand until it is a very light, frothy mass, then add the egg whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and the remaining flour. Let rise again until it is twice its original bulk, place on your molding board, knead lightly and then roll into a sheet half an inch thick. Take a large biscuit cutter and cut the dough into rounds. Brush with melted butter, fold over and press the edges together. Place in a buttered pan one inch apart. Let rise until very light and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes. —National Food Magazine.

A Duck of a Man.

Ellen Terry and Mr. Balfour met for the first time at the table of Henry W. Lucy in London. During the ensuing conversation Miss Terry remained strangely silent. Presently the Unionist leader had to leave for the house of commons, and Ellen Terry at last found her tongue. Her host was relieved to find that she had not been bored. Bringing her closed hand down on the table, she exclaimed with a glance toward the door through which Mr. Balfour had passed, "I think that's a duck of a man!"

RHEUMATISM.

One Course of Treatment For the Cure of the Disease.

To cure rheumatism it is necessary to rid the system of the excess of uric acid, and to do this a proper diet is even more important than the use of drugs, though in very severe cases the latter are not to be despised in conjunction with the dieting that is absolutely essential.

The Massachusetts General hospital of Boston allows the following diet for its rheumatic patients: Graham or brown bread, white bread (limited to one-half slice daily), corn, rice, milk, eggs, flour, puddings, crackers, beans, peas, all kinds of vegetables, except potatoes, tomatoes and asparagus, rhubarb, fresh fish, butter, cheese, buttermilk, cream, alkaline waters and toast. Avoid red meats, starch or potatoes, white bread and sugars.

The sensible use of water both internally and externally plays a large part in the prevention or cure of rheumatism. One or two glasses, either hot or cold, taken before breakfast every morning is excellent to start the organs of digestion for the day, and at least one glass should be taken between meals. Often the plain water will be enough to move a slightly constipated person, but if not a mild medicated water may be taken instead. It is very essential to keep the bowels open in cases of rheumatism.

Uric acid in the system is a poison, and it must not be forgotten that poisonous waste matter is also eliminated through the skin. The pores of the skin must be kept freely open and not allowed to become clogged if we hope to obtain the best results with rheumatic cases. A hot bath at bedtime is often very helpful.—Delineator.

Maddening Snuff.

On the Amazon river several Indian tribes use snuff, called pareca, which is made of the seeds of a species of plant. When a bout of snuff taking is determined on the people become highly intoxicated and then use the snuff. The effect of pareca is so violent that the taker drops as if shot and lies insensible for some time. Those more accustomed to it are highly excited, dancing and singing as if mad. The effect soon subsides. Other tribes use it to repel ague during the wet season.

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HOOKING ALLIGATORS.

A Florida Sport With an Element of Uncertainty In It.

"Hunting alligators at night with a bullseye lantern and shotgun is tame sport compared with what is called a gator hunt in Florida," said an old Floridian who is visiting New York. "I mean the feat of capturing an alligator alive and then towing the fellow to high ground through mud and water from what is called in Florida a gator hole.

"The gator fishermen first find the hole, which is indicated by an opening in the surrounding grass in the midst of a dense growth of vegetation, where the ground is worn smooth by the alligator in his pulls in and out. Sometimes these gator holes are in the nature of a cave in the bank of a stream and may be fifteen or twenty feet deep, and if so it is not an easy matter to get the animal out.

"The fisher is supplied with a long pole with a metal hook on the end. He takes a strong rope and throws it about the entrance of the hole. Then the fisher rams with the hooked pole down the den and waits and listens. If he finds a gator in the hole he teases the beast by poking him until the gator in a rage finally grabs the hooked pole and is pulled from the den. It is with uncertainty that he is dragged forth, for it is not known whether the catch is large or small. The fisher does not know whether to get into shape to run or to fight. Out the gator comes, bellowing and roaring mad.

"After the gator is dragged to the surface he in his rage turns and rolls and finally twists himself up in the rope or noose that has been previously prepared. With the assistance of the others in the party the gator's legs and mouth are tied and the gator is a prisoner.

"The gator is for the most part caught in marshes where the ground is soft and slushy and too wet for either horse or wagon to enter. The fishers are compelled to carry their catch to higher ground, there to be loaded into the waiting wagon, and the hunt is ended."—New York Sun.

UNCONSCIOUS WORRY.

Born of the Habit of Taking Things Too Seriously.

A great many people worry unconsciously, says O. S. Marden in Success Magazine. They don't understand why they are so tired in the morning, why their sleep was so disturbed and troubled.

This mental disturbance is often caused by the habit of taking things too seriously, carrying too great a weight of responsibility. Everywhere we see people who take life too seriously. Most of us are like the motorman who not only starts and stops the car and tries to keep from running over people, but also feels tremendous anxiety and responsibility about the motive power.

One of the most helpful lessons life can impart is that which shows us how to do our work as well as it can be done and then let principle take care of the result. How often have we been amazed to find things come out much better than we anticipated; to find that the great unseen power that governs our lives through a wilderness of trial and tribulation into the open has guided our life ship through the fogs of difficulties and of sorrow, through storms of hardships and losses, safely into port.

The pilot does not lose heart when he cannot see his way. He turns to that mysterious compass which sees as plainly in the fog and guides as faithfully in the tempests as when the sea is like glass. We are in touch with a power greater than any compass, greater than any pilot, a power that can extricate us from the most desperate situation.

A Nose For the Truth.

Exact truthfulness, according to a writer in the London Sketch, had its proper reward in the following instance:

Teacher—Now, can you tell me what the olfactory organ is? Boy—Please, sir, no, sir. Teacher—Quite right.

Touch Skin.

Gunner—And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled. Guyer—H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapple.—Chicago News.

Great thoughts reduced to practice become great acts.—Hazlitt.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again.—W. H. Burleigh.

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EVENING OFFICE AT
Woburn, Mass

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.
IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq., Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p. m. until 9.55 p. m) 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p. m., 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p. m. until 9.32 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p. m., then 11.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p. m. until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p. m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p. m. until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m.) SUNDAYS—6.52 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p. m.

WILLIAM E. SCALLOTT, Div. Supt.
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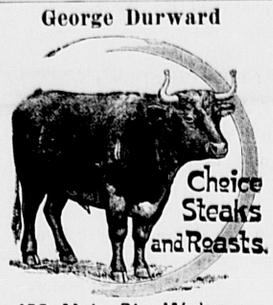
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NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co'

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for th Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.06 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.30, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
66	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
67	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
68	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
361	Burlington Stree, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Boggs & Cobb and C. Crane's Factory (Private stands.

One blow for test at 11.40 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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The Reason.

Discontented Wife—Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now.

The Husband—That's why.—Illustrated Bits.

He is the noblest who has raised himself by his own exertions to a higher station.—Cicero.

Origin of the Word Academy.

Academus was a wealthy Greek of Athens who lived several hundred years before the birth of Christ. Among his possessions was a beautiful grove, where young men used to congregate and listen to the teachings of wise men, such as Plato and Socrates. This developed into the school of modern times, and these modern schools take their name "academy" from the old Greek, Academus. The real meaning of the word academy is a school for boys.

Sterilized.

"Have you," inquired the city visitor, "a moss covered bucket about the place?"

"No, sir," answered the farmer. "All our utensils are sterilized and strictly sanitary."—Kansas City Journal.

No Danger.

The Lady—I'd buy you a nice pearl handled knife for your birthday, but I'm superstitious. I'm afraid it would cut our friendship. The Man—Cheer up! No knife a woman buys could ever cut anything.—Cleveland Leader.

[From The Pacific Commercial Advertiser.]

DR. SCUDDER

Will Not Accept Mainland Call.

Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., pastor of Central Union church, announced to his congregation yesterday that he has decided not to accept the offer of a district secretaryship of the American Board of Missions in New York City, and will continue in his present pastorate. This was pleasing news to the congregation, the members realizing that the doctor is declining a really very flattering offer. The doctor stated that he has considered the matter in all its phases and believes he should continue in the Hawaiin field where he has been engaged for so many years. Dr. Scudder's sermon dealt almost entirely with his call and he gave in detail the reasons why he felt justified in retaining his present pastorate. His sermon which was entitled "A Vison" follows:

Revelation 3:8. "Behold I have set before thee a door opened, which none can shut."

Every man faces opened doors, which lure him to enter the gardens into which they lead. One of these doors is set before him by God.

The great question is, which of the doors that front him is God placed? For self inclination, other men, and circumstances are as the Great Father.
the Great Father.

You will pardon me this morning for the personal allusions which it seems necessary to make, because the question raised by the call to New York concerns you of this church as well as me. The door which opened before your minister on July 6 disclosed a very enticing panorama. I would not dare to read you the letters written by President Capen and Secretaries Burton, Patton and Strong. Briefly the middle district of the American Board's home territory comprises Connecticut, the state which next to Massachusetts does most for our foreign missions, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, the District of Columbia and some Southern communities. The board desires that its interests in this district be entirely re-organized. At present the mainland is witnessing an unprecedented revival of missionary fervor, comparable only to the mighty temperance wave. It is characterized by an entirely new manifestation called the laymen's missionary movement which is beginning to affect all denominations. Under its influence the Southern Presbyterians have gained thirty per cent in two years for their missions. Last year Toronto in Canada gave $40,000 for missions outside its own borders, by July 7 of this year already $400,000 were in sight. This work among the men of our Congregational churches in the United States is as yet in its infancy. Some one is wanted to nurture it into vigorous life.

Furthermore, New York is fast becoming the great missionary center of the American Contient. Our board desires a representative on hand for consultation with the leaders of the other great societies which focus there. Moreover, the city of Washington is in this district and the board's relations with the general government are close. Besides this our missionaries are constantly reaching and leaving New York and a kindly loving service of sympathetic welcome and farewell is demanded.

In opening this door the American Board urged with great power the fact that years ago your minister enlisted with it for life and that now it needs him for this definite work. It added other considerations of a private nature. The letters conveying this call were so skilfully assembled in two cumulative columns of persuasion that the question has had to be gone over twice. It is needless to say that Mrs. Scudder and I have been very deeply moved by the presentation of the many motives urged.

Permit me now to express to you our profound gratitude for the help which your prayers and words have been to us in reaching a decision. We have given patient, thoughtful, prayerful study to all sides of the question proposed by the invitation and have twice reached the conclusion that it is our duty to decline it and for the present at least to remain here.

In arriving at this decision it has been borne upon us that we came to Honolulu to renew active connection with the mission in Japan which was our first missionary field. While no longer in direct Japanese work occasions for the use of that language for kingdom purposes are frequent. Opportunities for forwarding the American Board's work are so numerous as to constitute this pastorate a missionary enterprise. Hawaii is the center of the great Pacific problem of the future and the hope of being able in a small way to help on that mightiest of all interracial movements, the closer binding together of Asia and America, is strong. Intimate connection with the Friend and the Mid-Pacific Institute offers a modus operandi in this direction. For it is my conviction that in the Mid-Pacific Institute, if rightly developed, Hawaii has an instrument unsurpassed by any in this world for effecting intercontinental friendship. Connections with community work also through the Hawaiian Board, Palama, civic and social organizations have been established here and should not be lightly severed.

But these considerations, though very strong, might and would have been waived if it had not been for the vision of the door opened I believe by God before Central Union church. That vision has floated in the atmosphere of my ideal world with increasing clearness ever since coming to Honolulu. When you asked me to become your minister, I said "yes," not because I dreamed that I should be still with you when the vision shall have been realized, but because I saw clearly that some very hard things must be done before much advance there towards could be made and also because I was perfectly ready to tackle these hard things, if the way could be paved thereby for someone else to lead you up to your manifest destiny. These hard things are not done yet and all through the past few weeks I have heard the voice of the Master, whose you and I are and whom we serve, exclaiming "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."

The time has come now for me to tell out my vision.

The world waits for the coming great free Union church, where men of all denominations and none, men of all sorts of doctrinal creeds and none, may worship God as brothers and cooperate as fellow servants under the leadership of the Master Man Jesus Christ. I know of no place where the first example of such a church is so possible today as Honolulu. Here we are off by ourselves in the midst of the great free ocean of the future. Here all races meet more nearly on an equality than anywhere else on the globe. Here no trammels bind us to a dead past, yet here we all glory in the vital heritage from the ever living past. Furthermore, in the membership of this church, we have Roman Catholics and representatives of all branches of the protestant church, as well as those more immediate forbears were devotees of the hoary religious of Asia. No less than twenty-six nationalities representing all the great racial stocks of mankind meet in this church and commune together. A slight change in our form of admission would complete all that remains to be done to realize the ideal of a forerunner of the coming World Church of Christ, the counterpart of that band of men whom Jesus called about Him, untrammeled by ecclesiastical law or tradition, by priest or overseer, fitly described by our Lord as "One is your Master, even the Christ, and all ye are brethren." I admit that this slight change is one of the hard things that I am called upon to tackle. Well, if patience, good humor, persistence, honesty and love will avail, by God's grace that hard thing will, some day, be achieved.

If our Master wants it, it will come and, if it is His will, it is worth waiting for. If it is not His will, waiting will do no harm. So let those of us who differ about this hard thing be happy and stick with sweet reasonableness to our principles as we toil together towards a fulfillment in this Church of our Lord's great prayer for His disciples, "that they may all be one."

Our very name is a mighty inspiration to this end. We are Central, in the very focus of the coming interracial world life. All Christendom is talking about Union. We already are union to a degree quite unique. Let us realize its fulness. President Hayes will ever live in American history for having pointed out that the way to resume specie payments was to resume. The same principle holds true of Christian unity.

There is of course a class of men devoted to form and ceremony, impressed by rank and insignia, finding rest of mind in compelling those who worship with them to subscribe to definite doctrinal statement who should have churches to their mind, but the great Divine Church for humanity must be free like its Master, rich in its varied life, with services of many kinds to meet the needs of many minds, with plural ministry like the primitive city church of Paul's letters, and instrumentalities that shall call from every type of man some unselfish activity for the social good. We in this church can realize this. We have the location, the uncomplicated environment. Our city is not over churched. We have the requisite membership, the men and women of large culture and education required, the wealth in abundance needed to make good this ambition. And we have the vision before our eyes. God help us.

But no mere agglomeration of disciples of Jesus can attain to such an ideal. Central Union church today is big but it is not a unit. It is an aggregation, a splendid one I grant you, but for all that a conglomerate. The one great social virtue we need to cultivate is acting all together. We need to be fused by God's Fire-spirit into glowing unity. One of our mightiest churches nearly 2500 strong, which recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by raising a special missionary fund of $50,000, has throughout its history been characterized by this noble trait. It has known troublous times and has hotly debated in crowded meetings questions that would have hopelessly divided many another church, but early in its history, it cultivated the habit of free discussion in general assembly with honest expression of opinion, voting not by a single directed ballot but by participation of every voting member present. When the result was declared all hands would bury differences and join loyally in carrying out the decision reached. That church never had what the man of the streets calls a knocker. No wonder that today it is our mightiest church. We need this spirit here, all giving, according to ability, all serving along the line of God given powers, every move we make, the product of the thought and energy of all. We can if we will.

Machinery will never lead us to our ideal. But spiritual life will. We bear on the covers of our calendar the motto "A House of Life," and the words of Jesus "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." If we miss the life of our church, we miss all. For a church without it is not a church of Christ. God's life manifesting itself in Sunday worship that inspires, in activities that make men purer and stronger, in an appeal to the outsider which leads him to Jesus, God's life so evident in all our gatherings that parents go from them resolved to make better homes, business men hear in them the call to the square deal, citizens are moved by them to be true to their civic duty, and all who need find here their longing for comfort, power, peace, courage, self-mastery, incitement to service satisfied—that what our church must have. We have much of it now, we want more. If we seek it as Ponce de Leon sought for the fountain of youth, as Jesus' merchant did for the pearl of great price, we shall find it. To this search God calls us. One evidence of God's life in the modern man's soul or in an organization is the determination to keep step with the Master. The strongest characteristic of the Christ today is his onward marching spirit. No true disciple and no living church need fear new truth. Let us welcome progress and adjust our previous motions to symphonized with it. That is the way to keep virile, to keep sweet, the special grace of woman, and to keep young.

Keep Virile! This is certainly the dominating command of the Great Head of the Church today. If last year's story means anything. It tells the determination of Central Union to carry out this commission. Our men's League now numbers 175 members. That is only a beginning. It must double and treble this figure and better far than mere enumeration, it must set all at work.

Keep Sweet! Not a hard task certainly in Honolulu with its multitude of gracious lovely women. A living church needs organized sweetness a thing Central Union already has. Yet we all know that this sweetness here can and should be transmuted into larger effectiveness for Christ. That is the crux of the coming church year.

Keep young! The whole nation waits for adequate work to be done by its churches in religious education. It is America's weak point. The state confesses its utter inability here—a draught of better experience which Japan also with its supreme confidence in its Emperor is just draining to the dregs. To train the children for God and hence for mankind is the most heroic because the most painstaking work the Christian Church today is called upon to do. It is simply a staggering task but we must and we will attempt it, may we are attempting, in Central Union. Who will lead?

Finally the ideal demands that we in Honolulu realize our manifest destiny as the missionary centre of the Pacific world. Here is the culminating privilege of Central Union church. Without it we may become rich, bulky, exclusive and fashionable but half dead like poor Laodicea. Thank God we are well on the way to our goal. Already the gifts, sympathy, prayers of Central Union honeycomb these islands. You are doing nobly for Hawaii, you can do more of course. But there is something grander than this, for you can lead the present missionary advance in the world. I say it advisedly. If our great missionary families, those abundantly able to do so, should each establish a memorial foundation say of the value of $25,000 to support a missionary family in connection with the American Board and do this during the coming centennial year of American missions, the blow thus struck would reverberate round the the world. Relate these foundations to this church so as to tie the missionaries supported by them to our personal love and prayer, then follow this up by a generous participation of all the rest of us in standing by this great cause, and Central Union would come into its own legitimate heritage in missionary leadership. It is a fascinating picture but it is soberly realizable.

This in swift outline is the vision of the garden of possibility which the door that God has opened before this church discloses. It is regrettable that in our local habitat we are so restricted and so tortured by noise. An entire city square might be ours, with an emparked meeting house, appropriate to this paradise island. If we are worthy of it even this may come.

But dreams for real men are hovering Ariels singing the way through hard, painful, toilsome work. A vision, if it mean anything, cries "off coat, up sleeves, at task". Is that to be the story of this vision? God grant it! Christ lead us! Spirit Divine inspire us! Amen.

A Good Guess.

"Does your father know you smoke, little boy?" asked the inquisitive stranger.

"I guess not," replied the bad boy. "He doesn't lock up his cigars."—Detroit Free Press.

A Useless Rule.

He (teaching her bridge)—When in doubt it's a good rule to play trumps. She—But that's just it; when I'm in doubt I don't know what the trump is.

A SNAKE STORY.

The Yarn That Was Spun by a Traveler In Australia.

An Australian traveler says that he was one day walking in the thick scrub, collecting specimens, when he came upon a large light brown snake, a species of python, coiled upon the ground.

He was by far the finest one he had ever seen at large. He was probably ten or twelve feet long and as thick as a man's leg at the knee.

He looked savage enough to devour a man, and at first the collector felt half inclined to run away.

He recovered himself, however, and was on the point of shooting the serpent with a charge of dust shot in order to carry home his skin when it occurred to him that he would be worth five times as much if he were taken alive.

"I had," he says, "a leather strap with a buckle in my game bag, and with this I determined to noose the snake.

"I started toward him, but when I came near he partly uncoiled, opened his mouth very wide, thereby disclosing his sharp teeth, and, hissing spitefully, struck at me. I dodged behind a small tree and, leaning out as far as I dared, tried several times to noose him.

"After I had teased him for some time he suddenly started off at full speed. I caught my gun and by dint of hard running through the thick scrub managed to head him off. He coiled, and again I tried the noose, but he put his head under his coils in a very sulky manner. I reached out from my shelter behind a tree and caught him by the tail, but he pulled away with great force and glided off again.

"This time he took refuge under a fallen tree and before I could head him off was gliding down the hole of some wild animal.

"I reached the spot just as the last two or three feet of his body were disappearing, and, seizing his tail with both hands, I hung on desperately. With my feet braced against a limb of the tree I pulled till the tail cracked and snapped as if it would break asunder. Sometimes he pulled me to within a few inches of the hole, and then I would brace myself against the limb and drag him halfway out.

"At last I grew so tired that I had to let go my hold, and with many regrets I saw the last few inches of the tail disappear beneath the earth."

THE DUTCH KITCHEN.

Largest Room In the House and Has a Bed In the Corner.

Holland, of all countries, is a memorial to the unceasing labor of man's hands. It exists not because the sea higher than its green stretches, suffers it to, but because man by the labor of his hands and of his brain has kept the water back. The Dutch people have not only earned their land—they have made it.

"When have they found time to do it all?" you ask yourself. But you are to know more of the work which in Holland never ceases. Of the work which goes on within those houses you know nothing until at Delft you make your first acquaintance with a Dutch kitchen.

The kitchen is properly a large room as compared with the other rooms in the house, for it is the gathering place at all times for the family. The table is round and stands not quite in the center of the room, but so that the mistress, sitting at one side, can reach her hand out to the stove without rising.

In one corner of the kitchen is such a bed as you have never seen before. The stiffly starched white muslin curtains make it look like a blind window, but the grandson pulls the curtains back, and in the recess formed by the closet on one side and the corner of the room on the other you see the place where your hostess sleeps. There are a high feather bed and many coverings.

The stove is a brick one, set in a deep old fireplace. The old mantel is piled with brass vessels, which the old woman uses as though they were common tin. On one side is a china statue of the Virgin. On the other side under a glass globe is a waxen statue of Queen Wilhelmina in her wedding gown.—New Idea Magazine.

Wise Indians.

Canadian authorities say that an Indian kills with the greatest judgment and discretion. Unlike the white hunter, the Indian needs no game laws. He understands that if the game is to last he must kill only enough for his needs. He will kill for food and for the pelt, but only when the latter is at its best. He never kills for sport alone and will not destroy a female animal at the breeding season.—Fur News.

The Banyan Tree.

A regiment of 1,000 men could readily find shelter under a single banyan tree. In India there is one of these trees which has 400 main trunks and over 3,000 smaller ones.

Where is Your Hair?

In your comb? Why so? Is not the head a much better place for it? Better keep what is left where it belongs! Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, quickly stops falling hair. There is not a particle of doubt about it. We speak very positively about this, for we know.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Indeed, the one great leading feature of our new Hair Vigor may well be said to be this—it stops falling hair. Then it goes one step further—it aids nature in restoring the hair and scalp to a healthy condition. Ask for "the new kind."

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

DANGER FROM ICE.

No Article of Food Is So Carelessly Handled.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly emphasizes one cause of the danger of infection from ice.

Scarcely another article of human consumption receives so much direct handling just before its use as does this food. Milk and water, tea and coffee are poured. Bread, meat and butter are cut. Bread, probably handled more than any other food on the list, has a hard crust which offers a rather unfavorable lodging place for germ life. Ice, on the contrary, washes the hands of every person who handles it and affords an ever ready liquid medium for the immediate absorption of the hosts of bacteria which hands may carry. The carelessness of the handlers of ice, their utter disregard of the resting places where it may receive infection, may be partly due to their lack of realization that ice is a food, as real a food as meat. Whatever the cause, few substances which pass through the digestive processes of man receive such treatment. Its surface contaminated by the passage of men and horses in the cutting, its sides and base fouled by muddied platforms and smirched straw, covered with the filth of black ice cars and dust swept freight stations, your cake of ice commonly receives its only cleaning just before it enters the ice chest. So far as the iceman is concerned, this is generally a hasty brush with a time worn whisk broom well filled with the dust of the street and blackened with constant use. According to the personal testimony of various icemen, not even the precaution of a momentary washing beneath the faucet is ordinarily taken.

MISSION OF THE LAND.

To Produce Commodities For the Service of Mankind.

The mission of the land is to produce and keep on producing food, live stock, lumber and other commodities for the service of man. He who owns land and is indifferent to this is guilty of a moral wrong, and he who takes good land out of commission and suffers it to lie unproductive and useless is guilty of a greater one. This is the only criterion by which we can properly judge of the right of an individual to own land in large tracts.

The good results attendant upon small individual holdings are natural. The purposes of nature in the upward evolution of man are usually better carried out in this way, and not because, as is so frequently argued, every man has an inherent right to its ownership. The lazy, the incapable and the densely ignorant assuredly have no such right, and land is too precious and its mission too high to be thus wasted.

If the owner of a great country estate can farm his land as well as or better than if it were in small holdings; if, following the precept of Swift, he made two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where one grew before; if he supply his section with a better breed of horses, cattle or sheep, well and good. No one with any knowledge of economics could say he was doing any injury to the world or mankind. It is not the amount of land that he owns, but what he does with it for which he is morally responsible. —David Buffum in Atlantic.

The Invention of the Panorama.

The panorama was invented by a Scotchman named Robert Barker, who obtained a license in London in 1787 and erected a rotunda on Leicester square. He was associated with Robert Fulton, the practical inventor of the steamboat, who introduced panoramas into Paris in 1796, but resigned in favor of Thayer perhaps in order to give his attention to the application of steam to boats. Thayer raised a rotunda on the Boulevard Montmartre, whence comes the name of the Passage des Panoramas. Bonaparte caused plans to be drawn up for eight panoramas, in which his conquests were to be shown to the Parisians, whom he always tried to impress with the magnitude of the achievements in order to keep them faithful to his star. But these projects were never realized.

AMERICAN WANDERLUST.

A Habit Which Strengthens the Cohesive Unity of the Nation.

Less than half the members of the United States senate and house of representatives are native born in the states which they represent. Nothing could more clearly show the alert activities of the American people and that constant intermingling of the inhabitants of the several states which adds so much to the cohesive unity of the nation. The boy who goes to a distant state often accomplishes more than the one who goes straight on in the footprints of his father in the home village. Even Daniel Webster was not born in the old Bay State, whose influence and dignity he so well sustained and whose people mourned him so sincerely when his great life closed.

This wandering from state to state has resulted in the organizing in New York city of many state societies, which aim to gather together the natives of their respective states annually to revive the pleasant memories of the old home days, with their thousand clinging ties.

What would happen if the American people should cease to wander about the country? is a question often asked. It is said that an eastern man never amounts to anything until he goes west and that a western man has to come east in order to attain his full stature mentally. The northern man is advised to go south to learn gentle courtesy and chivalric bearing, the southerner to go north to add more iron to his blood. There can be no doubt that this constant evolution has encouraged the birth of new ideas, just as the whirling of the kinetoscope developed a toy into our present wonderful moving pictures, which gives us glimpses of life in motion all over the world.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

When you have written a wrathful letter put it in the stove.—Lincoln.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUG. 20, 1909.

STATE CONVENTION.

The Committee have designated October 2 as the date for holding the Republican State Convention this year, and Symphony Hall in Boston as the place.

Hon. Edwin U. Curtis has been selected to preside, and Hon. John L. Bates, former Governor, is to be Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.

☞ Judge Mills of the New York Court last week, after a month's hearing, sent Harry Thaw back to the Criminally Insane Department of the Matteawan prison for an indefinite period. Contrary to the judgment of 19-20ths of the best people in the country, we honestly think that the decision of Judge Mills was wrong. It will not be denied that Thaw sent out of the world, posthaste, one of the meanest beings that God ever put the breath of life into, for which, we believe, a monument ought to be raised in his honor. Then, again, Judge Mills and the specialists set up an ideal standard of sanity which never was, and never can be, reached by mortal man, but to which Thaw must come up, or go back to prison. It is the candid opinion of some people that a perfectly sane person does not exist on the face of the earth, the difference in the minds of those inside and outside of asylums being only in degree. Finally, Judge Mills should have thrown out, or not admitted, the testimony of the specialists. But, then, it isn't likely that Thaw will ever become a free man until his and his mother's money is all gone.

☞ The "War" that has been raging down around Brockton and neighboring towns all the week for the capture of Boston by a foreign "foe" is to be brought to a close tomorrow. The maneuvers heve embraced all the features of real war, so far as practicable, and have given the soldiers valuable training for real work. Two good sized armies are engaged, and their military performances during the week have been anything but boys play. Company G, 5th Regiment, M. V. M., left here in good season on Saturday morning, Aug. 14, nearly 50 strong, reached the battlefield safely that night by railroad; and it is taken for granted that they have acquitted themselves in a soldierly manner; to the credit of themselves and to Woburn; for they are a fine Company that Capt. McCarthy commands. They will reach their armory on Moutvale avenue tomorrow.

☞ At the annual National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Salt Lake City last week, the Massachusetts delegation stood in the front ranks. They held campfires, receptions, levees and soirees galore, and had a great time generally. One of the great attractions at the Campfires were the Modoc Club, a local organization of singers whose services were in constant demand on account of the ability of the members to sing the old Grand Army songs to the satisfaction of the Veterans, who took special pains to help in the choruses, particularly the song composed by Captain John L. Parker of Lynn, the Department Commander of Massachusetts, entitled "We Are the Boys."

☞ The returns made by the Assessors of the number of inhabitants in that city is a disappointment to Melrose, for it shows an increase in the year past of only 124. The city has a population of rising 15,000, and the natural excess of births over deaths ought to have yielded a larger increase, the people over there think. It would seem so; but, it is said, the growth of cities and towns in the Metropolitan District, or greater Boston, has been less than common for a year past; so Melrose shouldn't feel so bad about it.

☞ It was lucky for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that the report that the the Army, "Reds," who have been trying for a week to capture Boston by fighting battles against the "Blues," (M. V. M.) in the Brockton woods, had captured and led away to Wareham as a prisoner of war Governor Draper, turned out to be a false alarm. The news of his being in the hands of the enemy was received at the State House Saturday, and produced great commotion until a denial arrived.

☞ As a sample of what the New Hampshire braud of Democracy think of it the following from the Nashua (N. H.) *Telegraph* isn't at all bad: "We notice that shoe manufacturers are doing a lot of talking about what free hides will do for them and the expansion of their business, but we haven't heard of a single one of them saying it would do anything for the home shoe buyer. Perhaps that's merely an oversight, though we're afraid not."

LOCAL NEWS.

— Mr. and Mrs. John Maloney are at Bethlehem, N. H.

— The public school are to reopen for work on Sept. 9.

— Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Tripp are visiting in Providence, R. I.

— Another new moon made its appearance on the tapis Aug. 15.

— Harlow Seeley was at the Tiptop House, Mt. Washington last week.

— Court Norded, 193, F. of A., are to indulge in a picnic on Labor Day.

— Miss Annie Scalley is passing a pleasant vacation in New Hampshire.

— Mr. George Tripp and family are at Sebago Lake for their vacation outing.

— The Montvale hurdy-gurdy party is to be held next Monday evening, Aug. 23.

— Services at Unitarian church will be omitted until the second Sunday in September.

— The St. Josephs and No. Woburns are to meet for a game of ball on Labor Day.

— Mr. and Mrs. Ward W. Hart were registered at the Jackson House, Jackson, N. H., a few days ago.

— Seems as though the oranges at Crovo's fruitstore grow better and better every day, if that is possile.

— Dr. Harrison G. Blake, wife and children of Main street are at Kennebunk Beach for the balance of August.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of St. Charles C. T. A. S. go to Lake Canobie, N. H., on Sept. 5, for a 3-days outing.

— Miss Ellen and Miss Julia Dow of Pleasant street, are to move into Mrs. J. H. Hovey's house on Bennett street Sept. 1.

— Patrick J. Fallon of Garfield avenue is visiting his parents in Ireland who he has not seen for 20 years. He is to be gone a month.

— Burbank Post 33, G. A. R. have decided to hold a Fair on Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30. They will be aided in making it a success by W. R. C. 84.

— Having got the upperhands of a severe attack of rheumatism Am. Ex Agent Lamprey returned to his post of duty in this city last Monday.

— Some people say that the apple crop this fall will be from fair to middling; while others say the harvest will be short. And there you have it.

— The last that we heard of Master Low of the Htgh school and his family they were at Danvers taking life easy and enjoying their vacation right up to the handle.

— Nobody thinks of giving Cummingsville and East Woburn playgrounds and grandstands. They have to shift for themselves and do the best they can for ps and gs.

— F. H. Kean of this city is a member of the Mass. State Team in the National shootingmatch at Camp Perry, Ohio, this week, and doing himself proud with his rifle.

— If the intelligent and frugal housewife would obtain the very best fruit jars at the very lowest prices, she will certainly go to the popular store of Blye & Co. for them.

— Mrs. C. M. Strout thinks Ogunquit about as desirable a summer resort as can be found on the N. E. Coast, so she has gone down there for a season of rest and pleasure.

— Last Tuesday a squad of Co. G men were captured by the Reds and kept in confinement 24 hours. They had a hard time of it during the severe rainstorm of Tuesday and night.

— Rev. George H. Young of Dedham, formerly pastor of the Woburn Unitarian church, has sued the Boston Taxicab Co. for $20,000, presumably to recover pay for personal injuries.

— At 8 o'clock last Sunday afternoon, Deacon W. H. Lewis of the Baptist church was the leader of the religious services at the Cummingsville Chapel, for which special music was provided.

— Last Sunday morning thermometers indicated a temperature of only 58 degrees above. That was not much like regular dogday weather. A cold day followed, and Monday was not oppressively hot.

— Lawyer W. Frank Maguire is acting Clerk of the Distriet Court this week, while the regular incmbent of office, Lawyer A. E. Gage, is away on his vacation. At least, such is the report going the rounds.

— Particular attention is called to the statement, which is true, that McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, are selling a Safety Rasor that has no superior for one-half the price that other dealers are selling them for.

—It is currently report that Mr. Herbert B. Dow and family of Warren ave. are at Edgartown for a week or more. The gossips have had them down there several times this summer, but possibly the present report is reliable.

— Henry Neergaard, a conductor on the B. & N. St. Ry, was held up and robbed on Salem street at 1 o'clock, A. M. Tuesday when on his way home. Luckily he had left the most of his cash receipts at the Company's office.

— Mr. Ernest Richardson, Librarian of Princeton (N. J.) College, has been visiting relatives and old acquaintances here lately. He is a native of Woburn, and enjoys National recognition as an authority on Library questions.

— The annual remnant sale of dry goods by Copeland & Bowser continue today and tomorrow. They did a big business yesterday, for the prices are so low that people can't help buying. Go early and get your pick of the goods.

— Rev. Mr. Herrick, pastor of the Methodist Church, will preach next Sunday, morning and evening, to the united Congregations of the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist Churches. The services will be held in the Methodist church.

— An eminent Chicago doctor advises everybody to eat pie, eat all they want, and especially to fill up on it at breakfast. There is some talk in Boston, the center, or Capital of the American Pie Belt, to honor him with a monument in the Public Garden.

— Tomorrow Lawyer George W. Norris and Mrs. Norris are to leave here in company with Mr. and Mrs Forsaith of Malden for an automobile journey through New Hampshire. They will be away some time, and expect to greatly enjoy the trip, no doubt.

— Labor Day, Sept. 6, comes 3 weeks from next Monday. Let it come! It will find this city, which can stand as many holidays as any other community of its size, ready and willing to receive and celebrate it in a manner worthy of the day and place.

— The soldier boys of Co. G will return to their homes in this city tomorrow, and then we will hear all about the unsuccessful struggle to capture Boston. Last Tuesday the Reds, a foreign foe, were at Nahant trying to get hold of Senator Lodge, but he had gone fishing. The rainstorm interfered somewhat with the military operations and both armies suffered considerably from the wet; but none of Woburn boys got sick, or were killed in battle, and all of them will come marching home safe and sound tomorrow.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.



For Sale by

McLaughlin & Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

"SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are **$1.00, $1.25, $2 50.** Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

McLaughlin & Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

— Since the great rain the grass has assumed an entirely different hue. Instead of a pale yellow, it is now a deep dark blue.

— Mr. C. B. Strout and family have been at Winthrop for the last two weeks where they have been visited by several friends.

— Faultfinders should be patiently borne with as necessary evils. Just now we see they are prodding the highway authorities because, they claim that some of our city streets are not in a condition to suit them. Well, if it were not this it would be something else.

— The game of ball that was to have been played on Library Park tomorrow for the benefit of Billy Rupp, the star artist of the diamond field who had one of his hands badly injured a week or so ago, has been postponed to Saturday, Aug. 28. It ought to bring in big gate money.

— Fred Gowing, the Woburn and Boston Magnetic Practitioner, is President of the Gowing Family Association, who are to hold their 21st reunion at Wilmington, their native soil, on August 26. Dr. Gowing takes a lively interest in the affairs of the Association.

— The 1909 report of the Winchester Assessors shows that no less than 30 Woburn citizens have moved from here and established permanent residences in that town since May 1, 1908. This ought not to be so—Winchester ought not to be allowed to grow at Woburn's expense.

— Mrs. William W. Hill of North Woburn, who, with Mr. Hill and Elizabeth, has been spending the summer at Camp Ellis, or near there, on the Saco River, within a couple or three stonesthrow of Old Orchard, hasn't felt real smart for a few weeks, but she is now getting on very nicely indeed.

— The end of the summer vacation period is nigh at hand. Less than a fortnight brings Sept. 1, the beginning of fall and end of life at the seashore and other hot weather resorts—only a little over a week and the end of summer will be reached! Seems as though it has been a terrible short outing season, don't it?

— The other day Mr. Frederick A. Flint received a Honolulu, Hawaii, newspaper which contained a sermon by Rev. Dr. Scudder in which he gave his reasons for declining to accept the office of N. Y. District Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, which sermon appears in this issue of the JOURNAL.

— Miss Agnes Agnew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Agnew of South Boston, will return to her home in a few days from a fine visit with her aunts, Mrs. Kate Andrus of Court street and Miss Mary Agnew of Church avenue, which she has enjoyed very much, as she has also, the frequent trolley trips with them.

— The first trolley cars entered Middlesex Fells last Sunday, and 10,000 people visited that beautiful State Reservation, and $1,000 was taken in by the Boston & Northern St. Railway Company. The opening of the Fells to trolley traffic is a great thing for the public, for it affords opportunity to see the finest Park in the State at nominal expense.

— Mr. Clarence Stetson played his bells on the Choate Hospital lawn and at the Old Ladies Home last Sunday afternoon. Clarence is musical—he belongs to a musical family, the Kimballs—and does not believe in hiding his light under a bushel, but letting it shine for the pleasure of all. He is a member of the Kimball Saxophone Quartet.

— Mr. J. J. Grothe is building four railroad snowplows on orders recently received. The old firm of Pollard & Grothe enjoyed a wide and favorable reputation for the excellent character of the snowplows made by them, and those that issue from the Grothe shop are considered the best that are now made. Orders for them come from all quarters.

— The Malden Sealer of Weights and Measures is putting the coal dealers of that borough through a course of chopped feed these days for cheating customers in weights, and Judge Bruce is fining them right and left. Fortunately, we have none of that sort in Woburn; but, mebby, there are others, and on them Sealer Hosmer keeps a sharp eye.

— Notwithstanding the severe drouth, late summer and early autumn flowers are looking well, and many lawns are adorned with as fine displays as are often seen. Yellow and scarlet are the prevailing colors, and where prominently and profusely planted we wouldn't care to see more brilliant floral exhibitions. And they will be better still soon.

— A competitive examination of applicants for the position of Clerk in the service of the State Board of Agriculture will be held August 31, 1909. There is one vacancy in this position to be filled; salary, $1,400 per year. Applicant must be a graduate of an Agricultural College. Applicants must have resided in the Commonwealth one year next previous to filing applications.

— The public schools of this city will resume work in a little more than three weeks, if no mistake has been made by us in the reckoning of the time. The school children will be apt to regard the present vacation as rather a short one; but parents and guardians will not, it is safe to say, regret the opening of the schoolhouses once more. Can't say how it will be with the teachers.

— At a meeting held last week the Hibernian Societies of Boston voted to have no parade on Labor Day this year. Ever since its establishment the parade in Boston has invariably been the great feature and chief item in the Labor Day celebration, but it is to be omitted on Sept. 6 next for good and sufficient reasons, and the Hibernians must seek other sources of enjoyment on that day.

— On August 5, inst., Mr. Guy E. Marlon forwarded to the JOURNAL an illustrated booklet advertisement of the "Woburn House Hotel and Eu Pension" located at Upper Woburn Place, Tavistock Square, opposite St. Pancras church, London, W. C., England, near which he was stopping at that date. It was formerly the London mansion of the Marquises of Tavistock, and is a very beautiful building.

— Last Saturday Aunt Jane McCafferty went down to Revere Beach to visit her daughter and family, and, incidentally, to take a good swim in the briny ocean. Swim? Yes indeed! She learned that trick when a lively lass in the Old Country, and the man or woman, old or young, who can dive deeper, stay under longer, or come out dryer, than Aunt Jane don't grow on every bush. No, Sir-ee.

— The B. P. W. are to hold a meeting next Monday evening to consider the matter of buying a site for the proposed Southend playground—Com. Kelley's pet scheme to make away with some of the city's surplus funds. We notice that there is some halting in this business; the B. P. W. are not quite so fierce in favor of the project as they were. Possibly they may have heard some discussion of it by taxpayers.

— We learn from a Boston paper that what is said to be the oldest churn in the United States is being advertised for sale. It was made in Wells, York County, Maine, in 1742, and was 82 years old when the Marquis de Lafayette took dinner at the Lindsay Tavern (still standing) in that town on his visiting this country, and having distinguished honors conferred on him, in 1824. The churn is an "antique" worth having; and, yet, Americans are forever searching for ancient furniture and things on the other side of the Atlantic. There still stand some venerable dwellinghouses in Old Wells, which was incorporated in 1642, and in not a few of them valuable relics of old times may still be found.

— Harry Fellows is passing his vacation at Sunnapee, N. H.

— Quite a number of the Woburn firemen attended the Veteran's muster at Lawrence yesterday.

— Mrs. Emma T. Dow and her daughter, Miss Minnette Dow of Court street are to spend the next fortnight at Ogunquit and Portland, Maine.

— The weather was so cold last Tuesday that a furnace fire was necessary for comfort. It is a question of grave doubt if anything like it was ever before experienced in these parts.

— The musical chirp of the cricket was reported about 3 weeks ago, but if the dulcet tones of the katydid, sure harbingir of the fall of the leaf, have yet enlivened the evening hours, the JOURNAL has not heard them, or conversed with anyone who has.

— Nearly 30 years ago one Rev Mr. Mills was pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn, and last week his son of Pokeepsie, N. Y., came here on a visit. In turn he was accompanied by a son of his own, or grandson of the pastor, who died a long time since.

— Sweet corn on the cob is in the height of its glory. It was never sweeter or more abundant than now. Why is it that the corn is so much better, sweeter, and more satisfactory gnawed from the hot cob than it is eaten after being whittled from it? Is it the juice in the cob?

— Mr. Thomas Heartz and Mrs. H. have returned from a 2 weeks outing at Gloucester, refreshed, invigorated, and ready to resume their daily duties cheerfully. The young ladies of the Heartz household were still absent when the JOURNAL reporter made his final circuit around the city for local news and personal items with which to fill this issue of his paper.

— Rev. Frank Poole Johnson, Assistant Pastor of St. Paul's church in Boston, a worthy and respected native of Woburn, is to officiate at the wedding of Sarah Lucy Buxton, a former resident of this city and graduate of our High school, and Charles Manning Field, a Professor in Yale College. The ceremony is to be performed in St. Paul's church on Sept. 1.

— "Blackeyed Susan," written by Miss Christine Putnam Kelley, daughter of Dr. Seth W. Kelley and granddaughter of Mrs. W. R. Putnam, a young lady of rare intellectual gifts and acquirements, and published in the Boston *Evening Transcript* last Saturday, has a musical ring and swing that stamps it as one of the fluest short poems that have appeared in print this summer. With pleasure we take it from our Boston cotemporary and print it in the JOURNAL this week.

— Commissioner Kelley should see that the present dearth of concerts presents a favorable opportunity for him to move the bandstand from its present location on the Common to Library Park, as has been suggested. The JOURNAL is not particular where it goes to—Library Park, Forest Park, or any other Park, or place; but it would like to see our Common relieved of its objectionable presence. Will Com. K please take this matter up at his earliest convenience and give it favorable consideration?

— Campersout on the romantic Concord, the rushing Shawsheen, the roaring Aberjona—the summer dwellers in rough cabins on their wooded knolls and verdant slopes—are returning to homes and civilized pursuits, loud, even vehement, in their avowals of great pleasure and undoubted physical benefits derived from the summer vacation now about to close. And the rested, tanned and happy campers are welcomed back with open arms and fatted calves by fond mothers and fathers who need the boys to help them dig the potatoes and do the fall ploughing.

— Reports of baseball games are getting to be mighty stale reading. To nobody but the Leaguers, the teams, and those who habitually fill the seats at the grounds did they ever possess especial attractions for the public; so, when it comes towards the end of the season reports of the contests make pretty dry intellectual fodder. These remarks have nothing whatever to do with Woburn's teams and games, for both are above criticism, but wholly for foreign consumption. Everybody loves to read about the Woburn battles, unless our boys are beaten at them, which is a rare occurance.

— The late Dr. Byron R Harmon did nobly by two deserving institutions in this city, for which the memory of him deserves to be perpetuated and kept green. In his will he donated $1,000 to the Woburn Home for Aged Women, and $1,000 to the Choate Hospital. The remainder of his estate, about $30,000, was left to his wife's relatives, she having preceded him to the grave. He quit the practice of medicine 15 years ago in order to give his time wholly to the care of his wife, who, for that period, was a helpless victim of the worst form of rheumatism, of which desease she died last year.

— Dr. Scudder's sermon mentioned in another column, is printed on the first page of this issue of the JOURNAL, taken from the leading Honolulu, Hawaii, daily. Dr. Scudder has hosts of friends in Woburn, Boston, and vicinity, not only among his former parishioners, but among all classes of society, some of whom, at least, regret that he did not accept the Secretaryship of the American Board and come back into E Pluribus Unum, where his friends could shake hands with him once in awhile without being obliged to go halfway across the Pacific Ocean to reach the cordial grasp of his everopen fist.

— Mr. Arthur G Loring is a useful occupant of a desk in our Public Library. He is a Genealogist of recognized ability and accuracy of research and statement, and as such is a good kind of a person to have around in any city or town library. Mr. Loring is widely known as a Genealogist, and is kept busy a good part of the time looking up and writing out family histories, for which our Library gets a major share of the credit. Librarian W. R. Cutter established an enviable reputation for the Woburn Library as a Bureau of Genealogical information years ago, and it has been kept up to highwater mark ever since by him and Mr. Loring.

— Last week the JOURNAL published a brief notice of the Edwards—Case wedding at Paris Hill, Maine, at which Mr. Morris Carter was best man. Miss Case, the bride, gave a regular oldfashioned New England supper on an evening prior to the wedding in the Hubbard house, which had been closed to the public for three years. There were many distinguished people at the suppertables, and a newspaper report of it said: "Morris Carter of Boston was Toastmaster and the toasts and responses were especially good." In behalf of the large and highly fashionable company Mr. Carter, also, presented Miss Case, the bride-elect with a beautiful lovingcup.

— Henry McMahon, a well known and popular Boston printer, is in poor health at his home at Central Square, to which he has been confined several weeks. He came to the JOURNAL office in the early 80s to learn the art of printing, and after serving his apprenticeship worked at Kansas City, Mo., New York, and finally came to Boston, where he has been constantly employed ever since. He was among the first to learn to run the linotype machine, on which he was an expert workman. Henry was a good boy, and one of the JOURNAL'S star apprentices. We hope he will soon recover from his present illness.

— Yes, the drouth is ended—no doubt about that. The rain started in just before breakfast Tuesday and increased slowly until after dinner, when it began to show its best paces and do things. It kept on growing more so all the afternoon, and by suppertime a big gale was at work, which was kept up all night and until 7 o'clock Wednesday morning—24 hours of good solid, rain, and a plenty of wind to go with it. Boston papers said the New England Coast hadn't experienced a storm of such violence for a great while, and, but for the signals the Weather Man put out the day before, a great deal of damage would have been done to shipping, and, probably, many lives lost. The rain was general all over New England, to which it was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

— The following Woburn people left their homes in this city last Saturday morning for West Lebanon, York County, Maine, where it was their intention to remain a fortnight, at least: Mrs. W. F. Estabrook, Mrs. Effie Francis; Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Parker, Edith Smith, Ethel Smith, Nellie Estabrook, Edith Estabrook, Alice Winn, James Bryenton, Norman Francis, Harry Thompson of Lynn, Marion Cutter of Arlington, Mr. and Mrs Harry McDonald of Concord, N. H., Mrs. Kolster of Medford, Mrs. Daly, Eunice, Ethel, Lucia and Dorothy Daly, of Portsmouth, N. H. Now, a party personally conducted and superintended by T. Marvin Parker of Salem street are never put to their trumps for means of amusement and pleasure, for it is an undisputed fact that, in this line of activities, he is a whole team and a horse to let. By the way, this party of jolly Woburnites ought to run up to Wakefield on the other side of the State line and see how Simon Blake's crops are coming in this fall.

LOCAL NOTES.

— Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Putney of Putney, Georgia, are visiting relatives and friends here. Mrs. Putney is the daughter of Mrs. Abby Dimick, and sister of Mrs. Fred J. Brown of Arlington Road. She visits New England every summer.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street informs us that Mrs Warren Teel, his cousin's widow, and her daughter left here for their home at Davenport, Iowa, a few days ago. He enjoyed his interview with them very much. The ladies visited many relatives here and in Winchester.

— Rev. Cyrus Richardson, who, a few months ago, resigned as pastor of the First Congregational church of Nashua, N. H., of which the late lamented Daniel March, D. D., formerly had the spiritual charge of, a native of Woburn, 75 years old, or thereabouts, has recently married, or is about to marry, a N. H. widow.

— Mrs. Leslie Fowler, daughter of Mrs. William Scales of Church avenue Court, arrived in this city from her home in Vancouver, where she has resided for three years, last Monday. After a visit here with relatives and friends she will return to Vancouver accompanied by her mother.

— There are no movements in local politics that we have heard of, nor are there likely to be until the politicians get back from their vacations. It will soon be time to hold caucuses to elect delegates to the several conventions; and, yet, "everything is quiet on the Patomac." That candidates for office will come into the light soon, there can be no doubt; but the hour has not yet arrived for the showing of hands.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

While Hermann the Great lived he was the master magician of his time and the only person with whom he shared his secrets was his wife. He was always devising something new something startling, and at the time of his death had partly worked out several illusions which he fully expected would surpass anything he had previously produced. His widow has been working on these ever since and is now ready to show them to the public. The first presentation will be made at Keith's Theatre during the week of August 23rd. Mme. Herman has appeared in public before and is herself a remarkable magician, so that unusual interest will be attached to the demonstrations that she is to make in Boston.

Thousands at Wonderland.

With the waxing of the season the crowds at Wonderland are daily growing in size until every day sees thousands of delighted spectators of the beautiful fairy spectacle "Cinderella," which is given free every afternoon at 3 30 and every night at 8 30 o'clock. The fascinating tale of the poor and neglected, but beautiful sister, the household drudge, how she was aided by the fairies and her final triumph in winning the heart and the hand of the prince, is charmingly told in pretty stage pictures, with captivating detail of entrancing music, brilliant electrical and color costume effects of the most novel kind, and dances and marches and groupings which keep the spectator constantly interested.

Real Estate Transfer.

Through the office of C. E. Smith the final papers have been passed for the transfer of the estate of Michael Shea, located at 32 Elijah street, consisting of single house and about 3-4 acre of land. The new owners are Augusta E. and Abbie A. Cobb of Saugus, who will improve and occupy.

By the "Blue Bell" Ye May Know:

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

FIRST that a PAY STATION of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company is indicated.

SECOND, that from this Pay Station you may talk TO ANY ONE OF 320,000 TELEPHONES connected with this Company's lines in the four northern New England states.

THIRD, that you may talk from any Pay Station, over the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system, TO 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS throughout the United States.

FOURTH, that from any of these Pay Stations you will receive as PROMPT ATTENTION and as GOOD SERVICE, as can be given you at any subscriber's station, or by going to the Central Office.

NOTE: If the person with whom you desire to speak is not a subscriber, the Company will arrange, at a nominal charge, to send a messenger to request him to come to one of our Pay Stations and receive the call.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

[From Boston Transcript.]

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

BY CHRISTINE PUTNAM KELLEY.

Into the midst of the late summer carnival
Jauntily tripped a gay village belle;
Susan her name is; wide spread her fame is:
Jack in the pulpit was ne'er known as well!

Mincingly raising her bright yellow petticoats,
Courtesying coyly, she greets each old friend.
Languishing glances lure on to dances;
She will be queen of the ball ere it end.

Vain find her envious neighbors their finery:
Frills of Queen Anne's lace and many-hued bows;
Proud Meadow Lily must yield, willy-nilly,
Piqued by her rival's indifferent pose.

Lily says, bridling: "She's only a Daisy,
Ox-eyed besides—of most humble degree!"
Yet I have read it!—Homer hath said it!—
Jove's royal consort had eyes such as she!

Luck to thee, peasant-born peer of court damosels!
Long may we own thy imperious sway!
Honest thy heart is! Magic thine art is,
Setting Dame August to dream she is May!

WINCHESTER.

The estate of Mrs. Brackett, recently deceased, was valued at $5,000.

It doesn't look as though any great spiurge would be made here on Labor Day.

Our people enjoyed the Italian celebration, especially the band music, very much. We have 500 Italian residents.

Some of our people are beginning to get back to their homes from summer resorts, although a goodly number are still away.

The Rector who succeeds Rev. Dr. Kelcher at St. Mary's Catholic church in this place is Rev. Nathaniel J. Merritt of West Medford.

The Metropolitan District taxes that Winchester is assessed this year amount to $19,061 54, or about $189 24 in excess of last year's assessment. Pretty stiff.

There is a dearth of local news for me to write about this week. With vacation in full bloom, nearly everybody away, and nothing going on, no wonder news is hard to get hold of. So, the JOURNAL man must excuse me for the brevity of my contribution this time.

Following the example of other clubs in the Massachusetts Golf Association, the Winchester Country Club is to have an open tournament on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27 and 28. It will be an 18-hole handicap, with prizes for the best gross, best net and second best net scores. Entries should be sent to P. T. Bufford, chairman of the tournament committee, to be on hand by 9 A. M. of Aug. 26. Post entries will be allowed.

How is this? The 1909 returns of our Board of Assessors show that 30 citizens of Woburn have moved from our city to Winchester since May 1, 1908. Is Woburn "petering out?" There are a good many residents of this town who lived in Woburn 10 years ago: why this abandoning of that town for ours? By the paying out of "big money" years ago Winchester provided for itself attractions which everybody now wants to come here and enjoy. Woburn must look out.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Wilmington, July 20, 1909.

TO THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF MIDDLESEX COUNTY, GENTLEMEN:

The undersigned petition you to view and relocate Woburn Street in Wilmington from a point one hundred feet southerly of the house of N. Bradley Eames to a point one hundred feet notherly of said house.

FRANK L. EAMES and five others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the twenty-second day of July A. D. 1909:

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the house of N. Bradley Eames in North Wilmington, in said County, on Thursday, the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at 10 30 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days, at least, before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in said County, three weeks successively, the last publication to be four teen days, at least, before said view; and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't. Clerk.

A true Copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy-Sheriff.

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 36,834 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. Star owned at Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 56 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Sarah C. Warren late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Peter Warren who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of September A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Annie Hart late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie F. S. Miller who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County Middlesex, on the twenty first day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty first day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Johan A. Franson otherwise known as J. Alfred Franson late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Carl J. Franson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

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For repairs by mail to any one of our stores. The work will be done in the best manner, promptly, and at satisfactory prices.

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Build Houses!
I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road **FOR SALE.** Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.
Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314 1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8 15, then every hour until 2 15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10 45—11 15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6 45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1 45 P M; then every half hour until 10 15 PM 10 45, 11 15, 11 45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9 30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10 45 P. M., 11 15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9 45 A M then every half hour until 10 15 P M 10 45, 11 15, 11 45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



CITY OF WOBURN.

City Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., August 2, 1909.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1907, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that the smallest undivided part of said land sufficient to satisfy said taxes with interest and all legal costs and charges or the whole of said land if no person offers to take an undivided part thereof, will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, August 28, 1909,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and street watering assessment, together with interest, costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

The parcels described below are in Ward 6.

For Wards 1, 2, 3 and 7, see The Woburn Daily Times, issues of August 5, 12, 19.

For Wards 4 and 5, see The Evening News, issues of August 5, 12 and 19.

WARD 6 RESIDENTS

GEORGE E. BROWN—About 115,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Ingalls street, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at land now or late of Robeson, thence northeasterly by land now or late of Akeson; land now or late of Johnson and land now or late of Putman, 348 feet to land now or late of Converse; thence southeasterly by land now or late of Converse and land now or late of Coakley to land now or late of Donovan; thence southwesterly by said land of Donovan, 188 feet, to land now or late of Mahoney; thence more westerly by said land of Mahoney to land of Crombie, thence northwesterly by said land of Crombie 187.4 feet to Ingalls Street; thence southwesterly by Ingalls Street to said land of Robeson; thence westerly by said land of Robeson to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1907 $36.80

GEORGE E. BROWN—About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Main Street bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Daniel Kimball, 151.91 feet; easterly by Main Street 80 feet; southerly by land of Elizabeth P. Torry, 151.91 feet; westerly by land now or late of said Torry, 80 feet.
Tax of 1907 $8.83
Street watering 1907 $1.64

ALBERT EVERETT BROWN—About 10,368 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, on Salem Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land of A. C. Brown; easterly by land of A. C. Brown; southerly by Salem Street; westerly by land of John Maloney.
Tax of 1907 $56.12
Street watering 1907 $2.02

FRED H. BOWSER—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon situated in said Woburn on Hart Place, bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises, thence northerly by land now or late of Sawyer and land now or late of Heggie, 106 feet; thence easterly on Hart Place 62.5 feet; thence southerly 121 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of Brown, 62.5 feet.
Tax of 1907 $20.42

LOUISE MOSER—About 22985 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 941 Main Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by passageway, 133 feet; easterly by land now or late of Page, 179.5 feet; southerly by passageway, 146.1 feet; westerly by Main Street, 142.1 feet.
Tax of 1907 $49.68

EDWARD E. PARKER—About 11,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, 8 Middle Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Hovey; easterly by Fairview Road; southerly by Middle Street; westerly by land now or late of Hurd.
Tax of 1907 $37.71

EDWARD E. PARKER—About one-half acre of land, situated in said Woburn on Mishawum Road, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or late of Mary A. Carton; easterly by other land of said Parker and land now or late of Hovey; southerly by land now or late of Hurd; westerly by Mishawum Road.
Tax of 1907 $18.40

EDWARD E. PARKER—About one-half acre of land, situated in said Woburn on Fairview Road, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land of Watson and land of Ela; easterly by Fairview Road; southerly by land now or late of Hovey; westerly by other land of said Parker and land of Mary A. Carton.
Tax of 1907 $13.80

LAURA DELANEY—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 37, Block 20, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1, bounded as follows, viz.: Northerly by lot 38 in said Block; easterly by lot 11 in said Block; southerly by lot 36 in said Block; westerly by Wentworth Avenue.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ALICE I. ROLLINS—About 2 7-8 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on West Street, bounded as follows, namely: Northerly by land now or formerly of Fisher and land now or formerly of Reuben Green; easterly by land now or formerly of Oliver Fisher; southerly by West Street; westerly by Pearl Street; being the same premises described in deed of Elijah Rollins to said Alice I. Rollins, recorded with Middlesex So. District Deeds, Book 3091, Page 203.
Tax of 1907 $66.24

WARD 6 NON-RESIDENTS

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2,450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 9, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 and 6, Block 5, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.37

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 15, Block 4, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 10 and 11, Block 8, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.37

WALTER J. CALLEY—About 2450 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 16, Block 4, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.18

FRED N. DAVIS—About 9800 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being lots 12 to 15, Block 13, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Jones Avenue; easterly by Chester Avenue; southerly by lots 11 and 16 in said block; westerly by Foster Avenue.
Tax of 1907 $31.28

JAMES D. BACKUS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 18, Block 8, shown on Plan of Woburn Park Building Lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $.74

CHARLES N. BACON—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 30 and 31, Block 31, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

CHARLES N. BACON—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 and 7, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ESTHER A. BARTLETT—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 18 and 19, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

ANNA A. BEZANSON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 13, Block 32, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.18

ELEANOR A. CHURCHILL—About 2400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 17, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan2.
Tax of 1907 $.55

EMMA COOPER—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 35, Section A, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 34, Block 4, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 32 and 33, Block 33, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JOHN DALEY HEIRS—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 12, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.18

EDITH EGGLESTON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 36, Block 34, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

WALTER H. ELLIOTT—About 7350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 4, 5, and 6, Block 21, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.38

EDWIN L. GOODWIN—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 5, Section F, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.46

EDWIN L. GOODWIN—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 17 and 18, Block 5, Section F, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 64, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.37

EDWIN L. GOODWIN—About 4900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 7 and 8, Block 3, Section G, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 65, Plan 50.
Tax of 1907 $.92

ADA M. GORDON—About 5000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 8 and 9, Block 30, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

HARRIET P. HASTINGS DEVISEES—About 4900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 16 and 17, Block 4, Section B, shown on plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

KATHERINE HEALEY — About 9,800 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 to 8, Block 13, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1
Tax of 1907 $1.10

PETER J. HERMAN—About 5050 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 6, Block 1, shown on Plan of house lots, Rumford Park Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

FRANK W. HERRICK — About 19,600 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 8, Block 33, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $2.21

OTIS J. HOUGHTON—About 2,300 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 4, Block 10, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.37

DELIA LAVENDER—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, Block 30, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

MARTHA A. McCORMACK—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 22 and 23, Block 2, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

METROPOLITAN CHURCH ASSOCIATION—About 5 639 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 3, Block 7, shown on Plan of House Lots, Rumford Park, Woburn, Mass., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 94, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

JAMES J. NAUGHTON — About 5,400 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 11 and 12, Block 26, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $0.74

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 14 and 15, Block 9, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 9, Block 48, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 18, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 4,900 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 3 and 4, Block 32, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JAMES J. NAUGHTON—About 2,450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 33, Block 20, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.55

JOHN G. AND JANE SCHOFIELD—About 8220 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 19 to 21, Block 9, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $2.03

MARGARET SULLIVAN — About 2450 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 11, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.55

ROGER SULLIVAN—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 and 10, Block 19, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

JENNIE M. TARBELL——About 14,700 square feeet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 to 5 and 15, Block 34, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $2.76

JENNIE M. TARBELL—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 24 and 25, Block 28, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.92

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 5 to 7, Block 21, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.10

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 5,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 23, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.92

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 8, Block 19, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.37

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 8,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 6 to 8, Block 20, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $2.30

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 1 and 2, Block 18, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 7,350 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 9 to 11, Block 18, Section E, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.10

LAURA F. VON GROENWALD—About 4,900 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 20 and 21, Block 18, Section E, shown on plan of Woburn City Land Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $.74

JENNIE WHITMAN Wescott heirs—About 2750 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 5, Block 46, Section A, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2.
Tax of 1907 $.37

ANNIE J. WILLIAMS—About 7,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots 4 and 5, 20 and 21, Block 27, Section B, shown on Plan of Woburn City Land and Improvement Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 57, Plan 1.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

ALBERT E. WRIGHT—About 4802 -square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot 2, shown on plan of the Park Hill lots, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 70, Plan 47.
Tax of 1907 $1.84

EMILY H. SWIFT—About 14,670 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lots O, N and M, Block 3, shown on Plan of Lots, Woburn, belonging to F. S. McGregor and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 119, Plan 49.
Tax of 1907 $3.68

WILFORD D. GRAY
Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Church closed until second Sunday in September.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 19, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mind."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Married.

In this city, August 18, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, D. D., George A. Turner and May Doherty, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 12, Loring J. Hayden, aged 81 years.

In this city, Aug. 13, Rose M. Murray, aged 19 years.

In this city, Aug. 15, Catherine McGonagle, aged 2 years, 2 months, 13 days.

In this city, Aug. 17, Annie A. Logan, aged 72 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Byron R. Harmon, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Arthur W. Blake of Somerville in said County, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Joseph King, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Chester W. Clark, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-second day of October, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Cordia D. Holland, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ROBERT C. WILSON, Adm.
Pearl St., North Woburn.
July 31, 1909. aug 6, 13, 20

FOR SALE.

To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 23 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached; about ½ acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy. Apply to F. BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

A Curiosity.

"What in the world have you got that bill framed up there for?" we asked.

"Oh, that," sighed the billionaire, "is the only dollar I ever earned!"

We understood.—Puck.

All Had Been Used.

"So Plunksville's exposition is off?"

"Yep."

"And why?"

"We couldn't think up no new name for a midway."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Most people live poor to die rich. It is much wiser to live rich and to die poor.—Houssaye.

FATAL CUPIDITY.

A Tragic Case of Treasure Hunting In Egypt.

A certain Egyptian native discovered the entrance of a tomb in the floor of his stable and at once proceeded to worm his way down the tunnel. This was the end of the man. His wife, finding that he had not returned two hours or so later, went down the newly found tunnel after him. That was the end of her also. In turn three other members of the family went down into the darkness, and that was the end of them.

A native official was then called, and lighting his way with a candle, penetrated down the winding passage. The air was so foul that he was soon obliged to retreat, but he stated that he was just able to see in the distance ahead the bodies of the unfortunate peasants, all of whom had been overcome by what he quaintly described as "the evil lighting and bad climate." Various attempts at the rescue of the bodies having failed, we gave orders that this tomb should be regarded as their sepulcher and that its mouth should be sealed up.

According to the natives there was evidently a vast hoard of wealth stored at the bottom of this tomb, and the would be robbers had met their death at the hands of the demon in charge of it, who had seized each man by the throat as he came down the tunnel and had strangled him.—A. E. P. Weigall in Putnam's.

GRATITUDE OF THIEVES.

Their Longing For Association With Honest Men.

The thief in the community is very much like the boy whose meanness or ruthanism has caused the other little children to band together to ostracize him. He may move about with a sullen swagger, carry a chip on his shoulder and a vicious gleam in his eye, but there is always a sob in his throat. So the thief is longing and aching to get back in the circle out of which he has been ruled.

If any honest man wants to meet lively gratitude let him knowingly give the countenance of his company to a crook. It will be a favor never forgotten. Every lawyer practicing at the criminal bar knows this. One very well known practitioner of genial personality and large tolerance occasionally takes a client to dinner at a good restaurant or braves an appearance with him at a theater. There have been embarrassing results, due to the criminal's gratitude.

"After one of these evenings," the lawyer laughingly told me, "I'm kept for days dodging and returning presents sent by the crook—watches, scarf pins, cuff links, now and then a valuable painting or a Persian rug—all belonging to somebody else."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Wolf In Disguise.

Once upon a time a wolf who was going after the farmer's chickens took the advice of a fox and disguised himself in sheep's clothing.

"For," said the fox, "if the dogs see you they will take you for a harmless lamb and let you pass."

When the disguised wolf was near the chicken house he heard the dogs bark and saw them running toward him at the top of their speed.

"I am a fool," said the wolf. "For now the dogs think I am a lamb and have no fear of me. I will change my mind, get out of this incumbering clothing and make a winning fight."

But before he could get the garment off the dogs were upon him and took his life.

Moral.—It is easier to change your mind than your clothing.—New York Herald.

The Regimental Barber.

A major in an English regiment has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient. A sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

"Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major testily. "See if you can find one, and send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber ventured to expostulate.

"Great guns!" cried the major. "If you can cut grass you can cut hair! Go and do it!"

Very Red Tape.

A burglar entering a house by a ladder in a small Prussian town fell and broke his leg when making off with his booty. An inquiry into the accident revealed that, contrary to the bylaws of the town, the house owner's ladder was not provided with strong iron spikes at its base. The house owner was therefore ordered to pay all the hospital costs and further to give the burglar a substantial sum.—London Standard.

Broad Minded.

"So your husband is in the pageant, Mrs. Jones. I didn't know he belonged to the Church of England."

"No, mum, he don't. But there, he's very broad minded, and he don't mind being an ancient bishop in the cause of charity."—Punch.

An Opportunity For Him.

Mose Foreace (ardently)—Tell me Miss Angie, may I contribute to yo'r future happiness? Miss Angie—Well Mr. Forence, as I accepted Abe Gingerbread last ebenin' dere is weddin' presents to be thought ob, to be shuah.—Judge.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he give himself for a principle.—Lowell.

Etiquette.

In our republican atmosphere old fashioned etiquette has ceased to be necessary, but the word "etiquette" is suggested whenever one hears the phrase "that's the ticket," for "etiquette" is French for "ticket," and its present English signification sprang from the old custom of distributing tickets or etiquettes which contained the ceremonies, etc., to be observed at any formal event, exactly like our word "program."

An Alibi.

Examiner—What is an alibi? Candidate For the Bar—An alibi is committing a crime in one place when you are in another place. If you can be in two other places, the alibi is all the stronger in law.—Puck.

Marriage.

"Marriage is a lottery," quoted the wise guy.

"Oh, that's an antiquated idea," observed the simple mug. "Nowadays it's a game of skill."—Philadelphia Record.

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439 MAIN STREET.

A LITTLE WATCH TALK.
Did you ever stop to think that the balance wheel in your watch makes about 300 moves a minute, 1800 per hour, or 43,200 from the time you wind it until you wind it again? You oil your windmill or wagon, your wife her sewing machine, almost daily. Still you let your watch run in old rancid oil and accumulated dust year after year, or until it stops. Then when it is worn and the delicate bearing cut out, blame the jeweler, because your watch kept good t me for ten years until you took it to him. An ordinary watch, cleaned and oiled yearly, will last any man a lifetime.
It will cost you nothing to let us examine your watch. All work guaranteed.
Smith & Varney,
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

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ODD JOBS ON WARSHIPS.

Many Ways For the Bluejackets to Make Extra Money.

The possible methods of making extra money on shipboard are manifold. "Tailorizing" is one of the most profitable. While a ship's tailor is detailed to most of our ships, his duties are limited to making necessary alterations in the uniforms which are issued to the members of the crew. Many enlisted men own sewing machines, upon which they do repair work, and they also do odd jobs for officers, such as pressing and cleaning. A handy man with the needle can also make a handsome sum by doing fancy work. Some of the most delicate embroidery work has been done by sailormen.

The ship's barber also makes a comfortable living in addition to his regular pay, and the distribution of prizes at target practice enriches the coffers of the gun crew by a considerable sum. Men who are detailed to duty on board submarine boats are allowed an additional $5 a month and besides $1 a day for every day the boat is submerged. Bluejackets detailed as signalmen, as cockswains of power boats or in charge of holds are allowed extra pay. A crew messman receives $5 a month for performing that somewhat menial function, and the man who is not ashamed to "take in washing" can easily double his navy pay. Every bluejacket is expected to perform the laundering himself, but there are always men who prefer to pay for having the service done.

One of the novel methods of earning an honest penny is for a man with a descriptive knack—usually a yeoman—to prepare an interesting letter upon the cruise of the ship or some of the strange ports visited, the honors paid the vessel, the entertainments offered and describing the customs of the inhabitants. These letters are manifolded and sold to the members of the crew for 50 cents to $1 a copy—and usually cheap at that. The parents of relatives of the sailor boy thus are kept informed of his adventures and experiences and he is relieved of a task that is irksome to most boys.—John R. Cox in National Magazine.

STAR GAZING.

The Study of the Constellations as a Pastime.

Probably every reader has often admired the beauty of a starlight night. A little careful observation on such a night will show that the brighter stars may be divided into groups or "constellations," as the astronomers call them, most of which are known by the names of animals or legendary persons, such for example as "the Great Bear," "the Swan," "Hercules," "Andromeda," etc. The easiest method of learning these "constellations" is from some one already acquainted with them, but if the beginner is not fortunate enough to know any such person the majority can be learned from any cheap star maps such as are sometimes contained in almanacs.

Now, if the budding astronomer will notice the position of any of these groups or constellations at a particular hour of any night and then look a few hours afterward he will see that during the interval the stars which appeared low down in the east have risen to the south in a somewhat similar manner to the apparent motion of the sun and moon, while closer attention on several evenings will show a circular or rotary movement around the north pole of the heavens, the motion being the opposite way to the hands of a clock.

Near the north pole is a bright star called the "Pole star." This star is easily found when the observer has once noted the seven bright stars of the "Great Bear," the two outer stars of the four forming the "square" known as the "pointers" point almost directly to the Pole star. This majestic movement of the stars around the pole of the heavens is a most sublime and wonderful sight.—Country Side.

QUEER HOSPITALITY.

A Curious Experience In the Wilds of Arabia.

Of the curious ideas of hospitality held by some of the natives of that wild country lying between Bagdad and Damascus two travelers, Captain Butler and Captain Aylmer, tell in the Geographical Magazine: "We found Feysul Ibn Rashid (a minor ruler of Arabia) sitting in a low room, the roof of which was supported by wooden pillars. All round the sides of the room were spread carpets, on which sat his viziers and members of his court. He is a man of thirty-three years, with a dark, pointed beard, good, regular features, but eyes that are cold and cruel, and he has a nervous, fidgety manner and was all the time arranging his abba (cloak) and combing and curling his mustache and beard and admiring himself in a small, cheap looking-glass that hung just behind him. Above his head on the wall hung his silver mounted walking stick and a sword, the sheath of which was also covered in silver. He was very richly dressed.

"On our arrival at the house placed at our disposal we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having such a cordial welcome, but we were speedily disillusioned. We had not been there more than five minutes when Feysul's head slave, a richly dressed personage called Dahm, came to tell us that the emir would not take our camels or our money as he had plenty of both, but that he would like things of European make or of interest that we happened to have. This was only too true and during our five days' stay there there was a continual procession of slaves and hangers on from the castle demanding things for the emir and his viziers and favorites and demanding them in such a way that it was impossible for us to refuse. At last we had practically nothing of any value left, having been fleeced of watches, revolver, compasses, various clothes and other articles of our kit.

"Apart from this system of more or less polite robbery we were well treated by the emir and had our food sent us from the castle by him. About three or four times a day we had a royal command from him and used to go up to the castle and drink many cups of coffee and excellent sweet tea with him and talk about his country and Europe. He was always very genial on these occasions, and I honestly think he considered he was treating us very well in not taking all we had and turning us adrift to die in the desert."

Painter's Colic.

Mamma—What's the matter with Fido? Tommie—Oh, I was playing with my soldiers, and he came in and insisted upon licking the whole army.—Yonkers Statesman.

Take a rest. A field that has rested gives a beautiful crop.—Ovid.

THE BUFFALO.

A Good Surveyor and One of Our First Roadmakers.

The buffalo was a good surveyor. It did not reason out why it should go in a certain direction, but its sure instinct took it by the easiest and most direct paths, over high lands and low, to the salt licks and water courses which were its goal. The authors of "The Story of the Great Lakes," Edward Channing and M. F. Lansing, say that the buffalo observed something like the principles which today govern the civil engineer.

As soon as the explorer landed on the southern shores of Lakes Erie, Michigan and Superior he came upon buffalo roads or "traces." Sometimes these were narrow ditches, a foot wide and from six inches to two feet deep, trodden down by the impact of thousands of hoofs as herd after herd of buffaloes had stamped along in single file behind their leaders.

When the first path became too deep for comfort because of repeated travel the buffaloes would abandon it and begin a second path alongside the first, and thus the frequented traces would be gradually widened.

Again, an immense herd of these heavy animals would crash through the forest, breaking in their rapid progress a broad, deep road from one feeding ground to another. As this route would be followed again and again by this and other herds, it would become level and hard as a rock, so that there was great rejoicing in pioneer settlements when the weary road-makers, struggling with log causeways and swampy hollows, came upon a firm, solid buffalo trace. Nor was this an uncommon experience.

The line of many of these roads is followed today by our railroads and canals, as it was followed by our log roads and turnpikes.

The buffalo followed the level of the valley. He swerved round high points whenever it was possible, crossing the ridges and watersheds at the best natural divides and gorges, and he crossed from one side of a stream of water to the other repeatedly in order to avoid climbing up from the level, after the fashion of our modern loop railways.

ONE OYSTER ENOUGH.

He Swallowed It Alive and Had to Kill It After It Was Down.

A farm laborer from the interior on his first visit to London dropped into a small oyster shop where a number of men were eating raw oysters. The extreme satisfaction displayed on the faces of those about him created longings of a gustatory nature in the new arrival, who edged his way up to the counter in anticipation of eating a real live, juicy oyster.

It was the first time he had seen an oyster, and he became at once interested, and when the shellfish had been finally uncased he proceeded to balance it on the end of his fork, then, with a look of extreme satisfaction, gulped it down.

"Great Scott!" shouted a man standing near him. "You haven't swallowed the oyster alive, have you?"

There was a horrible pause.

"That critter will eat right through you!" shouted another.

By this time the poor countryman was shaking with fear and horror. He commenced to have terrible pains in his abdomen and was soon doubled up in his agony. He begged some one to go for a doctor to get the thing out.

He continued to grow worse, when some one suggested that he take a dose of tabasco sauce, which it was claimed would kill the object that was creating such terrible commotion in his internal arrangement.

He grasped the bottle with avidity and took a draft. His condition, which before had been alarming to the victim, now assumed a serious phase to the perpetrators of the hoax.

The man gasped and choked. He became black in the face, and tears were running down his face, when some one thrust a bottle of oil into his mouth, and he was forced to drink copious drafts.

The effect was magical. The oyster was evidently "dead." He became more composed, and when he finally recovered his breath he said:

"We killed it. But when that darned stuff got into my stomach that oyster rushed around as if a shark was after it."—London Scraps.

PAUL JONES' PROMISE.

Our Great Naval Hero and the Duchess of Chartres.

The Duchess of Chartres was an enthusiast in the cause of American liberty and a warm friend of its great naval champion, Paul Jones, whom she nicknamed the "Untitled Knight of the Sea." The duchess was a royal princess and a very great lady, and Captain Jones was a sailor, self educated and the son of a Scotch gardener, but in the exchange of gifts and compliments which, according to the custom of the day in France attended their friendship, he was not to be outshone.

At a luncheon which she gave just before he sailed from France in the Ranger on that famous cruise of his which carried the war to the very shore of Britain it was the good fortune of Paul Jones to share in a conversation touching a French naval engagement in which the grandfather of the duchess had borne a conspicuous part and to defend and explain his maneuvers on that occasion, showing a knowledge of every ship and every captain engaged and winning on the spot the ardent personal adherence of Mme. de Chartres.

At the close of the feast she presented him a valuable watch which had been her grandfather's. Taken by surprise, the American captain nevertheless accepted it with a grace that charmed the courtly company, promising that in return, if fortune favored him, he would some day "lay an English frigate at her feet."

It was a daring boast, but in A. C. Buell's biography of Paul Jones it is related how he kept it. Within two years occurred the marvelous victory of the Bonhomme Richard over the Serapis, concerning which the victor wrote the duchess a letter, ending, "The enemy surrendered at thirty-five minutes past 10 p. m. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

That was a phrase to delight a society that reveled in pretty phrases, and the duchess was amply satisfied. When Paul Jones reached Paris she gave a grand banquet in his honor. Just before it ended he reminded her of her gift and his promise. A servant was sent to his room and returned with a long leather case, which the duchess took amid the exclamations and eager curiosity of the company.

"Your royal highness perceives the impossibility of keeping my promise in kind," explained the knight of the sea, smiling. "The English frigate proved to be a forty-four on two decks, and she is now at Lorient with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded her. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Hon. Richard Pearson of his Britannic majesty's late ship, the Serapis."

Fooled.

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours, and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly:

"Do you want a doctor?"

"No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"—London Answers.

The Bride's Linen Room.

If a groom elect has not provided an extra room to his house for storing his bride's linen he should build it in time, for in these days whenever a girl marries her mother closes her lips grimly, goes after pa's pocketbook and does the right thing with nine dozen towels, fifteen dozen napkins, eighty-four pairs of sheets, etc. She doesn't expect her daughter to open a boarding house, but she has proper pride and intends to do the right thing by the girl even if it breaks pa.—Atchison Globe.

PLANT BAROMETERS.

The Dandelion, Clover Leaves and the Scarlet Pimpernel.

The dandelion is a dandy barometer, one of the commonest and most reliable. It is when the blooms have seeded and are in the fluffy, feathery condition that the weather prophet faculties come to the fore. In fine weather the ball extends to the full, but when rain approaches it shuts like an umbrella. If the weather is inclined to be showery it keeps shut all the time, only opening when the danger from the wet is past, says the Chicago Tribune.

The ordinary clover and all its varieties, including the trefoil and the shamrock, are also barometers. When rain is coming the leaves shut together like the shells of an oyster and do not open again until fine weather is assured. For a day or two before rain comes their stems swell to an appreciable extent and stiffen so that the leaves are borne more upright than usual. This stem swelling when rain is expected is a feature of many flowering grasses.

The fingers of which the leaves of the horse chestnut are made up keep flat and familiar so long as fine weather is likely to continue. With the coming of rain, however, they droop as if to offer less resistance to the weather. The scarlet pimpernel is nicknamed the "poor man's weather glass" or wind cope and opens its flowers only to fine weather. As soon as rain is in the air it shuts up and remains closed until the shower or storm is over.

INSECT STINGS.

Dangerous Always and Especially When One Is Run Down.

Stings and bites of insects are extremely dangerous at all times and especially when the system is not in a condition to resist the poison injected.

In many insects the nature of the poison has not been ascertained, while in most of them it is of an acid, irritant nature, in others it may contain a powerful cardiac sedative and depressant, and in still others organisms in pure or mixed cultures may be introduced with the sting or bite. Apart from the natural poison used by insects it should not be forgotten that flies and other insects that live on carrion may easily carry contagion and inoculate the persons whom they bite or sting.

In the case of ordinary bites and stings the chemical antidote is an alkaline solution, such as a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda or potash, which counteracts the acid of the sting. Suction at the wound in all these varieties of stings and bites will draw out some of the poison and until some antitoxin treatment can be found which will prove an antidote to the bacterial poison introduced little can be done beyond a stimulating and supporting treatment with attention to symptoms.—Health.

Old Mail Box.

Among the treasures held by the Antiquarian society in Portsmouth, N. H., there is an old box the history of which is given on a label which it bears. The box is of tin, painted green, and shows signs of much usage, which is not surprising when one considers that it carried the United States mail between Portsmouth and Boston during the Revolution. It is about nine inches long, four and a half inches wide and a little more than that in height. It was carried on horseback by Captain John Noble, otherwise known as Deacon Noble, who was post rider until 1783. This box contained all the mail and made every week one round trip, occupying three days in the journey—from Portsmouth to Boston the first of the week and three days at the end of the week from Boston to Portsmouth. The distance between the two places is a little more than fifty miles.

He Knew No Fear.

Prince Metternich was driving in Vienna one day during the congress of 1815 when the horses bolted, the carriage was overturned and Metternich was thrown into the roadway. Finding he had no bones broken, he picked himself up and walked quietly away. The same evening he met the king of Naples, who had seen the accident.

"How horribly frightened you must have been," said the king.

"Not at all," answered Metternich. "It is no merit of mine, but I am constitutionally inaccessible to fear."

"It is as I thought," replied the king. "You are a supernatural being."

Hard to Get.

Not long ago at a village near Durham a quack doctor was selling recipes for rheumatism, so a pitman bought one. It told him to catch a common housefly and tickle its ribs with a clothes prop until it cried. Then catch the tears in a teaspoon and rub the part affected, and he would get instant relief.—London Express.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 22, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xix, 23-41. Memory Verses, 26—Golden Text, II Cor. xii, 9—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

It was Paul's thought, if it should prove to be the will of God, to visit the places in Europe where he had been on his previous tour and then return to Jerusalem, hoping at some time to see Rome also. Meantime he sent Timothy and Erastus, two of his ministers, into Macedonia, while he tarried in Asia for a season (verses 21, 22). Remembering what we wrote in the last lesson of the little that is said of some disciples, we might easily forget that Timothy was one of the company were it not for an occasional reference to him. This is our first introduction to Erastus, of whom we read elsewhere in Rom. xvi, 23; II Tim. iv, 20. It may not seem like saying much for them to say that they ministered unto Paul, but for some years it was all that could be said of Elisha with regard to Elijah, "He ministered unto him" (I Kings xix, 21), and in doing this they as truly ministered to the Lord as those who ministered to Him personally when He was here on earth (Matt. x, 42). It is impossible to minister to the Lord sincerely without exciting the enmity of him who even dared to ask the Lord Jesus to worship him (Matt. iv, 9). He is the god of this world and may also be called the religious leader, for the vast majority of religious people worship him, perhaps unconsciously. No one can draw near to or worship the one only living and true God except by Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and by virtue of His atonement for sin, His great vicarious sacrifice.

That which is not the worship of God is the worship of the devil (I Cor. x, 20), whether it be the worship of Diana or Jupiter or Buddha or Mohammed or the professed worship of a God who saves people because they try to do right and to follow a Jesus who is not God and never suffered as a sacrifice for our sins. Like the men in chapter xvi who caused the persecution of Paul and Silas because their demon possessed slave was healed, and thus further hope of gain through her was gone, Demetrius and his craftsmen caused a riot at Ephesus because the sale of silver shrines for Diana was falling off through the preaching of the truth concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. Their cry that, not alone at Ephesus, but almost through all Asia, Paul had turned away much people from the worship of Diana was splendid testimony to the work of the Spirit through Paul, but that was not the aim of Demetrius. The testimony was like that of the Jewish rulers in Acts v, 28, "Behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine." Where is there such zeal today, such spirit filled men?

The cry of the opposition was: "Our craft is in danger. * * * By this craft we have our wealth" (verses 25, 27). What is the difference between that and the cry of the unrighteous rulers in many cities today who by oppression and theft have their wealth and yet have power enough somehow to cover up their misdeeds and to escape punishment, but who are ready to raise a great outcry against any who would attempt to put their iniquitous craft in danger? As to the condition of a multitude of churches, with their new theology dishonoring God and Christ and His word and filling the church with all manner of worldliness, what can we say but "How long, O Lord, how long," canst Thou suffer it? When teachers in our Sunday schools and even some preachers enjoy the Sunday newspapers, light reading of any kind, the theater, and such like, and consider those who renounce these things as only babes and undeveloped, and the cry from all sides is "Great is our Diana, whom all the world worshipeth" can those who would be out and out for Christ lay to heart the advice of the town clerk of the city of Ephesus and "be quiet and do nothing rashly?" (Verse 36.) Yes, truly, for, though the heathen in heathendom and Christendom rage as they please and shout themselves hoarse in honor of their gods, we may well be quiet, knowing that "our Jehovah is above all gods and whatsoever He pleases He will do" (Ps. cxxxv, 5, 6). Jesus of Nazareth shall reign as King of kings and Lord of lords, and the kingdoms of this world shall become wholly His. Let us not be afraid, but speak boldly His word, for He is well able to take care of it and of all that concerns His kingdom.

Ephesus was filled with confusion, and the assembly was confused, and some cried one thing and some another, and the greater number knew not why they were come together (verses 29, 32). What a picture of the world lying in the wicked one! "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace" (I Cor. xiv, 33). Where envying and strife are there are confusion and every evil work, but that wisdom is not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish (Jas. iii, 15, 16). In verse 29 we are introduced to two more of Paul's companions with whom we can talk more fully and freely in the kingdom of all the events of that day if it shall then seem worth while, but all suffering here for His sake shall seem so small then that many things we now feel like desiring to know more about will not then seem worth a thought.

Praise.

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Retort Unkind.

Gerald—A gentleman is defined as one who never gives pain. Geraldine—Then you're no gentleman; you give me a pain every time you call.—New York Press.

Finding His Level.

"A man allus finds his level, son," said Uncle Eben, "an' you's lucky to be let down easy by experience instead of arrivin' wif a jolt."—Washington Star.

Waiter (in expensive uptown hotel restaurant)—Will you have sugar in your coffee?

Mrs. Nurich—I don't see it on the bill of fare.

Waiter—There is no charge for sugar, madam.

Mrs. Nurich—No; thank you!—Puck.

AN AUTHOR'S START.

When Marion Crawford Began His Career as an Author.

Marion Crawford I had known since he was a lad of fourteen years. I, too, was a youngster in those days. We were living in a New Jersey town and he came there to visit his aunt, Mrs. Adolphe Maillard, a sister of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Although he came from Italy he dressed as an English lad, with high hat, Eton jacket, wide collar and long trousers. You can imagine the sensation that he made in that quiet New Jersey town. We had had kings and princes as our neighbors, but a young boy in a high hat was unknown to us and therefore much more of a novelty. From those days, which were filled with youthful escapades, I did not see Frank Crawford, as he was then called, until he was a full grown man and had knocked about the world a bit. His uncle, the well known Sam Ward, brought him to the office of the Critic, then consisting of a single small room over Daniell's dry goods store in Broadway, New York. "This lad wants to be a writer," said his Uncle Sam. "I wish that you would give him a chance to learn the business." We gave him the chance, not only for old times' sake, but because we liked his looks. "That fellow can do anything he cares to," I remarked after he left the office. So we let him write. He wrote book reviews, editorials and even poetry, and after that he wrote "Mr. Isaacs." You know the rest. From that on it was easy enough. He won out and we knew that, though we had given him the chance he wanted at the time that he wanted it, he would have found it quick enough anywhere else. But he never forgot what he chose to regard as a favor.—Jeannette L. Gilder in Putnam's.

POLENTA.

A Woman Tells of Her Introduction to the Italian Dish.

Did you ever eat polenta? Hear what one woman has to tell you before you say no.

"Just let me tell you about my introduction to this Italian dish. Last summer, after I had closed our camp in the mountains, I was invited to spend the night with an acquaintance who had the next camp.

"She is a charming woman, one who has lived abroad more than in this country. She is devoted to Italy and things Italian, and her cook from southern Italy has been with her several years.

"As I was about to retire my hostess said to me, 'Pardon me, but I didn't think to ask you what you preferred to have for breakfast.' Really, before I had opportunity to frame a reply, she continued, 'We always have polenta; Antonina makes delicious polenta, so I always have it.' I did not know polenta, I was quite sure, but it certainly sounded most attractive, and so I replied, 'I am sure I should like polenta, especially if Antonina makes it,' and I went to my room with my appetite already whetted for polenta made by Antonina.

"The next morning I awaited that meal with the greatest expectancy. The polenta was served, and I tasted it. Was it good?

"It certainly was, but I had eaten it hundreds of times before, only we prosaic Americans call it cornmeal mush.

"Truly, that is polenta. A name makes lots of difference, doesn't it?" she concluded.—Houston Post.

Professional Orators.

When Lord Rosmead, then Sir Hercules Robinson, was governor of New South Wales, in the early seventies, it fell to his lot to admit the erstwhile cannibal kingdom of Fiji as an integral part of the British empire. During the incidental ceremonies he noticed that none of the great fighting chiefs spoke in person and that each of them had a professional orator on his staff. As an Irishman, with a strong sense of humor, Sir Hercules was naturally tickled by such a novel situation, and when he got back to Sydney he repeatedly eulogized the arrangement, pointing out that the man of action was very rarely a man of words and that civilization might very well learn a lesson from Pacific chiefs.—London Chronicle.

Well Trained.

A farmer, finding a motor horn in the road, took it home, determined to turn it to some use. So he taught his poultry to gather for meals at its toot, and all nature may be said to have smiled till one morning a motor car passing the farmyard blew a loud blast. The full strength of the poultry yard instantly ran out into the road and began to pursue the car with all the ardor of railway travelers charging into the refreshment room. At the end of the fifth mile fourteen pullets and three roosters succumbed through exhaustion. The rest are still running.—English Paper.

What's In a Name.

Epicure—Waiter this steak is positively bad. It must be three weeks old. Waiter—Ah, pardon, monsieur! I have made ze meestake and have brought you ze venison. Epicure—Venison? Oh, yes! Then you may leave it. (Tastes it.) Ah, to be sure, it is venison, and very nice, too—very nice, indeed!—Town Topics.

The Poor Poet.

"My husband never gets what he should for his poetry," said the poet's wife, with a tinge of sadness.

"Oh, don't be too hard on him," replied the girl absentmindedly.—Yonkers Statesman.

He Did His Part Thoroughly.

In order to avoid an argument with a woman suffragist on the subject of her hobby a happy bachelor gallantly acquiesced in the truth of her assertions.

"But, sir," sternly remarked the spinster, "your admission is anything but creditable to you. What, for instance, have you ever done for the emancipation of woman?"

"Madam," responded the gentleman, with a polite smile and a bow, "I have at least remained a bachelor!"

Seemed All Right.

"Mamma, why don't you want me to play with that Kudger boy?"

"Because, dear, I know the family. He hasn't good blood in him."

"Why, mamma, he's been vaccinated twice, and it wouldn't take either time."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Making and Earning Money.

"What is the difference between making money and earning money?" asked the youth.

"Sometimes the difference is a trip to the penitentiary for counterfeiting," answered the home grown philosopher.—Chicago News.

NOTED BY A TOURIST.

Some of the Queer Things That Were Observed Abroad.

About half one's time in traveling abroad is spent in buying stamps. No matter how many I put on a letter I had no faith to believe that it would reach America. I found that I could send a letter with one stamp on it if I paid enough for it, also that I could get a denomination of which it would take twenty. In Cairo I put fifteen sphinxes and pyramids on the front of a letter and five on the back. As for postal cards, imagine asking for one in the Belgian language—Wereldpostvereeniging!

But it is in a Mohammedan country that an American mind needs readjustment. We woke one morning in Constantinople and found our calendar nine days ahead of theirs, our watches seven hours behind and the name of the month Ramadan. The Mohammedans seem to live up to their religion in a more definite way than we do, and we soon learned what to expect. The porter would drop one's trunk when the muezzin called to prayer. The sacredness of animal life compelled us to walk around the hundreds of lazy dogs asleep on the sidewalk. We were required to take off our shoes instead of our hats when entering a mosque. Women were not allowed to pray, because they "have no souls." Friday was the day for Sunday, and a camera was an "evil eye" and could not be carried into any sacred place. Our artist was once charged 20 cents extra for keeping an evil eye in his room all night.

Before the journey ends the tourist has lost his identity completely. At first he is from "Kalamazoo, Mich.," then from "Michigan," later "the United States," soon the "States," and the writer was once introduced to a gentleman from Tuscany as "the lady from North America." — Delineator Magazine.

THE KINGFISHER.

A Bird Whose Ways Are Most Difficult to Observe.

Perhaps there is nothing in nature more difficult to observe than the ways of the kingfisher. Any one may see him glancing down midstream or making his sudden arrow flight from bank to bank under the bright June sunshine, but to track him down to his secret fishing place and watch him at work is a vastly more difficult thing.

You come from the gold clad meadows into the shady river path as into a cathedral aisle. The willows crowd down to the water's edge. In the green reeds a sedge bird is fretting. There is a low twittering song of nestlings all round you. And now, in the shadiest deep of the willow wood, a shrill, piping note cuts the silence, a flash of emerald passes, a kingfisher has gone by on his way to his favorite pool.

A common notion is that he sits perfectly still on some branch overhanging the water, a picture of crafty vigilance. But this is rarely if ever the case. The truth is, says a writer in the London Chronicle, that the kingfisher, like the master he is, sets about his work with an easy surety, almost a nonchalance. Peering down upon him warily through the screen of branches you would judge that the last thing in the world he was thinking about was the gilding brown water below him. He twirls round on his perch, making his vivid green and turquoise and amber plumage scintillate like a dewdrop in the one beam of sunlight that has found him out.

He preens his feathers, stretches a lazy wing now and again, looks about him with a casual eye, and then, as if it were the merest trifling detail in life, he suddenly points his two inch long fishing spear of a bill at the water beneath him, plunges and is gone.

The Withering Wind.

The name of harmattan has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or dry haze, which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, every bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been seared by heat from a furnace. Often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind.

Painful Ailment.

Though gout is generally reckoned a disease of rich men and free livers, one of the worst of sufferers from it was a well known English minister who died not long ago.

A friend once said to him, "Dr. So-and-so, what is gout like?"

The clergyman smiled sadly. "If you put your hand in a vise," he said, "and let a man press as hard as he can, that is rheumatism, and if he can be got to press a little harder, that is gout."

Why He Came Back.

"Wasn't you here a few weeks ago?" asked the woman of the house at the back door.

"Yes'm," replied the wanderer, "but I understood from a pal that you've got a new pastry cook since then!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Surer Way.

"How can we interest her?"

"Tell her it's a worthy cause," suggested one.

"Tell her it's getting to be a popular fad," interposed a wiser head.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of the luckiest things that can happen to a man is not to count on his luck.—New York Press.

Short and to the Point.

A coal merchant who was a man of few words once wrote to an agent the following brief letter:

Dear Jones—"."

In due time the agent's reply came as follows:

Dear Mr. Sinclair—";"

The coal dealer's letter, translated, said, "See my coal on," which is the semicolon expressed verbally.

The agent informed the dealer that the coal was shipped by saying simply, "Col-on."—Scrap Book.

Unless They Are Heiresses.

"It's hard to lose a beautiful daughter," said the wedding guest sympathetically.

"It's a blame sight harder to lose the homely ones," replied the old man who had several yet to go.—Boston Transcript.

The Sister States.

Probably the sister states are: Miss Ouri, the Misses Sippi, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia Allie Bama, Louisa Anna, Della Ware and Minnie Sota.—Letts Iowa Record.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11 02 p m, then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5 22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
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THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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in the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed. You wont have to shiver while the work is being done. The fire can be lighted in the new plant the same day that it is put out in the old one.

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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1902.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.30, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.4 m., 2.30, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.06 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 9.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
321	Burlington Stree, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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The Mechanical Choir.

"I hear that your church has installed a phonograph stuffed with sacred music?"

"Yes. Had to do it. Choir had struck."

"New scheme work all right?"

"It's beautiful. Never quarrels with itself, has no skirts to rustle, doesn't fret about the angle of its hat, refrains from giggling or powdering its nose, and if it gets out of order a mechanic can repair it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Day He Selected.

When Mr. Gladstone was alive he was one discussing with some friends at Hawarden castle the greatest day in the world's history. Each member of the group was asked to say on which day he, in the past or the future, would prefer to live, it being supposed that he should have his present knowledge, and afterward return to his present existence. Mr. Gladstone chose a day in Greece when Athens was at its highest glory.

Not Like Him.

The Vicar—I'm surprised at you, Miggs. Why, look at me. I can go into the town without coming back intoxicated. Miggs—Yesh, zur. But O be so popular.—London Telegraph.

Might Have Helped.

"We were traveling all day in the teeth of the gale."

"Pity you didn't have a dentist."

"What for?"

"To draw the teeth!"

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

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In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly
Of Large Circulation
Among People of Culture
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Choice Literary Selections
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A Family Newspaper
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Friday Morning
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Delivered Promptly.

THE PRODIGAL BUTTERFLY.

She Played Her Part to Good Purpose, as It Proved.

By MARIE DENSMORE.

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At the age of twenty-nine Bessie Pryor was forced to sit down and take stock of herself, her acquirements and her future. The money her father had left her, which she had foolishly believed would last forever, was gone, with the exception of a few hundred dollars.

She had had a good time with it. As she looked back over recent years and considered how she had spent it she had to admit that she had had a very good time with it. First she had had four years in the best college in the country; she had had a year of foreign travel; she had been much about her own country; she had had seasons in the mountains, seasons at the seashore, seasons in the city; she had heard the best music, seen the best plays and studied the best pictures in the world. And, as for clothes, she had worn right and left the finest productions of the shops and experienced modistes.

Now all of this was at an end suddenly. She had had a last interview with her father's old attorney, and he had told her the truth. She had used up her means. The past summer had written finis to the story of her prodigality. Only a few hundred remained. What was she to do?

Of course there was Aunt Bess, for whom she had been named—Aunt Bess, under whose wing she had gayly squandered her substance in riotous living.

She knew very well why Aunt Bess had allowed her to go on as she had. She had expected her to make a notable match. But fate would have it otherwise. There had been men enough, but only one for whom she had cared, and he would have none of her. And so she had come to twenty-nine and at the end of her fortune without the slightest claim upon her freedom.

She could live with Aunt Bess, but Aunt Bess had girls of her own, who were just coming out, one after the other, at enormous expense. And Uncle Ed wasn't the richest man in the world.

"I can't live on them," the girl thought. "They'd take me in and do their best by me, but I'd be a burden. Alas and alack, if only I had learned some useful craft! And only $700 remaining. It appears the only thing left for me is to be a vender of old clothes. I've got enough of them, goodness knows!"

She laughed a little tremulously. "But, dear me, I can't sell my clothes. I shall have to wear them. Well, it stands like this: I can't live with Aunt Bess—pride forbids." She checked off one finger. "I can't teach; I can't sew; I can't—I can't do anything."

She dropped her head in her hands an instant, then raised it resolutely. "Bess Pryor, you're a chicken hearted thing! Put on your things and take a walk. You will be crying next thing you know."

She sprang up, donned hat and furs and a few moments later was leaving the house of the elderly friend with whom she was stopping during this urgent business quest of hers to the city.

At the very first corner, as she was walking briskly along trying to get the better of her feelings, she met a plainly dressed girl who was walking just as briskly.

"Why, Madge White!" Bess exclaimed, holding out her hand eagerly. "I haven't seen you in years. Where in the world do you come from?"

The other girl laughed.

"Why, don't you know? I'm here taking a course in the business college. I'm learning shorthand and typewriting. You see"—her voice dropped—"there's been hard times at home, and I'm getting out by myself to ease the burden if I can. I always did love to tinker with a typewriter, even when I didn't have to, and I hope I shan't like it any the less now that I shall have to look to it as a means of support."

"Typewriting and shorthand," Bess mused. "Madge," she spoke earnestly, "do you suppose I know enough to manipulate the keys and make those pothook things with a pencil?"

"Do you? And you a college girl! You certainly know enough, Bess. The trouble is you don't have to learn."

"Ah, but I do," Bess said soberly. "Let me walk with you and tell you all about it."

And as they went slowly up the street together she told her story. She had not cared much for Madge in college, for Madge was in a different set from her own, but she saw now that she had missed a good deal by not making friends with this very sensible, capable, warm hearted girl.

When at last they parted Madge had helped her to make a plan for the present. She was to enter the business school, board where Madge did and share her room, and she was to tell the friend with whom she was staying and Aunt Bess and her father's old attorney that she had started out to earn a living for herself.

At the end of six months of the hardest mental work she had ever undertaken Bess was declared a finished pupil of more than ordinary excellence and a position was obtained for her at a fair salary at a place where many other girls were at the same work as herself.

Six months more passed. She and Madge White still clung together. Madge was her closest, almost her only friend, for the rest seemed to have forgotten her or at least to overlook her.

Even Aunt Bess seemed to have no time for her. She wrote that she was worn to a frazzle between Marjorie's debut and Elinor's engagement. Well, it did not matter, of course, but she felt not been for Madge Bess could hardly have endured her life sometimes.

At th end of six months Homer Baird, her father's old attorney, sought her out and asked her to accept a position as his secretary.

"Miss Page is going to be married," he said. "She leaves the first of the month. She is an expert, and I gave her $15 a week, but you may have the same if you will come."

"Oh, Mr. Baird, how good you are!" Bess cried. Fifteen dollars a week meant as much to her as $1,500 had once upon a time.

Two weeks later she was installed in his office and was making herself as invaluable to him as his former secretary had done. Clad simply in blue, her hair very smooth, not a gleam of gold, not a streak of ribbon about her, she sat each day before the massive office typewriter playing the keys with swift precision or making pothooks upon a pad at the old lawyer's dictation.

One morning as she sat thus at work alone the door opened and a man entered—a man whom she had not seen in two years, since that last evening she had danced with him and he had gone away without saying a single thing she had expected him to say.

She felt the color leaving her face, she felt a tremor seize her, but she made a brave stand in spite of all.

Her year as a wage earner had taught her more self command than all the other years of her life put together.

"Miss Pryor!" he exclaimed. "In the name of all that is wonderful, what are you doing here?"

It was just like him to say that, and she could not help laughing a little at his too evident amazement.

"Just earning my living, if you please, Mr. Brent," she replied.

"And is that necessary?"

"Most necessary. Did you ever hear the old story of the prodigal son, Mr. Brent?"

He nodded, watching her earnestly.

"Well," Bess went on, a little breathlessly, "like him, I have wasted my substance until I must earn if I would eat. I've been a business woman for a year, and I'm beginning to like it even better than being a society girl. Ah, here comes Mr. Baird!" as the old lawyer entered.

His entrance ended their conversation for that day, but soon after Brent came again.

Being a lawyer himself and upon very good terms with Mr. Baird, it was easy for him to frame excuses for frequent calls.

"So you like doing this?" he said one day, standing beside her and looking down at her nimble fingers. She looked up at him brightly.

"Yes, indeed. I never knew what it was to live until now. I only wish I had got to work sooner."

He waited awhile. They were alone in the office, and in the silence the clatter of the typewriter keys sounded startlingly loud.

"I suppose," he said finally, "that you are so in love with your work here that nothing could induce you to make a change. And yet I have been thinking that I could offer you a position rather better than this if you cared to accept it."

"But I'm not sure that it would be fair to Mr. Baird to leave him. He has been very good to me," Bess said.

"You don't understand," Brent said, speaking very low and leaning over her. "This is a permanent position—that of being my wife."

"I'd given up ever expecting to hear that from you," Bess said a little later. "Why didn't you tell me it that summer at Lenox or the winter before in Boston?"

"Because, my dear," Brent said, "I'm a sane man, and no matter how much I cared for a woman I would never marry her were she not the right sort. I didn't see in the frivolous girl you were then the making of a good wife for me. So, though I was strongly tempted, I went away without speaking."

"Then I played the prodigal daughter to good advantage, after all," Bess said mischievously. "If my money had held out this would never have happened. But how do you know that my old habits may not return?"

"How? Because you have learned your lesson well. And, anyway, the role of prodigal daughter, as you call it, never suited you so well as"—

"My present one?"

"No; as your future one as my wife will suit you."

Sick Convicts' Excuses.

One of the first duties I fulfilled as a supernumerary warder was the care and control of prisoners "down for the doctor." Convicts complaining of sickness are allowed to leave their cells during their dinner hour and form up in a long rank outside the medical officer's room, into which they enter and state their cases in rotation. Many of the prisoners' complaints and requests at the doctor's desk are extremely funny and grotesque.

"Please, sir, I've got a bad heart," one man says lugubriously.

"I know you have," the doctor replies, with a laugh. "If you had a good one you would not, in all probability, have seen a prison interior."

"Would you be so kind, sir," the next man says persuasively, "as to let me have one or two of your sanctimonious pills?"—London Tit-Bits.

Plenty to Do Them.

"Remember that you can't do everything with money."

"Oh, I know that. But the things you can't do with money are being done by so many other people that there's no reason why one should want to do them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sightseeing.

"How did you manage to see everything in Rome inside of two days?"

"Well, you see, we got up early, my wife went to the shops, my daughter to the picture galleries, and I took in the restaurants. In the evening we compared notes."—Fliegende Blatter.

Contradictory.

"There is safety in numbers," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, until you discover that too many cooks spoil the broth," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

UNCANNY GUIDES.

When the Gallows Was Used as a Landmark In England.

The old time guidebooks in England were by no means cheerful reading. A journey from London to East Grinstead, a distance of five or six and twenty miles, would have taken the horseman past three gibbets, and it was just as likely as not that from one or the other of them a body would be swinging in the wind.

Up till the beginning of the nineteenth century the gallows was almost as frequent a landmark as finger posts or public houses have become now. The traveler approaching York is directed by the guidebooks to "turn round by the gallows and three windmills," and the road out of Durham is "between the gallows and Crokehill." Going out of Wells you "cross the brook and pass by the gallows."

Any number of such directions can be gleaned from the old books for the guidance of travelers a hundred years ago, and as these interesting objects were put up and the dead bodies of malefactors left upon them for the special edification of footpads and highwaymen there was a suggestiveness about them that must have given a special piquancy to cycle touring if it had been in vogue at that time.—London News.

OLD ENGLISH COOKERY.

A Lively Feast With Much Delight and Pleasure.

A study of Robert May's "Accomplisht Cook," published in 1665, will serve to dispel the delusion fostered by many foreign critics that English cookery lacks variety. One of May's recipes is for the construction of a ship of confectionery, with guns charged with actual powder, and a castle of pies, containing live frogs and birds. After giving directions as to the firing of the guns he proceeds:

"This done, to sweeten the stink of the powder let the ladies take the eggshells full of sweet waters and throw them at each other. All danger being seemingly over, by this time you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pyes; when, lifting first the lid off one pye, out skip some frogs, which makes the ladies to skip and shriek; next after the other pye, whence come out the birds, who, by a natural instinct, flying in the light will put out the candles; so that, what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company."—London Chronicle.

The Ancient Greek Theater.

The performance at Athens, in ancient Greece, began at dawn, and, as several pieces were produced one after the other, these performances lasted the whole day. On the days the performances were given all work was suspended, business put off, imprisoned debtors were set free and arrests strictly prohibited. Long before sunrise thousands of people assembled, and outside of the theater noisy crowds of men, women and children congregated, all bent upon enjoying themselves and eager to obtain the best seats. Many of them brought their food with them, and in order to stimulate the enthusiasm of the people copious quantities of fiery Greek wine were given to impecunious citizens by wily authors, who endeavored thus to buy the applause of a discriminating public.

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet. In the jaw there are tiny glands containing poison, but as the mouth is very small it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly. M. Kermogant, a European traveler, witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pinchers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.

Lopped It Off.

Towne—Has he sent you a check for your services? Browne—Yes, but it isn't for the amount I expected, although I sent him a bill. Towne—Your writing's bad. Maybe he didn't decipher the amount. Browne—I'm afraid he did decipher it. I wrote $100 very plainly, and he sent $10.—Philadelphia Press.

The Tempter.

"Yes, sir, I belongs to de army of de unemployed."

"Want a week's work?"

"No. I couldn't desert from de army."

"Then just pretend you're on a furlough."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Hair Dressing

If you wish a high-class hair dressing, we are sure Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will greatly please you. It keeps the hair soft and smooth, makes it look rich and luxuriant, prevents splitting at the ends. And it keeps the scalp free from dandruff.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor.

Ayer's

Ask him about it, then do as he says

At the same time the new Ayer's Hair Vigor is a strong hair tonic, promoting the growth of the hair, keeping all the tissues of the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. The hair stops falling, dandruff disappears. A splendid dressing.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

WAYS OF THE ORIENT.

Queer Ideas About Alleviating Bodily Suffering.

MAGIC CURES OF THE TURKS.

The Treatment to Which Crippled Children Are Subjected—Bunches of Garlic and Strings of Blue Beads as Panaceas Against All Kinds of Ills.

A stone strikes some part of the body of an oriental and inflicts a wound. The train of ideas that this accident would produce in his mind would run something like this: The stone is the cause of pain, the cause of the wound. It is the principal origin of the trouble. But the essence of every origin is hidden, secret and therefore sacred. The stone becomes an awe inspiring fetich. The wound is neglected. The fetich has to be propitiated. This simple illustration is borne out and supported by everyday experience which medical men encounter in the east.

Another instance may be derived from among the lower classes of the Greek population of Constantinople. A child falls and cuts his head. The first thought of the parent is to be sure not to wash and to bind up the wound, still less to call medical assistance, however grave the cut may turn out to be. This is always an afterthought, which very often comes so late that the help of a surgeon can prove of no use.

The first thing the father or mother of the injured child thinks of doing is to pour over the shoulder upon the place of the accident a libation of wine or sugared water and to whisper in performing this some mysterious formula supposed to possess supernatural efficacy against every form of evil.

The Moslems are addicted to the queerest practices for purposes of healing or alleviating bodily pain. A Turk, for instance, in distress or suffering from some disease, however severe, knows of no better remedy than to fix a piece of his dress, torn off with true oriental equanimity, to an iron bar of some saint's tomb or to drink water from a tumbler into which he has previously put a sheet of paper with writings from the Koran. Sometimes he will take a jar, the interior of which has been written all over with strange formulae and signs. He will then fill it with water, wait till these formulae and signs have been thoroughly dissolved and drink the singular solution with an absolute faith in its wonder working efficacy.

Sheltered by the somber cypresses of the great Mohammedan cemetery at Scutari (the ancient Chrysopolis on the Asiatic coast of the Bosporus) there stands in picturesque solitude the tomb of a horse. Every Friday afternoon Turkish mothers carry to that tomb their crippled children to be submitted by a select "khodja" (priest) to an extraordinary course of treatment. These children are dragged, with their diseased limbs dangling over the hillock, from one end of the tomb to the other and then back again in the same fashion. The occult influence emanating from this hillock is supposed to be an all efficient panacea.

It is not difficult to trace in this case the crude, imperfect association of ideas. The horse has long been considered an emblem of vigor, typifying, as Ruskin says, "the flow and force of life." Hence the belief of the oriental, inherited, no doubt, from the Greeks, in the all conquering virtue and influence of occult and mysterious effluvia which are supposed to emanate constantly from a horse's tomb.

The wearing of a necklace of blue beads or of garlic as a potent means of keeping away disease or of warding off the evil eye is quite a universal matter of sincere belief in the whole of Turkey. This superstition is shared, as is well known, by the lower classes of many a country in civilized eastern Europe. There, however, it is not so universal and flagrant as in the orient.

There is scarcely a house in the Moslem, Greek and Armenian districts of the population of Constantinople which has not hanging above its entrance door a collection of garlic and scarcely a beast of toil which has not attached to some part of it a string of blue beads. Among the uneducated it is impossible to find an individual who does not pin absolute faith to the all healing power of such charms, especially of blue beads, which are supposed to be an unfailing panacea against every possible ill.

Less general is the belief in the east in the baleful influence of the planets Saturn and Mars upon the constitution of the human body, upon its four cardinal humors—blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. These planets are considered by some orientals, especially in the far south, as the unmistakable causes of all sorts of ailments. Woe unto him who begins any work when Saturn or Mars is in the ascendant.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If Only.

Miss Eupec (engaged to Tommy)—When you proposed to me you said that if I would only say the right word you would be the happiest man in the world.

Tommy—Ah! If you had only said it! —Illustrated Bits.

Perilous.

"Were you ever in a railroad disaster?"

"Yes—I once kissed the wrong girl while going through a tunnel."—Cleveland Leader.

It's the fellow who minds his p's and q's that sleeps on flowery beds of e's.—Philadelphia Record.

Heredity.

"Scaddsworth's grandfather was a barber."

"Was he? Then Scaddsworth's habit of tucking his napkin under his chin as if he were going to be shaved must be a relic of barberism."—Chicago Record-Herald.

True valor lies in the middle, between cowardice and rashness.—Cervantes.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUG. 27, 1909.

SHOES NO CHEAPER.

About the time the contest over the free hides question was the hottest during the tariff revision, we took occasion to remark that, in our judgment, the removal of the duty on hides wouldn't have the least effect on the price of shoes to the wearer, one way or the other—it would benefit nobody but the shoemakers.

Now, within a few days, the leading manufacturers of this State, Douglas and others, announce that, for reasons which seem good to them, "shoes will not be any cheaper on account of the removal of duty on hides, and that the only benefit to the public resulting from the change is that prices will not be advanced."

There's cheek for you!

☞ John F. Fitzgerald, ex-Mayor of Boston, has announced his intention to run for another election to the same office again this fall. He is a staunch supporter of Plan 2 for change in the Boston city charter which abolishes the old convention system of nominating candidates and substitutes caucus nominations therefor. Under Plan 2 Fitzgerald's chances for a nomination would be very much improved. But it is probable he will be the Democratic candidate, anyhow, and, as Boston is overwhelmingly Democratic, he will stand more than an even chance of being elected.

☞ Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston has returned faom a short visit to Europe and announced his candidacy for another election to the chair of Chief Executive of the Hub. That he will be chosen by a large majority hardly admits of a doubt. It isn't claimed, even by his closest friends, that Hibbard has proved a monumental success as Mayor, and his reelection does not fall within the scope of political probabilities.

☞ There are Republicans in this city, and they are not scattering, either, who would like to see Mr. Frank M. Pushee elected to a seat in the next Legislature from this District. He would make a good member of the House of Representatives. Besides that, he has always been a working Republican, for which reason, and others, he deserves an election this fall to the General Court.

☞ Although the "war" waged for the capture of Boston last week closed on Thursday evening the soldiers were not dismissed until Friday night or Saturday. Co. G, 5th Regt. arrived at their Armory in this city on Saturday. The invaders, or Red Army, claimed to have captured Boston, but that question is to be decided by the Umpires, and their decision may not be known for several weeks yet.

☞ If Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston had lived to see next Sunday, August 29, he would have been 100 years old. He was a medical practicioner, a Professor in the Harvard Medical School, but will be longest remembered as a Poet, and "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Boston is doing nothing to celebrate the centennial of his birth.

☞ Boston's Finance Commission, in their first report, which was made last Monday, have put Mayor Hibbard in a hole which should end his aspirations for another term, and will probably have the effect to shelve him politically for some time to come. The Commission gave it to him hot and heavy.

☞ The St. Botolph Turkish Bath and Gymnasium at 42 and 44 St. Botolph street, Boston, will be opened for business on Wednesday, Sept. 1 Mr. Adolph S. Luddin, the proprietor, invites a few friends to a private inspection of the Bath and Gym from 2 to 6 on Monday afternoon, Aug. 30. Tea from 3 to 5.

☞ All caucuses of political parties in cities and towns that have adopted the provisions of the joint caucus Act; and all Republican caucuses in cities and towns that have not adopted the provisions of that Act, are to be held on Sept. 21, 1909.

☞ Colonel Clarke, Secretary of the Home Market Club of Boston, a simonpure protectionist, does not approve of the removal of duty on hides, nor will it, he says, be of the least benefit to wearers of boots and shoes.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. W. Johnson—Citation.
A. F. Converse—Citation.
Burdett College—Notice.

— Wednesday was a hot one.

— Mr. George E. Tripp is at Sebago Lake.

— Work on the grandstand on Library Park began last Monday.

— The Boys Brigade of N. W. are at Nutting's Pond for their vacation.

— Lettercarriers O'Brien and Maguire started on their vacation Tuesday.

— Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Brigham have returned from their vacation in Billerica.

— The N. W. patent leather manufacturers are looking for brisk business this fall.

— The rite of confirmation will be admiuistered at St. Charles church on Sept. 15.

— Many towns in Maine and New Hampshire are still celebrating Old Home Week.

— Geo. R Blake of G. R. Gage & Co. is enjoying his vacation at Littlejohn Island, Me.

— Mrs. Mark Downs of Cummingsville celebrated the 76th anniversary of her birthday last Friday.

— The alarm from box 41 at 8.40 last evening was for a fire that destroyed the ice houses belonging to Frank E. Chandler of Medford, situated near Mishawum station.

— Mr. Charles M. Strout intends to go to Ogunqnit next week for his vacation.

— The Rupp benefit game is to be played tomorrow on Library Park. It is expected to be a good one.

— The Russell Athletic Association enjoyed a trolley excursion to Revere Beach very much last Tuesday

— Next Tuesday, Aug. 31, is the last day for filing nominations of Election Officers in every Mass. city.

— Next Sunday Rev. A. S. Snell of Fitchburg is to preach at the Union Services at the Baptist church.

— Mrs. John McDevitt (Mary Feeney) of Leicestershire, N. Y., is visiting relatives and friends here.

— Mrs. Annie S. Lewis and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis enjoyed last week at Green Harbor, on Duxbury Beach.

— Chief of Police McDermott went out on his annual vacation last Monday. He slways brings up the rear.

— The Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston are planting arclights on Library Park to enable Co. G to train thereon nights.

— The Executive Committee of Burbank W. R. C. 84 are to meet at the residence of Mrs. Fannie Mitchell on Monday evening, 30 inst.

— There were never so many employees at the Chemical Works as at the present time. It is a great industrial and manufacturing establishment.

— Mr. Alexander, and his daughter Nellie, Ellis entertained Mr. Ellis's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Deans of Spencer, last Sunday.

— Supt. Myers reported the number of riders on the Woburn Div. of the B. & N. St. Ry. last Sunday as 15,800 which, he said, was a record breaker.

— Mrs. C. Willard Smith and daughters Marguerite and Jeanette, who have been enjoying themselves at Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, lately are at home once more.

— A fine rain, accompanied by thunder and lighting, was a visitor here in the early evening of Aug. 20. It was welcome, although nothing really needed rain.

— Mr. Alexander Grant, who has conducted a tailoring establishment in Woburn for many years, is at the present time, tramping over his native heather in Nova Scotia.

— Not for many years have the peach orchards in the peachraising States yielded so abundantly as this season. They ought to be cheap, and the women have plenty of them to can.

— Mr. F. Percyval Lewis has been summer substitute organist at Malden Baptist church. By request, he will give a recital there at 6 P. M. Sunday, August 29, for an hour preceeding evening service.

— The biggest willow tree in Maine is the old willow at Norridgewock. The tree is about 30 feet in circumference.—*Exchange.* And its long, heavy branches swept the roof of our home more than 50 years ago.

— Mayor Bond believes the laborer is worthy of his reward, so he, very cheerfully, signed the Council's order to increase the pay of our policemen. The services of the policemen are worth every cent the men get for them.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer has returned to his post of duty as Postmaster in this city. He attended the National G. A. R. annual Encampment at Salt Lake City two weeks ago as a member of Department Commander Parker's Staff.

— The Choate Memorial Hospital is fully equipped with electrical conveniences, and the electric lighting is an especial feature, as a considerable number of Tungsten electric lamps are used. The service is furnished by the Edison Company.

— Dogdays end in one week from next Sunday, or Sept. 5. The reign of the dogstar is 40 days, and began on July 25. There has been but little dogdays weather during that period, and the little we have had has been of poor quality.

— Mr. Charles P. Buckley, driver of hook and ladder 1 on Montvale avenue, is taking his vacation outing this week. He generally goes out when there is something doing on the Reedville racetracks. He knows a horse when he sees one.

— While his men were repairing a serious break in the Pleasant street main last Sunday Supt. Spencer of the Water Works was the victim of a cave-in that inflicted injuries which compelled him to return to his home. He soon got over them, however.

— Mr. John W. Wallace, foreman of, or, rather, General Business Manager, of the *News*, is camping out at Middleton, in Mr. Walter Hanson's camp—a good place to be at in vacation time. Both of these gentlemen know how to enjoy camp life.

— Supt. Myers of the B. & N. St. Ry. sent to Boston two full carloads of Woburn people for the excursion from Boston to Providence last Sunday. In the crowd from here were James F. McGovern of 17 Church avenue and his sons James and Frank. They had a great time.

— The close of the summer vacation of 1909 draweth near. In a fortnight from yesterday, to wit: Sept. 9, the public schools of this city will enter on another school year, and by that date considerable progress will have been made towards perfecting arrangements for fall business. Autumn begins next Wednesday.

— A letter from a friend in Santa Clara Valley, California, informs us that the peach crop there is rotting under the trees, for it is so abundant that the orchardists can neither use, sell or give away the fruit. When the letter was written last week prune gathering was at its height. Santa Clara Valley is the home of the prune.

— The Nason-Russell Company of Boston start this season's first excursion party to the White Mountains on Sept. 11. It is to be personally conducted by Mr. Charles E. Tripp of this city, who will conduct another through Vermont on Sept. 18. The Company have been in the excursion business for years, and their pleasure trips are very popular.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.



For Sale by

McLaughlin & Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

"SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are **$1.00, $1.25, $2.50.** Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

McLaughlin & Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

— Ethel Bryant is substituting for Alice Williams in the City Treasurer's office this week.

— Why don't the B. P. W. give every park and playground in the city a legal name?

— The Billy Rupp benefit game of ball will be played on Library Park tomorrow afternoon.

— Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Tripp have returned to their home in this city at the close of a fine visit at Providence, R. I.

— Ald. H. L. Andrews, the printer, and wife are at Gloucester down on Cape Ann this week.

— It is noted that some owners of trees are gathering their summer pears, which are not raised in great abundance this year.

— When last heard from Mrs. Harriet C. Blake was at Kennebunk Beach where her son, Dr. H. G. Blake, and family have been summering.

— Leaves are beginning to drop from the trees, not rapidly or in great abundance, but enough of them to show that "the hectic of a dying year," as John Greenleaf Whittier, the great Poet, in his splendid poem, "Mogg Magone," put it, is nigh at hand.

— A copy of the Fairfield, (Me.) *Journal* of last week's date, thankfully received per courtesy of Mrs. Louise Newhall, contained an article entitled "Fairfield of 20 Years Ago against the Fairfield of Today," in the perusal of which the writer of this item was very much interested.

— Temperance people feel quite certain that Woburn will vote "No" on the license question next December, as it did last. They think prohibition has come to this city for good, and the license people, looking at it in the same way, will make no especial efforts to carry the city for license.

— A new tea and coffee store has been opened at 419 Main street, by M. O'Keefe, the well-known proprietor of numerous grocery and supply stores in Boston and vicinity. The store is made especially attractive by being equipped with Tungsten electric lamps which furnish a brilliant light. The Edison Company furnishes the electric service.

— One week from next Monday, or Sept. 6, it being the first Monday in the first fall month, will be Labor Day, a legal holiday in this State, and the same, it is presumed, will receive due attention. There is to be no parade in Boston, as has been the annual custom heretofore, which may have a tendency to turn the attention of our people toward other quarters for amusement.

— Mr. Terence J. Maguire, Clerk of the Board of Overseers of the Poor, and his son James, who is bookkeeper for the Hide & Leather Co. of this city, are taking their vacation in New York. They left Boston Tuesday evening in a steamer for a trip around the Cape instead of taking the Fall River route, which gave them more hours on the salt water—the object they went partly to secure.

— It would not be surprising to learn that Co. G, 5th Reg't., are not especially enamored of mimic war, after all, nor to hear them say that So. Framingham musters are as good as they want in theirs. They got back to the Armory in this city in good working condition last Saturday after a week's hard labor, and were warmly welcomed to their firesides by those who were not greatly worried about them during the "War."

— The Saturday halfholidays which the printers of this city have enjoyed through the months of June, July and August, a custom that has prevailed several seasons will close for this year tomorrow, after which date the typos will have to work all day Saturdays, just like other people. Most branches of business here close every Wednesday afternoon during the summer months; but the printers, perforce, chose Saturday for their halfholiday.

— The Ramsdell-Littlefield party are at home from Orr's Island, Casco Bay. Do you remember Harriet Beecher Stowe's story, "Pearl of Orr's Island?"

— By driving the first pile for the Library Park grandstand last Monday it was proved quite conclusively, contrary to the general conviction, that Town Meadow is not bottomless.

— The market gardeners say sweet corn, especially the famous Crosby variety, is played out for this season. The rain kept off too long for it, and the long dry spell was more than the corn could prosperously stand up against.

— If our business men will make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," no more complaints about trade and manufacturing stagnation in our midst will be heard. But dull times can't be made better by sitting around, growling, and finding fault with everybody and everything that is done.

— Instead of chasing the bad boys who were robbing his orchard, an ingenious Woburn farmer quietly got out his camera and took some snapshot photographs with which he convinced their parents of their crime. How much better that is than loading the old shotgun up with salt!—*Boston Globe* Sure! But the boys shouldn't steal apples, all the same.

— A delightful party was given to their departing New York and Philadelphia guests by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Martin at their home on Harrison avenue last Tuesday evening. The guests are to leave for their homes in the cities named today. The lawns and house were beautifully decorated for the happy occasion, and a fine setout of refreshments was served. It was an evening of genuine enjoyment by a large company.

— A State of Maine paper said a few days ago: "Abner Dunton, who was born in the first frame house built in Hope, Me., has celebrated his 102nd birthday anniversary, lately." It is not uncommon for the people of Hope on the Penobscot, to live until they are 100 years old. Hope is where Mr. B. H. Nichols of this city spends his summers on a farm he owns there. Dr. Kelley says it is a great place for health and country comfort.

— We take from the *Boston Herald* and print in this issue of the JOURNAL a good notice of the Burdett College in Boston which we recommend to the careful perusal and consideration of the people of Woburn and vicinity. Those who contemplate acquiring a commercial education, or proficiency in that line of work, will do well to read the *Herald* article, and then enter Burdett College for thorough courses in these practical business studies. It is the largest and best college of the kind in New England.

— Mr. Fred J. Rice, Chairman of the Woburn Board of Assessors, who was formerly Assistant Assessor, after a successful Civil Service competitive examination, has been appointed Visitor to the State Board of Charities, a responsible position which he is amply qualified to fill. He had been studying for it some time and in the examination stood near the head, his mark being 12 in a list of 200 applicants for the place. He has been on the Board of Principal Assessors for the last 7 years, and is a faithful and highly efficient public city official.

— Ald. Sam Highley's most intimate friends do not know whether that gentleman intends to be a candidate for Mayor this fall, or be satisfied with another term on the Aldermanic Board. It is not absolutely certain that Ald Highley himself knows whether he will make a dash for the Executive's chair against Mayor Bond, or not. But being a shrewd politician, it is more likely that he will let Mayor Bond have a second term and content himself with a reelection to the City Council. This latter Ald. Highley can se cure as easy as rolling off a log.

—Mrs. Fred F. Walker and Harry, wife and son of Representative Walker, are at Winthrop this week.

— Mr. Fred Stanley, proprietor of the Boston Branch, and wife are to return from their summer outing tomorrow.

— Judge John G. and Mrs. Maguire are at home again from a pleasant visit in the Old Granite State. Both are well adapted to vacation outings, and they enjoyed the one just ended by them highly.

— Mrs. Bridget Connolly, administratrix of the estate of Roger Connolly, has sued the Boston & Maine Railroad Company in the sum of $20,000 for causing the death of her husband last March. Mr. Connolly was ejected from the train without cause, as the plaintiff alleges.

— In the five League games of ball played by the Woburn Clerks team this season they have won all but one, and that was the game captured from them by the Wakefield Clerks team, by a score of 6 to 0, on the Library Park, this city, last Wednesday. It was claimed to have been the best ball ever played here.

— Last Tuesday Mrs. George Buchanan of Bennett street conducted a "Goose Party," consisting of three women beside herself, by trolley, to the Blue Hills of Milton, which they ascended, and then continued on to Canton, the home of Frank Buchanan, who brought the "geese" back to Woburn in his auto that night safe and sound.

— If last Wednesday was not the hottest day of the present summer, it came so near it that it wasn't considered worth while to dispute the point. At 3 o'clock, P. M. that day, it was 93 on the shady side of streets in Boston according to the U. S. Weatherman's calculations, and it must have been nighabout 100 here in Woburn. It was a scorcher, and there will be more of it before Christmas.

— The tune of the Katydid was heard for the first time this season on last Tuesday evening, Aug. 24, which means that the first frost of the coming fall will be due to strike this section of the country on Oct. 5. The interval between the first note of the katydid and the first frost of the season is always just six weeks long; and, furthermore, that first note is usually sounded about August 25 every year.

— It seems as though the proper way to do would be for the city to levy a direct tax for the maintenance of the Choate Hospital, or for amounts necessary, over and above the receipts, to make good the deficits which are likely to occur at the end of each year under the present system. If such a plan was adopted the Choate Hospital, like the Massachusetts General, might, to a certain extent, be made free, which cannot possibly be the case for a long time to come, unless liberal donations are made to it, none of which appear to be in sight just at the present time.

— From 6 30 to 7 o'clock last Sunday evening a sacred song service was held on the main flight of steps leading to the Methodist Episcopal church; and next Sunday, Aug. 29, a like service is to be held on the steps of the First Baptist church. Those of last Sunday at Rev. Mr. Herrick's church were attended by a large number of people who were deeply interested in and greatly enjoyed the excellent music. Weather permitting, without doubt the concert at the Baptist church next Sunday evening, will be equally well attended and enjoyed. There is no better way of spreading the gospel than by singing it.

— Ever since Mr. George Buchanan was seen the other day gathering pears from the trees and picking great, fat tomatoes from the vines on his farm, the JOURNAL has been looking for a neighborly visit from him, bearing gifts; so when the kindhearted President of "The Sons of '24" put in an appearance at our house yesterday morning no surprise was expressed or felt. He brought a big basket of delicious pears, and another of redripe tomatoes, both of which were gratefully received. Garnishing these gifts was a huge bouquet, also from Mr. Buchanan's plantation, which was made up of tobacco plants in blossom, sunflowers, castoroil, phlox and lobelia, and constituted a handsome display of useful plants and flowers. This, also, was thankfully received.

— This is the first year that Osteopothy has been given a legal standing in this State by the Legislature, the old Schools of Doctors having heretofore been victorious in heading off and preventing the success of efforts to gain its recognition, just as, not so many years ago, the "Allopaths" fought the "Homeopaths" and kept them out of their legal rights long after they should have been allowed to exercise them The "Osteopaths" are now registering and taking the necessary steps to give them their proper place in the medical profession and get pay for their work. Among those who have done this is Dr. Fred Gowing of this city who has had an office and good practice in Boston for several years. He has many patients here and in other Greater Boston towns. In many diseases there is no better remedy than Osteopothy.

— Dr. Thomas Caulfield of Church avenue is our authority for the announcement that Dr. Robert Chalmers has passed the danger point and is gaining health and strength every day. He says Dr. Chalmers appeared to be very near the end of his journey here below for several days during his illness; that it was a rub and a go, with him, but a strong constitution, skilful medical treatment, and good nursing, enabled him to escape and still to be numbered with the living. It all came from the ulceration of a tooth, which was extracted on the evening of Aug 14, and an abcess that followed The Doctor had suffered intensely two days and nights, and when his physician reached him that Saturday evening there was not much life left in him A Boston specialist was immediately summoned, who, as soon as he arrived, performed a surgical operation, which gave some relief to the patient, but did not remove Dr. Chalmers from the danger list for several days. He is now on the mend. All the Doctors in the city volunteered their services in his behalf, for he is popular with the profession as well as highly thought of by the people.

— Ald. and Mrs. Sam Highley are taking their vacation joys at Catumet, Buzzards Bay, this week.

— Mrs. A. J. Foster of Church avenue, the daughter Irene, and the boys are down at Old Duxbury this week visiting Mr. Foster's uncle.

— Leonard ("Len") B. Buchanan of Bennettt street is the best friend the youngsters of his neighborhood have The little girls regard him as their Patron Saint, for he is forever doing something to delight them. Last Wednesday he took Viola Rupp, Mary McGovern and Mary Ellen Connolly in his auto to Winchester Beach, a beautiful spot, with fine bathhouses, on Wedgemere Lake, Winchester, where in swimming, wading, and splashing water over each other, they had the time of their lives.

Board of Public Works.

The Board held a meeting last Monday evening which was principally devoted to a discussion of the Almshouse changes and repairs. Plans for this work were submitted by Com Kelley, who, likewise, gave the cost of it, which he reported would be about $2,734. Sentiment in favor of the repairs was unanimous. It was voted that Com. Kelley confer with the Overseers of the Poor concerning the plans.

Com. Kennedy, for the subcommittee, reported on widening Montvale avenue that the cost of the work would be not less than $15,000, and it was the opinion of his Committee, concurred in by the Board, that the widening should not be attempted at this time.

As it would cost about $3,000 to remove that ledge on the High school grounds, about which there has been so much talk, the opinion prevailed that the matter better be dropped for the present.

The subject of the Library Park grandstand was referred to Com. Kelley.

Wonderland.

The week just ending at Wonderland has been a time of big excursion parties from various sections of New England, and the coming six days will see a repetition of this state of affairs. Everybody who visits Wonderland this year is thoroughly satisfied and delighted with the great and varied program of high class entertainments offered this season. The shows in the various theatres have never been better.

Henry McMahon.

JOHN HENRY MCMAHON was born in Woburn, Mass., on Feb. 19, 1865, son of Frank and Catherine McMahon, and died at his home, 687 Main street, Woburn, on Monday morning, Aug. 23, 1909, aged 44 years, 6 months, 4 days, leaving to sincerely mourn his early decease a widow, who was Margaret Rome of Brooklyn, N. Y., to whom he was united in marriage in Sept. 1895; five children—3 sons and two daughters; two brothers—Ward of Newark, N. J., and Frank of Woburn; a mother and two sisters—Blanche McMahon and Mrs. Roland Warren, both of this city.

He, also, left a wide circle of friends here and in Boston, especially in labor circles and among printers, who deeply regret his death, for he was deservedly popular wherever known.

After graduating from the Woburn Grammar school at an early age, Henry entered the JOURNAL newspaper office where he served faithfully an apprenticeship of three years, and graduated a firstclass printer, about 1883. For some years immediately following his leaving the JOURNAL he worked at the case in several Western cities, and in New York City, and finally settled in Boston and has since remained in printing offices there with his home in Woburn. He has been foreman in the mechanical department of the *Boston American* ever since it was established, and held that office at the time he was taken sick. He enjoyed the confidence of and was highly respected by the typographical fraternity. He became prominent in the Union Printing movement when he was appointed New England Organizer in 1895. Later he was appointed New England Organizer of the American Federation of Labor. He was President of Typographical Union, Boston, in 1901 and 1905. He served as Assistant Secretary of the A. F. of L. convention held in Boston in 1903.

Mr. McMahon was a member of Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of this city, and of the Woburn Lodge of Elks. He was a public spirited citizen, and always active in the prosecution of measures inaugurated for the welfare of his native town. He will be missed and deeply lamented.

The funeral was held last Wednesday afternoon at the late home of the deceased, and interment was at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pioneer In Business.

Burdett College Applies Counting Room Practice.

Burdett is now said to be the largest commercial school in the world. Its original methods and progressive spirit have established a record which makes its practical training widely recognized among business men.

This was the pioneer school in New England to adopt the actual counting-room methods and its students are educated under the same general conditions to be found in the most modernly conducted offices.

For many years it has been well known that the graduates of the bookkeeping and Banking departments at Burdett knew their business thoroughly. The same standard of efficiency is being insisted upon in its departments of stenography and typewriting, including the actual office letter practice and modern office appliance work.

The Burdett method of touch typewriting, enabling the operator to use a typewriter without looking at the keyboard, has made the Burdett graduates very valuable office assistants.

Doubtless the success which Burdett College has earned is due not only to its practical standard of training, but also to the care which the school takes of its graduates through its situation department.

The high rents in the heart of the city make it prohibitive for an institution to secure additional rooms until actually pressed by increased business to do so. No more pertinent comment can be made upon the remarkable success of Burdett than to state that during the past year it became necessary, in order to avoid a waiting list, to add six schoolaooms to its plant. The enrollment to date is so much greater than that of a year ago today that during the past week, four more rooms have been leased, a total of ten since September 1908, in order for the school to keep abreast of its enlarging business. Burcett seems to have struck the keynote in educating students so that they are eagerly sought by the business world.—*From Boston Herald.*

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Church closed until second Sunday in September.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christ Jesus."

Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 17, Agnes C. Blaisdell, aged 25 years, 1 month, 16 days.

In this city, August 23, J. Henry McMahon, aged 44 years, 0 months, 4 days.

By the "Blue Bell" Ye May Know:

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

FIRST that a PAY STATION of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company is indicated.

SECOND, that from this Pay Station you may talk TO ANY ONE OF 320,000 TELEPHONES connected with this Company's lines in the four northern New England states.

THIRD, that you may talk from any Pay Station, over the Long Distance lines of the great Bell system, TO 30,000 CITIES AND TOWNS throughout the United States.

FOURTH, that from any of these Pay Stations you will receive as PROMPT ATTENTION and as GOOD SERVICE, as can be given you at any subscriber's station, or by going to the Central Office.

NOTE: If the person with whom you desire to speak is not a subscriber, the Company will arrange, at a nominal charge, to send a messenger to request him to come to one of our Pay Stations and receive the call.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

GEORGE ADE'S MANICURE.

Of all the types drawn by George Ade, now recognized as America's greatest humorist, none has hit the popular fancy better than his manicure, which he introduced in a short comedy with the mayor of a western town as the other principal character. In it the mayor's son while at college fell in love with the villiage manicure, and when he returned home, the woman followed him and tried to extort money from the father. The manner in which Ade worked out the situation, showing the humorous side of it, even though dealing with an adventuress is one of the very best things he has ever done.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The John Craig Stock Company begins its second year at the Castle Square next Monday, afternoon and evening. For forty weeks this famous organization of players filled the Castle Square last season to overflowing, and its acting of comedy, farce, melodrama, and musical comedy was highly approved by multitudes of playgoers who helped to make the season the most successful in the history of the theatre. Records of attendance were broken week after week, and there is every promise that the coming season will be a duplicate of its predecessor. The Castle Square will be under the sole lesseeship and management of John Craig, and he will leave nothing undone for the benefit and enjoyment of his patrons. He has already secured a number of famous plays for his repertory, and he has reengaged the entire stock company that helped to make last season so notable.

— E. Prior may be found at 849 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Not Consistent.

"What was I saying when I dodged that automobile?"

"You were saying that life is not worth living. But if you think so why did you dodge?" — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Man is made of dust, but he is usually out for more.—Exchange.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael Conwey late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Catherine Conway of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in any of the real estate of Almira Ayres, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, William E. Ayres of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he as the husband of said deceased, is interested in the real estate of said deceased lying in this Commonwealth; that the whole of said real estate does not exceed in value the sum of five thousand dollars; and praying that the whole of said real estate which is described in said petition may be assigned and set out to him by the Court according to law,

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September, A.D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty first day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Wilmington, July 20, 1909.

TO THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF MIDDLESEX COUNTY, GENTLEMEN:

The undersigned petition you to view and relocate Woburn Street in Wilmington from a point one hundred feet southerly of the house of N. Bradley Eames to a point one hundred feet notherly of said house.

FRANK L. EAMES and five others.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Tuesday of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge on the twenty-second day of July A. D. 1909:

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the house of N. Bradley Eames in North Wilmington, in said County, on Thursday, the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Clerk of the Town of Wilmington with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days, at least, before said view, and by publishing the same in the Woburn JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in said County, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days, at least, before said view; and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't. Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't. Clerk.

A true Copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy-Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Leslie Hart late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie F. S. Miller who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County Middlesex, on the twenty first day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

We will gladly send you A Mailing Box without charge. Please write for one.

They are very handy for sending Glasses for repairs when a trip to Boston is inconvenient.

Do not send the case.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St. and
73 Summer St. Boston
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 50,856 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 56 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 849 Main St., Woburn

REMEMBER

WE SELL

Shredded Wheat

For 10c. Pkge.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 343 2.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electric.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 214-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

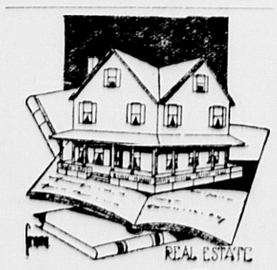
Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

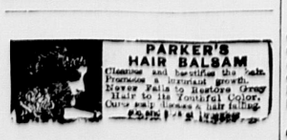
Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 8.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.



REAL ESTATE

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

WINCHESTER.

The Vacation Playroom closed a prosperous season last week.

Congressman McCall is enjoying his fine home on Myopia Hill.

Our town is delighted with the opening of Middlesex Fells to trolley visiting and travel.

Who says Winchester isn't growing? At this very time 35 buildings are being erected here—mostly homes for new comers.

Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church of Woburn, conducted the religious exercises at the funeral of Mrs. Geo. P. Brown last week.

Mrs. Sarah Caroline Brown died at the home of her son at Wolfboro, N. H. on Aug. 12 She married Dr. George P. Brown for a second husband in 1908.

Charlie Parker's paper at Arlington tells the Labor organizations that they ought not oppose the reelection of Gov. Draper and Charlie's paper is about right.

Henry J. Lyons is going to entertain the people on Labor Day night with a fine exhibition of fireworks, the cost of which will be met by a popular subscription.

Winchester opposition to Butler Ames's Boston & Lowell St. Ry. scheme grows stronger all the time. Nobody here wants it, and nearly everybody is actively opposed to it.

I observe no special signs of any particular goingson Sept. 6. There is to be no parade in Boston and I don't know what our people will do. Oftrepeated holidays makes them seem rather monotonous.

So far as seeking comfortable weather was concereed our vacation outers would have been just as well off at home as by the seaside this summer, and better too. I don't know of a finer or pleasanter summer resort than this town is.

The concert given by the Woburn Brass Band on Manchester Field last Saturday was a fine one. The Woburn players have rather taken the lead in the series of summer openair concerts given under the auspices of the Met. Pk. Com. this season.

Our distinguished townsman, Lawyer Samuel J. Elder, manifested a lively interest in the great, but bloodless, Massachusetts "War" last week, so much so that he went down in his auto to the scenes of martial strife, and took his two daughters with him. He's a good deal such a chap as Theodore Roosevelt Ex. P., is.

MOON WAS UNDER A CLOUD.

An Incident of the Theater In the Earlier Days.

Early in the season of 1856-7, said J. M. Barron, the veteran actor, we were in Petersburg, Va., at old Phoenix hall. The business was such that nightly long rows of nile green seats could be seen from the stage.

In those good old times the utility people did not get more than $200 a week. The leading people received due bills on the next good house. We had in the utility contingent a Ute named Moon, and a bright Moon he was, but he was so lazy his shadow would not follow him. He was often late. The star was Charles Couldock, and those old timers who can yet sit up on an even keel may remember that C. C. could do cuss poetry in four colors when riled, even if it were not in his contract.

We were rehearsing "The Willow Copse," and Moon's cue came, but no Moon shone up. The call boy started with a shout, "Mr. Moon!"

The prompter called, "Mr. Moon?"

Three Utes away up stage joined in, "Mr. Moon, this is you; stage is waiting."

No Moon.

Couldock began to pace from tormenter doors to L. 4 E. No Moon.

Finally Couldock bawled out, "Where is that Moon—that utility idiot? Always late and doesn't know his cues when he hears them."

No Moon yet. It appeared that Mistress Moon had presented the old man with a fine daughter—a new Moon. The father Moon went out to celebrate with the boys and later on was wheelbarrowed home a full Moon.—New York Telegraph.

Doing a Man's Work.

The Widow Skinner has been twice bereaved, and she was telling me about her two husbands over a cup of tea.

"Boggs was the first," she said dreamily, "a ornery hound wot used to git drunk and come home and lambaste me all over the place. After Boggs died I married Skinner. He was a good for nothin', ornery critter wot 'ud turn up full, and I'd lam him till he couldn't see."

She chuckled with quiet amusement.

"Well," said a listener, "the last was better than the first, at least."

But the widow shook her head.

"No, 'twa'n't," she said. "I'd kinder got used to Boggs' little ways, and in Skinner's case I never cottoned to the idea of doin' a man's work about the house."—Exchange.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Byron R. Harmon, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Arthur W. Blake of Somerville in said County, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Joseph King, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Chester W. Clark, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-second day of October, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FOR SALE.

To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 23 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached; about ½ acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy.

Apply to F BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

CIRCUSES.

The Old and the New and the Greatest Drawing Card.

Before the one ring days and going back a few centuries the circus was represented in the person of a mountebank, a thin visaged, clean shaven man who hitched his trapeze to the sturdy limb of a village oak and did feats to the ill concealed amazement of a people who respected God somewhat, but the devil and his black magic a great deal more.

A long and high jump this—from mountebank to modern hippodrome, from a man who lived under his hat to a tented city which houses as many as 25,000 people in one day and regularly furnishes food, shelter and transportation for 1,200 more, to say nothing of a hospital, a postoffice and a commissary where one can purchase almost anything from a postage stamp to a suit of overalls.

The big show today is as highly specialized and deviously organized as is our greatest business institution. Its maintenance costs a thousand dollars an hour. Yes, it's a long jump from the mountebank; but, after all, things haven't changed so much in some ways.

A man who was running a trick pony and dog show last year added a "thriller" to his program in the way of a dangerous flying trapeze act. To the delight of his pockets, but the intense disgust of his trainer's soul, the door receipts almost doubled. He had two men at the door one night who asked the outgoing crowds which part of the show they liked best—the trick animals or the acrobats. They answered as one, "The acrobats!"

Danger—danger to other human lives and limbs—that's the drawing card, after all, excepting only the children who are too young to be gory minded and who find most delight in the clowns. We grownups like the "thrillers"—the more deadly the better.—William Allen Johnston in Harper's Weekly.

WHAT HE WAS TELLING HIM.

An Incident That Ended the Conversation at the Barber's.

"You are very bald, sir," said the barber to little Binks as the latter took up his position in the chair.

"What's that you say?" asked Binks pleasantly.

"I say you are very bald, sir," repeated the barber.

"Who is?" asked Binks.

"You, sir," said the barber.

"What paper did you see that in?" demanded Binks.

"What's that, sir?" asked the barber.

"What newspaper?" repeated Binks. "I read all the papers, but I didn't see any reference to this. Was it in one of the early editions of the evening papers?"

"Was what, sir?" queried the puzzled barber.

"This thing you were just telling me," said Binks.

"Why, I don't remember telling you"— began the barber.

"About my being bald, you know," said Binks. "You said I was very bald, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the barber, "but I didn't mention the newspapers, sir. Why should it be in the newspapers, sir?"

"Why, because it's news, isn't it?" said Binks.

"I shouldn't say that, sir," said the barber.

"Well, if it isn't news, what in thunder did you tell me about it for?" demanded Binks. "I supposed you had read about it in one of the papers and had reached the conclusion that I didn't know it. If you find a mole under my left ear while shaving me, break it to me gently, please, and you may omit all mention of the fact that my beard is getting gray. I am trying to stave off a realization of the"—

But just then the barber accidentally ran his lather brush over Bink's mouth, and the conversation ceased.—Lippincott's.

BROKE IT GENTLY.

The Reason the Brakeman Quit Railroading For Awhile.

Danny Wilmarth was a brakeman. One day while his train was on a sidetrack at a town in Ohio another train that was doing some switching on the same track suddenly bumped into the caboose on the rear platform of which Danny was standing, and he was severely bruised. He was taken to a local hospital, where it was found that his injuries were so serious as to necessitate his remaining several weeks for treatment. At the end of a month he surprised his mother at her home in Pittsburg by walking into the house on crutches.

"Why, Danny," she exclaimed, "what is the matter? What has happened to you?"

"Why, I wrote and told you, mother," he answered with a grin.

"No, son, you didn't. All you wrote was that you were going to quit railroading for awhile, that you had found something else to do and that it was an indoor job. You didn't say a word about getting hurt or anything of that kind."

"I surely did, mother. I told you what happened to me."

"You surely didn't!"

"How did I say I came to be staying in that town?"

"You said you happened to be caught there between trains."

"Well, I was."—Youth's Companion.

OUR MILLIONAIRES.

American Money Kings From a German Point of View.

In a satirical article entitled "The Natural History of American Millionaires" a writer in the Berliner Tageblatt says: "They all came to New York, Chicago or Philadelphia with one shirt and with one cent in the pocket of the only other garment. All served as bootblacks, errand boys or even in more humble positions and in the second week had saved enough to buy a waistcoat. After one month they appeared before their respective employers clad in new clothes and told them with imposing self confidence that the organization of their business was defective and required reorganization. A year later the boy has become a partner, in two years he has outstripped the former boss in wealth, and a year later he has grown smart enough to kill off the benefactor of other days. All American millionaires arise at 3 in the morning, eat and drink almost nothing, cease their work at midnight and allow only those to live whom they think are good enough to invite. Every dollar king founds a university, an opera, a museum or a picture gallery. Life becomes a burden to them when there are no more competitors in their branch worthy of destruction. Then they lie down and die of ennui."

LEGALLY A CORPSE.

Therefore He Could Not Possibly Have Been Murdered.

It was the custom in the good old days in Great Britain and Ireland to hang condemned men for half an hour and then hand them over to their friends. A man named Mahoney was hanged in this way. At the end of half an hour his body was given to his friends, who put him in a coffin they had brought with them and galloped off with him on a cart. But before they were out of sight of the gallows authorities the corpse in the exuberance of his joy sat up in the coffin and shouted, "Hooroo!" A "pal," terrified lest this exhibition of vitality should cause the executioner to come after them, hit the hanged man playfully on the head with his stick, remarking, "Kape quiet, ye spalpeen." The silencing was so effectual that the victim of it never woke again, but was well and truly "waked" that same evening.

There was no doubt that the blow on the head killed him. The facts came to the knowledge of the authorities, and a justice was appealed to for a warrant for the culprit's arrest on a charge of murder, but the justice refused it, explaining that as the man was dead, having been hanged for half an hour and given up to his friends legally a corpse, it was impossible that he could have been murdered.—London Tit-Bits.

THE AFRICAN MARKET.

Prices That Wild Animals Bring In the Interior.

The prices of wild animals naturally fluctuate with the demand. An excessive supply of rhinoceroses would soon reduce the market value. Five for sale at any time in the world would glut the market, for one cannot sell a rhinoceros every day. The maintenance of wild animals is costly and they soon eat their value in food, so that every day they are on the hunter's or the dealer's hands he is losing money.

After the animals are captured they have to be transported to the coast. This adds greatly to the cost. Delivered at Nairobi or Fort Florence, which are inland and practically on the African hunting field, a baby rhinoceros of the prehensile lipped species will bring from $375 to $500, a giraffe from $250 to $500 and a baby hippopotamus from $250 to $450, elands and most of the large antelope from $125 to $200, elephants from $375 to $875, lions and leopards, with the exception of the black species of the latter, from $100 to $425, according to size and condition. The gorilla and the square muzzled (or so called white) rhinoceros can be sold at auction by telegraph. Their value might run from $5,000 to $30,000, according to the bidding.—Hampton's Magaine.

HOUSES IN FEZ.

The Roofs In the Early Evening Are Exclusively For Women.

In Fez, the capital of Morocco, most of the houses consist of several stories, each being provkled with a light veranda running around it and connecting the rooms. All the windows and doors open out into the patio, or courtyard, the window openings in the upper stories being covered with close trellis work. All the houses have flat roofs, with a wall some four to six feet high running around, and from 4 p. m. until sunset the roofs are given over to the ladies exclusively, who can then walk about and take the fresh air without being seen by any of the opposite sex. This reservation is a law which is never broken, and no man would be guilty of being seen on his or on any other roof during the forbidden hours. Owing to the fact that the women of the house are not allowed to be seen by any other man than their lord and master all domestic offices are situated away from the house proper. In many of the larger houses, besides the water fountains, others playing scent or scented water are to be found. Sections of the courtyard also are slightly sunk, and these portions are filled with scented oil, which is used to perfume the rooms. The Moors are exceptionally particular in discarding their foot gear before entering a room or crossing a rug or carpet. They even change slippers before entering the courtyard from the street. Thus the houses are kept beautifully clean and sweet and are not, as many people would suppose, musty or close.

WATER SPLASHERS.

A Swedish View of English Life and Manners.

A sharp tongued correspondent of a Swedish paper, the Svenska Dagbladet, thus comments on some of the peculiarities of English life and manners.

English cleanliness is much spoken of. The Englishman must have a great deal of water to wash with. A quantity must be splashed all over the room, and in particular there must be a great pool near the washstand. When an Englishman washes his face, in seventy-eight cases out of a hundred he simply takes the water in his hands and blows it all over the floor.

Englishmen are mad over fresh air The expression may seem ironical to those who know how in London one does not so much breathe the air as swallow it. Tramway car windows stand open the whole year round, and there is no country like England for the prosperity of dealers in cough and cold medicines.

Hygiene may appear to be perfect in London, but they still say that much remains to be done. Spitting is not allowed in the parks, at least not near the seat. I have found that one of the cheapest and best places for spitting is the British museum, where it costs only $10. On the Great Eastern railway it does not cost more the first time, but afterward the price is $25 a time, in direct opposition to the usual business principles of discount.

Inhaling Water.

Undoubtedly the majority of bathers who are drowned meet their deaths from cramp. Cramp is liable to seize anybody at any moment, and when it comes in deep water few swimmers have sufficient presence of mind to turn on their backs and wait quietly until the attack has departed. So they go under. But there is another danger quite as imminent as cramp, though it is probably less known. This is water inhaling. A swimmer or even a wader is always liable to inhale spray through his nostrils, which, passing through the pharynx and behind the epiglottis or windpipe guard, gets into the windpipe and causes death. As one would expect, water inhaling is almost wholly confined to the sea and very rarely occurs in fresh water. All the same, it may happen anywhere.—Exchange.

A CLEVER RECTOR.

How He Got All the Young Men to Church on Sunday.

"Many interesting stories are told of Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, who was noted for his wit and sharp repartee," said a clergyman. "A story which is considered characteristic of the man was told by a Virginia minister:

"'When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va., he was much worried by the nonattendance at service on Sundays of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of going to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes. Marbles in those days, it must be remembered, was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards and pool in these days.

"'Bishop Wilmer, then a parson not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of the young men engaged in a game. The good bishop asked several questions and finally challenged the lot to play him for "keeps." They readily consented.

"'Much to their astonishment, the young minister won steadily, and soon they had to go to the stores to replenish their stock. Toward the close of the afternoon Mr. Wilmer had won every marble in the town of Upperville. Putting his "winnings" in a bag, he remarked as he walked away, "Now, gentlemen, since you can't play marbles tomorrow I hope to see you all at church." And he did.'"—Washington Herald.

SERVED THE TERRAPIN.

Crossed the Ocean to Supervise One Course of a Dinner.

George W. Harvey, the inventor of steamed oysters and a famous restaurant keeper, was once the hero of an incident that in some respects made the exploits of Lucullus and other noted gourmets of ancient Rome look cheap and commonplace. He made a 6,000 mile journey to cook or supervise the cooking of a single course of a dinner.

A wealthy Englishman noted for his love of good living while on a visit to Washington was given a dinner at Harvey's, at which terrapin formed the piece de resistance. It was the first time the Englishman had encountered the famous Maryland delicacy, and it made an instantaneous and profound hit with him. He decided that he would introduce the dish to his London friends and at once entered into negotiations with Harvey to come to London and do the cooking.

Harvey named his price, and it was accepted without a murmur, although it was a stiff one, as he was a very portly man and did not like to travel. At the appointed time he engaged his passage for England, took a sufficient number of live terrapin along with him and sailed for London. He supervised the preparation of the turtles in the kitchen of his generous employer, saw that they were cooked and served properly, collected his £200 honorarium and his expenses and took the next steamer back to New York.—Exchange.

The New Kind.

Among the passengers in a parlor car attached to a southern train leaving Washington were a reticent individual desirous of reading his paper and a talkative person equally desirous of engaging the reserved one in conversation. At first the reticent man took the questions of his neighbor in good part, returning short but polite answers. Finally, however, he grew somewhat irritated at the persistence of the other.

"The grass is quite green, eh?" was the idle query that next came from the garrulous one as he gazed through the window.

"Quite," said the bored one, with a smothered growl. "But, then, consider what a change it is from the pink and mauve grass we've been having lately!"—Harper's Weekly.

Encouraging.

It was Bilkin's wedding day, and he was teasing his young brother-in-law.

"Well, Johnnie," he said solemnly, "I'm going to take your sister a long way off and have her all to myself, where you won't see her any more."

"No; really, are you?" said the lad curiously.

"Yes, I am. What do you think of it?"

"Nothin'. I can stand it if you can."—Pearson's Weekly.

Generous.

"What's your fare?" asked old Flintskin of his cabby the other day and was met with the stereotyped reply:

"Well, sir, I will leave that to you."

"Thank you; you're very kind," said old F., buttoning up his pockets and walking off. "You're the first person who ever left me anything yet."—London Fun.

Not at First.

"When you first saw Niagara falls did you feel that almost irresistible impulse to throw yourself over the precipice that so many experience?"

"No. I hadn't seen my hotel bill yet."—Cleveland Leader.

Quite Simple.

"What will you do with your money when you die?"

"I shall leave it to my children."

"But suppose you have no children?"

"Then it will go to my grandchildren!"

Peace is not mere tranquillity, for tranquillity may be indifference.—Duffield.

Dolphin and Flying Fish.

A ship was lying at anchor at Boca Grande, says the Punta Gorda Herald, lately when the crew observed a dolphin chasing a flying fish, both coming directly toward the ship. On nearing the vessel the flier arose in the air and passed over the bow just abaft the foremast. As it did so the dolphin went under the ship and, coming up on the other side, sprang from the water and caught the flying fish on "the fly" just as it was curving gracefully down in its descent to the water.

Fooled His Doctor.

The late Rev. H. R. Haweis, who was equally notable as preacher, journalist, lecturer and musician, suffered from a dangerous hip disease when a boy of nine. The celebrated Sir Benjamin Brodie, who was asked if a change of scene would benefit the afflicted youth, answered, "Take him anywhere—it does not matter."

Haweis lived to laugh at his doctor, and half a century later, after a life of exceptional industry, he was in vigorous health.

MAKING WIRE.

The Method of Rolling and Drawing the Iron Bars.

Bars of metal four inches square are heated and passed while hot and plastic through rapidly revolving rolls, reducing them to wire rods which vary from one-quarter of an inch to an inch or more in diameter, depending upon the finished size of wire wanted.

These rods, which are formed into coils as they pass through the rolls, are dipped in acid baths to remove loose scale and provide a lubricant for drawing. Drawing consists of pulling rods while cold through holes of gradually increasing diameter drilled in steel plates. During this process the particles of metal become elongated and strained, making the wire harder and more brittle. To restore it to a proper temper it is necessary to heat or anneal it.

When a fine diameter is required there must be repeated annealings and drawings. This may be done until the bar, which originally was four inches square and four feet long, becomes reduced to a diameter of a single thousandth of an inch and extended 13,000 miles in length. Before so fine a size is reached the wire will cut into the steel of the die plate, so the usual die plates must be discarded and the drawing continued through holes drilled in diamonds, the diameter of these diamond dies decreasing by fractional parts of a thousandth of an inch. This wire affords a striking illustration of a material made more valuable by the application of labor.

From the time the bar of metal enters the furnace nothing is added to it. All the work is done with one article, which is passed through rolls and drawn through die plates until it is finished.—Chicago Tribune.

MODERN MARTYRS.

Those Who Entertain, but Who Suffer While Doing It.

"In a periodical the other day," says the amateur philosopher of the Providence Tribune, "I ran across a picture of what had evidently been a musical entertainment or musicale—I took it to have been a musicale for choice.

"The fiddlers had gone, and so had the soloist or soloists and guests There remained in the foreground the deserted room and a waste of empty chairs, along with the open grand piano.

"The host's head was resting on his arms on a table. The hostess had removed her shoes and was on the verge of collapse. In the background a butler was looking on commiseratingly.

"Now, there's a good deal of that sort of thing first and last the country over. It was true to life, but I never could understand it—that is, nobody has ever explained to me why people who don't enjoy entertaining or being entertained persist in making martyrs of themselves, why anybody does something for pleasure that invariably gives pain?

"A person who puts himself out and wears himself out in the line of duty is comprehensible, but why you should sacrifice yourself when you're pretending to be looking for fun is beyond me.

"The woman who said that her idea of a perfect life from the social point of view would be to be asked everywhere and to go nowhere doubtless expressed the sentiments of thousands, but why go anywhere if you feel that way?"

Corroded by Water.

In a German village an underground lead water pipe was found greatly corroded and perforated. Investigation showed that the soil in which the pipe had lain was permeated by very impure water and consequently contained large quantities of ammonia, ammonium nitrate and other compounds, which had attacked the lead pipe, forming lead carbonate, nitrate, nitrite and chloride. All of these lead salts, except the carbonate, are more or less soluble in water. The carbonate is insoluble in pure water, but is soluble in water containing carbon dioxide. Iron pipes coated with asphalt should be employed for underground conduits. If lead pipes are used they should be imbedded in asphalt.—Scientific American.

Learn to Laugh.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to do something for others. Even if you are a bedridden invalid there is always something that you can do to make others happier, and that is the surest way to attain happiness for yourself.—Exchange.

His News.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widder woman you wuz a-goin' ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of these here things, we air all doin' well."—Atlanta Constitution.

Slightly Different.

"Ten years ago that fellow borrowed the passage money to come to this country."

"And now he's worth millions, eh?"

"No. He seems sort of thriftless. Owes for his passage money yet."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In that worthiest of all struggles—the struggle for self mastery and goodness we are far less patient with ourselves than God is with us.—J. G. Holland.

A Growing Love.

Mr. and Mrs. Married Bliss were both growing very plump, and every effort to reduce weight had proved fruitless, and their discontent with their failure was pathetic.

"It is too bad," said a mutual friend to a sympathetic physician. "The Blisses are so fond of each other and used to be so graceful and slender when they were first married."

"Ah, well!" replied the physician. "Think how much more they are to each other now."—Life.

Little Breaks.

Among "blunders in emphasis" the prize must be awarded to the remark of the beautiful Miss Gunning to George II. She told the king that she would dearly love to see a coronation. A compliment not infrequently takes a questionable form. G. W. E. Russell in his "Collections and Recollections" tells of a working class admirer who once said to the dean of Windsor "Dr. Wellesley, I always say there's nothing of the gentleman about you."—St. James' Gazette.

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THE LION'S SHARE.

A Rivalry In Love and the Way It Was Ended.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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It was their first summer out of college, and they had always been chums. But now a girl had come between them.

"You can't have her, David," Carrington had said when Royal had told him. "I love her and I'm not going to let you get her."

David Royal looked at his friend steadily. Then he said: "Did you ever think, Victor, that you always came out ahead at school—that you always took the lion's share? But it was because I let you, not always because you deserved it. I gave up the scholarship to you because I had more money and needed it less. I didn't care then, and I didn't care when the faculty selected you for that experimental trip to South America. I wanted to go, and my chance was as good as yours, but when I knew how set you were on it I simply said I had other plans, and the trip came to you. But this time it's different."

Carrington laughed easily. "Oh, you were always a trump, Daisy," he said. "You're a friend worth having. But you can't have the little girl."

"Can't I?" Royal asked, and something in his tone made Carrington look at him sharply. "See here," he demanded, "you haven't asked her?"

"No, I haven't, but I'm going to."

Carrington shrugged his shoulders. "I don't like to say it, Daisy, but I think she likes me best."

Royal clasped his arms about his knees and looked out toward the sea.

"If she should not care to marry me," David said, "I should take one of those steamers and sail and sail and try to forget, Victor."

"If she should not care for me," Carrington said, "I should find another girl."

Royal's eyes flashed. "Do you see now why I won't let you have her?" he asked. "Because you won't make her happy, because she must marry a man who will be constant till he dies."

"Oh, I'd be constant enough," Carrington said, "but that isn't the question now. The question is to get her. And again—I don't like to say it, Daisy, but you aren't exactly a lady's man."

"No, thank heaven," was the succinct reply.

"Well, we won't fight over it," said Carrington. He rose and stretched his tall figure to its full height. And, standing there with the wind blowing his fair hair, the smaller man was forced to admit his beauty and fascination.

And, as if to voice his thoughts, some one said behind them, "Are you worshiping the sun god?"

Carrington turned, and there was Dulcie—Dulcie, the desire of both of their hearts.

"You look like a young brave worshiping," she repeated as she sat down on the grass beside Royal and spread out her rosy flounces.

Carrington laughed. "I would rather worship you."

"I came over to tell you," she said, "that we leave tonight. Father's rheumatism is worse, and we are going to a sanitarium, and he wants you two to come up to the hotel for a farewell dinner. He's going to have everything that's indigestible, from lobster to Camembert. It's a case of eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet."

They laughed, and Carrington said: "I'm glad you wore that gown. You look like a rose."

But David said nothing, and Dulcie asked abruptly, "A penny for your thoughts?"

"They have flown on the wings of the wind," David told her.

"Daisy is dreaming of a girl. He's in love, Miss Carew," laughed Carrington.

Dulcie caught her breath. "In love?"

"Yes. And I'll bet he won't get her."

Royal turned suddenly and looked at his friend. "Please," he said, and his voice was stern, "don't bring her into the conversation. And you needn't bet. I don't dare hope that I can win her."

A shadow lay deep in Dulcie's eyes. "You are talking in riddles," she said. "Are you really in love?"

"He really is," Carrington interposed.

"You must tell me about it." Dulcie tried to speak lightly.

"Perhaps," David said, "you won't care to listen."

As the two men walked to the club house where they were spending the week end Carrington said lazily: "It's up to us to tell Dulcie tonight. You'll be offering me congratulations in the morning, David."

But David's eyes met his squarely. "Don't be too sure, Victor," he said.

But Carrington was so sure that after dinner he took Dulcie down to the beach for a walk, while David and their host smoked on the terrace.

And, in spite of the witchery of waves and moonlight, Dulcie refused him.

David knew what had happened when his friend threw himself into a chair beside him and did not try to see Dulcie alone again.

He did not dream, however, that Carrington would exact from him any further sacrifice for friendship's sake. But that night as they sat together on the beach under the stars Carrington said: "Old fellow, I don't see how I am going to live without her. Let me have another chance before you ask her."

Something of the love that he had felt for the boy, Victor, for whom he had given up honors at school and college, surged into David's heart.

"If she loves me," he said simply, "I can wait. I'll give you another chance, Victor."

But he did not know what his temptation was to be.

Dulcie came down to the beach next morning for her early dip, and in her bathing suit of soft, shimmery green she was like a nymph of the sea.

"Father had a bad spell after you left," she said, "so we shall stay a few days longer."

"David had me up for a swim at dawn," Carrington told her.

She smiled. "I shall try to make the end of the iron pier," she boasted, "and I want to go alone, just to be sure I can do it."

"It's a bit dangerous," David told her anxiously.

"I am as strong as—oh, I am as strong as a mermaid," she said.

And with that she waded in, to strike out presently into deeper water.

The two men, watching her, strolled along the pier. "I hate to see a woman try it," David said again.

As they watched her they saw her hands go up suddenly, and a faint cry came across the water.

"Ah, Royal, she's going down!" Carrington cried and stood staring. But David was stripping off his coat, kicking off his shoes.

"Get a rope and a life belt if you can, Victor," he directed rapidly, "and throw them out to us. I'm going in."

But now Carrington's coat was off. "I'm going in myself. I want to be the one to save her, David."

David turned on him like a tiger. "You always want to be first," he flung out savagely, "but this is my chance, Victor, and no man shall take it from me—no man!" And with that he was over the side of the pier, his strong arms beating the waves as he swam toward Dulcie.

And when he came to her she opened her eyes. "David," she whispered, "oh, David!" And something in her voice made his heart leap.

They went in slowly, not needing the life belt that Carrington flung to them, for love and hope made David strong.

And when they came to the beach Dulcie lay in the sun and revived slowly, and at last she smiled into their anxious faces.

"The water was so cold—and it was some kind of cramp—and then David came—David!" Her voice trailed off, and she shut her eyes.

And at that note of tenderness in her voice Carrington knew as his friend had known.

And because he could not let her hear he took an envelope from his pocket and wrote upon it and handed it to David, and then he rose and went away up the beach.

David, left alone with his love, read what he had written:

"It is you who will have the lion's share this time, Royal. You have her love. And all that I ask now is that from both of you I may get some little share of—friendship."

Getting at the Root.

While visiting the south recently a traveler chanced upon a resident of a sleepy hamlet in Alabama.

"Are you a native of this town?" asked the traveler.

"Am I a what?" languidly asked the one addressed.

"Are you a native of the town?"

"What's that?"

"I asked you whether you were a native of the place?"

At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife, tall, sallow and gaunt. After a careful survey of the questioner she said:

"Ain't you got no sense, Bill? He means was yo' livin' heah when yo' was born or was yo' born before yo' begun livin' heah. Now, answer him."—Success.

"Curing" Married Couples.

If every wife who is trying to cure her husband and every husband who is trying to cure his wife would stop the operation, and all the husbands would devote their energies to curing themselves and all the wives devote their energies to curing themselves, the homes would be a great deal happier than they are today. There are scolding wives who are bending all of their energies to the task of curing their husbands of habits far less detrimental to the happiness of the home than the habit of scolding. There are husbands who have set themselves the task of curing their wives of imperfections of so much less consequence than the infirmities of character and temper possessed by the husband himself.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Supreme Court.

Stealthily the husband opens the front door at 3 g. m., removes his shoes and starts up the stairs in his stocking feet. Suddenly he is confronted by a figure in a long white robe bearing a heavy instrument in her right hand.

"What do you mean by staying out so late?" she demands.

"My dear," he explains carefully, "you know we were married by a justice of the peace, and the municipal court judges say that sort of ceremony isn't legal, so I was consulting with a number of my friends before the bar to get an opinion that would assure me I was married."

Four seconds after he ceased speaking he was handed down a decision that verified his fears or hopes, as the case may have been.—Chicago Post.

In the Aggregate.

"If you must fight, Bobbie, take some one of your size."

"Well, papa, it amounted to the same thing this morning. I licked two boys each of them half as big as I was."—New York Life.

Diplomacy.

Sunday passed, Tuesday rolled around, and still his tall form did not loom in the vestibule when the cuckoo clock was sounding 8. Thursday he came, and the beautiful girl was burning with wrath.

"So this is the way you neglect me!" she hissed. "What have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come?"

"I couldn't," faltered the young man. "I had the dyspepsia, and the doctor advised me not to come."

"What—the doctor told you not to come to see me because you had the dyspepsia?"

"Well, he told me to keep away from all sweets."

The next moment she had him seated on the parlor sofa, telling him he was the nicest young man in the world.—London Express.

Little Willie Knew.

Little Willie, the son of a Germantown woman, was playing one day with the girl next door when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie imperturbably.

"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, awed.

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody! She's got company. So, when I go in, she'll just say, 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'"—Lippincott's.

Fully Appreciated.

Raymond, aged five, returned from Sunday school in a state of evident excitement. He strutted around the room as if about to burst with importance. The sympathetic eye of his mother was not slow to observe this.

"What's the matter, Raymond?" she asked.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the small boy, his eyes sparkling, "the superintendent said something awful nice about me in his prayer this morning."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'O Lord, we thank thee for food and Raymond.'"—Woman's Home Companion.

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

And Also the Reason Why He Was After the Medical Man.

"Yes, your honor," said the man who had been arrested for driving his automobile at an illegal rate of speed. "I admit that I was running thirty miles an hour, but I was going for the doctor."

"Oh, you were going for the doctor, eh? Can you offer any proof to substantiate that statement?"

"Yes. I can bring in the doctor himself as a witness, if necessary."

"Um! That ought to make a difference. The law is explicit, but we must grant that there may be extenuating circumstances. There have been times when the court would have been glad to run thirty miles an hour if the court could have done so. Certainly a man should not be held too strictly to the provisions of the law if he happens to violate it for the purpose of trying to save a life. The court is very strongly inclined to dismiss the case. Did you explain to the officer who arrested you that you were going for the doctor?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Officer, what have you to say?"

"Well, your honor, I asked him, when he said he was going for the doctor, what he was going for the doctor for."

"Yes. That was very sensible. What was he going for the doctor for?"

"For to take the doctor and two young ladies for a ride, as I found out unbeknownst to him."

"Thirty dollars and costs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SWINGING THE ARMS.

The Habit a Relic of the Time When Man Went on All Fours.

Sir Victor Horsley, lecturing before the Medical society of London, explained our habit of swinging the arms when walking, which he stated was quite unnecessary, as a relic of the days when we walked on all fours. Then we had to use arms as well as legs. Although their use serves no purpose when walking upright, we still keep on moving all four limbs alternately or in progression. Sir Victor set forth some new facts concerning the functions of the cerebellum, the mysterious and little understood hind part of the brain.

"Primarily the cerebellum must be regarded," said the lecturer, "as a sensory organ which has an important part in the correct performance of many of our automatic actions. Walking, standing and running are good examples of such actions, which cannot be accurately carried out without a normal, well balanced cerebellum. Newborn animals cannot stand. They sprawl, and before they can stand, walk or run they must acquire this power. For conveniences in life this ability to stand must be secured without the animal having consciously to think what he is doing. The fully developed cerebellum supplies this power unconsciously."

In proof of this Sir Victor pointed out that the cerebellum of a full grown cat showed fully developed cells and fibers, whereas in newborn kittens the brain in the cerebellar portion is not yet organized into active nerve tissues.—New York Times.

DIVING BELL SPIDERS.

Gathering Air For Use In Working Under Water.

The diving bell spiders gather air to use just as a soldier might draw water and dispose it about his person in water bottles. They do this in two ways, one of which is characteristic of many of the creatures which live both in and out of the water, as the spider does. The tail of the spider is covered with black, velvety hair. Putting its tail out of the water, it collects much air in the interstices of the velvet. It then descends, when all this air drawn down beneath the surface collects into a single bubble, covering its tail and breathing holes like a coat of quicksilver. This supply the spider uses up when at work below until it dwindles to a single speck, when it once more ascends and collects a fresh store.

The writer has seen one of these spiders spin so many webs across the stems of water plants in a limited space that not only the small water shrimps and larvae, but even a young fish, were entangled. The other and more artistic means of gathering air employed by the spider is to catch a bubble on the surface and swim below with it. The bubble is then let go into a bell woven under some plant, into which many other bubbles have been drawn. In this diving bell the eggs are laid and the young hatched under the constant watch of the old spider.—London Saturday Review.

How Turner Painted.

If we are to believe Thornbury, the wonderful "Burning of the House of Lords and Commons" was almost entirely painted after the canvas was hung on the walls of the Royal academy. So certain was Turner of himself at that period that he would send to the exhibition just a laid in sketch, trusting entirely to varnishing days to complete the scheme. He would arrive at the academy as early as 4 o'clock in the morning and be among the last to leave in the evening.

Unlike Lawrence, who had to step back constantly to judge of effects, Turner would work, so to say, with his nose to the canvas. When Lord Hill at too close quarters looked at the houses of parliament picture he condemned it as "nothing but dabs." Catching its magical effect from a just distance, however, he exclaimed enthusiastically: "Painting! God bless me! So it is!" According to Thornbury, Turner made a number of sketches of the fire, but produced two pictures only.—London News.

Stolen Place Names.

There are many stolen place names outside Lancashire, the most flagrant instance of theft being afforded by Etruria, in Staffordshire, which annexed this name because Wedgwood's copies of Etruscan pottery were manufactured there. Then in Wales we find Bethesda and Hebron, and in Scotland Joppa, Alexandria and Portobello. Valentia, off the Irish coast, is named after the Spanish town, but this is hardly a case of theft, as the Spaniards themselves bestowed the name on the island. Aspatria, in Cumberland, looks like a name filched from Italy, but is in reality a corruption of Gospatrick.—London Chronicle.

Her Preference.

"Which," asked the artistic youth, "has your greater admiration, poetry or music?"

"Music," answered Miss Cayenne. "It is impossible for the melody of any popular song to be as absurd as the words."—Washington Star.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 29, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. xiii, 1-13. Memory Verse, 8—Golden Text, I Cor. xiii, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We have been reading in the Acts of people in many places who, having heard of the living and true God and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who gave Himself for our sins that He might purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works, a people to represent Him here a little while and then share His kingdom and glory forever, truly received Him and were willing to endure anything for His sake if only they could win others to Him. Paul tells us in this epistle that he would endure anything rather than hinder the gospel of Christ and that his aim was by all means to save some (chapter ix, 12, 22). Believers are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called saints, called unto the fellowship of Jesus Christ our Lord to be laborers together with God, blood bought temples of the Holy Spirit who worketh in each one as He pleases, dividing to each His gifts severally as He will (chapters i, 2, 9; iii, 9; vi, 19, 20; xii, 4-11). If we had the choice of gifts one might prefer wisdom, another knowledge, another faith, another gifts of healing, another tongues, etc., but here Paul says by the Spirit that, while it is well to covet the best gifts, there is a more excellent way, the way of love, and that is our lesson today. To know and believe the love which God hath to us and to live in that love as manifested in Jesus Christ should constrain us to such yieldedness and restful confidence in Him that His choice for us as to place or manner of service will be always most satisfactory to us. Esther might have asked and received many things from the king's chamberlain when her turn came to appear before the king; but, being in herself fair of form and good of countenance, she asked nothing but what the keeper appointed (Est. ii, 7, margin, 15). If our aim is to please our King and be beautiful to Him we will be quite satisfied with all His appointments for us.

Strangely, we have come to a time when the matter of speaking in tongues is very much on some minds, but a study of chapter xiv teaches us that it is better to utter words easy to be understood, even five such words, than ten thousand words which no one can understand (xiv, 9, 19). No name of God or of Christ is found in our lesson chapter; but, as one has said, a photograph of a dear friend does not require the friend's name on it to enable us to recognize it, and we have here a most beautiful word picture of the Lord Jesus, for in no one else was such love ever seen. It seems unnecessary to say that the word "charity" should be "love" as it is in the revised version, and it is evidently the love of John iii, 16; I John iii, 16; iv, 9-11.

The love of God is the greatest thing mortals ever heard of, and the greatest love of mortals is but the faintest reflection of the infinite love of God. The first three verses of our lesson are most startling when we consider how much eloquence and oratory and knowledge and a kind of faith and giving of money and self sacrifice may all go for nothing—just wood, hay and stubble to be burned. When we think of the speaking and singing that abound simply for the money that is in them, and the many other things simply to obtain praise from men or from a sense of duty, and that nothing counts in God's sight that is not from love to Him, is it not all most heart searching? Then see in verses 4 to 7 the quality of this love. It is kind even to those who make it suffer, never jealous or envious or self assertive or proud, never seeks anything for itself, is never provoked, never thinks or speaks evil of any one, rejoices only in what is true and goes on bearing, believing, hoping and being all things for love's sake. It was truly never so seen but in Christ Himself, and yet He desires to reproduce that life in His redeemed ones (II Cor. iv, 10, 11; Gal. ii, 20) and will if we are only willing to die to self and let Him rule in our hearts. It means such a handing over of ourselves to Him that we have no say in anything any more, but that we just live in that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

This age in which we now live, with its teaching and tongues and knowledge, shall give place to a better age in which love shall be more fully seen on earth. There is nothing perfect now on our part. Everything is only in part, as far as our knowledge of God and manifestation of the life of Jesus are concerned, but then we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. Even our bodies shall be like His, immortal, incorruptible (xv, 50-53; Phil. iii, 20, 21). While we shall not be truly of age and enjoy eternal life fully till the resurrection of our bodies, for which even such as Abraham and others still wait (Heb. xi, 39, 40), we should live more than we do in the power of the age to come and not talk and act so much like babes who live only on milk (chapter iii, 1-4). God's child in this world is not what he will be, has not what he will have and sees not what he will see, but while here may receive fully and in childlike simplicity the revelation of God, exercising simple faith in what God says.

The Point of View.

"You sang off the key!" exclaimed the musical director reproachfully.

"Sir!" replied the young but haughty soprano. "What you mean to say is that your orchestra occasionally failed to harmonize with my voice."—Exchange.

A Limited Brother.

"What does you think of bein' up on high?"

"It's all right, I reckon, but you runs a turrible risk of gittin' dizzy."—Atlanta Constitution.

No man can own any more than he can carry in his own heart.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Advice.

He—But I tell you what it is, Maud, if your father is at all unreasonable I shall put my back to the wall and—She—Keep it there. That would be the safest position.—Kansas City Journal.

A word to the wise is not only sufficient; it is altogether too much.—Life.

BILLIARDS--AND SOMETHING ELSE.

The Chance That Came With a Lesson In the Game.

By M. J. PHILLIPS.

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The trouble was that, while Carrick admitted his offense and was anxious to present his excuse, Miss Welland by her manner ignored the existence of an offense and so made excuse impossible. At first blush that sounds all right, but it wasn't.

For how could a fellow secure freedom from his grievous dungeon when the pardon board publicly and officially pretended to believe that he was enjoying the sweet atmosphere of liberty? That was the question which bothered Carrick.

He felt that five minutes' talk with Miss Welland would set everything right. But she was graciously and firmly unapproachable. She insisted on treating him just the same as ever, only more so. And Carrick rattled his dungeon chains, while Miss Welland smiled sweetly on Purves Bland.

Carrick wasn't really to blame. They had been going to the theater Wednesday evening after having waited three weeks to get tickets because everybody else seemed to want to go too. And that very Wednesday afternoon the manager had sent for Carrick.

"Be here at 8 o'clock tonight," he directed. "There will be a special meeting of the board for the purpose of discussing your carbon improvement plan. If we take it up"— His pompous smile was rich with promise.

For a young man whom opportunity had seized by the nape of the neck and was thrusting headlong into prosperity Carrick was singularly unappreciative. He knew how Miss Welland was anticipating seeing "What a Woman Would Do" and the impossibility of securing other tickets during the remainder of the run. Miss Welland's slightest wish was more important just then than a good many other things, so he mentioned "another engagement."

"Then you must break it, Mr. Carrick," said the manager quite decidedly. "Mr. Kern, who is our president and heaviest stockholder, will be here from the west tonight on his way to New York. He can stay only two hours. We can do nothing without his approval. So you see how necessary it is that you attend the meeting."

There seemed no way out of it. Carrick wrote a note to Miss Welland explaining the circumstances, sealed it and rang for a messenger. When a diminutive representative of the A. D. T. arrived Carrick was smitten with a brilliant idea. Why not send the tickets so she could go anyway? So he wrote another note, inclosed the tickets with it and handed both envelopes to the messenger. And the one containing the tickets was never delivered.

All unconscious of this fact, Carrick went back to the office at 8 o'clock. Fifteen minutes later word came that Mr. Kern was delayed by a wreck and that the board meeting would be held next morning.

On the chance that he might yet be in time to escort Miss Welland to the theater he rushed off to find her, only to be informed by the maid that she had gone out. He went on home then, where he was promptly pressed into service by his sister Beatrice, who wanted company as far as Gladys Burton's. And at the Burton door they had encountered Miss Welland.

That young lady had smilingly cut short his explanations before they were begun. Later, when he heard of the nondelivery of the tickets, he tried again. But Purves Bland was now in the play, and explanations were impossible. He never saw Miss Welland unless the hint-impervious Mr. Bland was at her elbow. He haunted balls and recitals and tea fights in an endeavor to tell her of the meeting that didn't come off, but in vain.

Weeks of plotting and planning and waiting for opportunities that never came left him worried and hungry looking. Why rejoice that his carbon improvement scheme was a go when the only girl in the world—it had reached that stage—wouldn't look at him or, worse still, looked at him precisely as she looked at everybody else?

But his persistence won finally. By the assistance of Dick Sargent, engaged and consequently sympathetic he was assured of a monopoly of Miss Welland and the billiard room during a dance at Burton's one night. Dick promised fifteen minutes if he had to hold the cue!" The lesson progressed better after that—for a time.

It came Carrick's shot. The balls had stopped in the form of a triangle. A clever "draw" earned him the billiard. Miss Carrick applauded. "It came as though a magnet were attracting it," she said.

"That being my ball," expounded the teacher, "the same forces act upon it as act on me. A magnet has been drawing me for about two years now. And doesn't the red ball remind you of some one? See how closely it has stayed near your ball since we've been playing!"

"Why shouldn't it?" queried Miss Welland saucily as she shot and missed. "And, anyway, resemblances have nothing to do with the game. You're teaching me billiards, remember."

"Billiards—and something else," said Carrick. "See how the red ball sulks at the lower end of the table. I'm going to stir it up."

His ball clicked Miss Welland's cue ball gently and doubled the corner just in time to be stopped by it. They met square on its return from the cushion and stopped, a few inches apart.

"See how near they are," said Carrick—"no chance for a misunderstanding, no opportunity for theater tickets to get lost en route from one to the other. The red ball is the length of their world away. That's the way they belong, side by side, always."

"What is it called," asked Miss Welland hurriedly, "when one ball prevents the other from going, like that?"

"That," said Carrick, laying down his cue with a certain finality and advancing around the table, "is called a kiss!"

Dick Sargent is in favor of a double wedding, "for," he says, "a fellow needs the moral support of his kind in a crisis." Carrick is building a house with a billiard room in it.

A Decisive Step.

His chum came in and found him slipping a lock of hair into an envelope, not furtively or surreptitiously, but just placing it under cover in a calm, businesslike way.

"Hello!" says the visitor. "What's up?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I'm only sending back Miss Hamilton-Highlow's lock of hair; that's all."

"Engagement off again?"

"Yes."

"How many times does this make?"

"Five. It's final this time, though, one way or the other."

"Does she say so?"

"Oh, she always says it's final. I'm deciding things just now. It's off forever or cards out soon!"

"How do you do it?"

"Little scheme of my own. You know the color of her hair, don't you—warm brown, with a little raw umber in it? Well, this sample of hair I'm doing up is red—good, regular, standard red. I tell you we're going to get down to genuine emotion this time. She'll know whether she loves me or not, and if she does she'll walk me in by the ear."—London Mail.

No Cause For Worry.

"It's sure enough strange how marriage changes some men," commented a Washington Heights dweller to a friend who stood with him on a corner. "Now, see that chap entering my apartment house? He's been married only two weeks, and yet—say, do you see what he's carrying? Well, it's a garbage pail for their new flat. Why, if any one had told him three months ago that he'd carry a garbage pail through the street he'd have been ready to fight. I never saw such a"—

"All right—all right," the friend interrupted. "Tell me about him next year."

"Why?"

"Because he'll be changed back again by that time. Don't worry about the case."—New York Globe.

Not the Time For Magnifying Glasses.

There was a little Scottish boy who had the quality of astuteness highly developed. The boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly, looking up into the old lady's face, he said: "Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad juist like it if ye wad tak' them aff when ye're packin' my loonch."—Liverpool Post.

Playing With Words.

"Matinee idol?"

"Yes."

"Idle?"

"Yes."—Theater Magazine.

The Proper Way.

"I would like to ask," said a lady visiting America for the first time "when you call here do you turn down the end of your visiting card or not?"

"No," said a man; "you bite it in the middle."—Ladies' Home Journal.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.

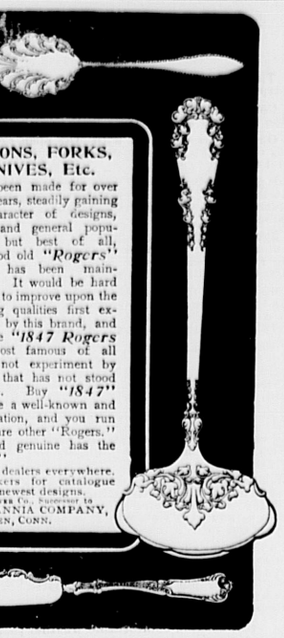
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Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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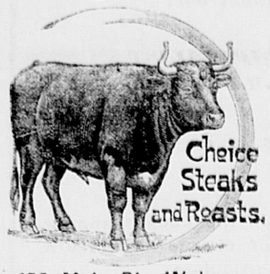
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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.00, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 a. m., 2.30, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 9.00 p. m.
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—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. school-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
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65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
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TREES IN HOLLAND.

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The average Dutch town is an attractive place in the summer months, since practically every street and canal is bordered with shade trees, which shut out the glare of the sun and offer cool and inviting avenues for the exploration of the tourist. The banks of these canals are generally terraced in two levels—the lower one for warehouses and the upper for shops or dwellings, but each elevation is planted with trees.

At best a city is an exceedingly poor location for tree culture. Narrow streets, with tall buildings, exclude the life giving sunlight; asphalt or closely paved walks prevent the necessary moisture from sinking into the ground and nourishing thirsty roots, and leakage from the gas mains is a deadly poison to all vegetation. For this reason care should be exercised in the selection of the variety of trees for street planting in order to get the best results. In Holland time has demonstrated that the elm and linden should be placed in the first rank, for there are many examples of these species in Dutch towns which have withstood the ravages of more than two centuries. The elm appears to be the hardier of these two trees and will live under most rdverse conditions.

The Dutch municipalities expend large sums each year for the preservation of their shade trees, but the results amply justify the cost for maintenance.—Harper's Weekly.

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MISS LAVINIA'S LOVER

The Result of the Search For the Man Who Went Away.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"Well, of course," Miss Lavinia confided, "I am glad to have it, but it's unsettling."

Mrs. Briggs sniffed. "It wouldn't unsettle me if any one left me $10,000 I would know what to do with it."

Miss Lavinia leaned forward eagerly. "What would you do, Jane?" she demanded.

"Oh, well," Mrs. Briggs hesitated. "I'd get some new clothes right away and fix up the house, and entertain my friends, and take a trip and have an automobile"—

"I have thought of those things, but they don't seem to be just what I want, after all. Maybe I'll just put it out at interest."

"Now, look here, Lavinia Latimer," Mrs. Briggs said solemnly, "don't you do any such thing. You've got enough to live on, such as it is, and my advice is to take some of the money and have a good time. Goodness only knows you haven't had many good times."

"No, I haven't," Miss Lavinia admitted somewhat wistfully. "Well, I'll think it over, Jane."

And after Mrs. Briggs had gone Miss Lavinia picked up her big yellow cat and told him her innermost wish. "I'm going to use some of that money to find out where John Forbes is," she whispered, "but I wouldn't tell Jane."

But to look for the man who had left town ten years ago was not an easy matter. And Lavinia Latimer was not wise in methods. But she wanted to know the fate of her old lover, and so it happened that ten days after her talk with Jane Briggs, Miss Lavinia went to town.

"I'm going to buy clothes," was the reason she gave, but when she came to the big town it was not to the stores that she made her way, but to a dusty, musty little office in a squalid street.

"McDermott, private detective," said the sign.

Miss Lavinia was all pink and white and pretty as she stated her case. But Mr. McDermott set her at once at her ease. He was a brisk little man with curly white hair and red cheeks.

"So you want to find John Forbes," he said. "Is he a relative?"

"Oh, no!" And Miss Lavinia blushed.

"Owe you any money?" McDermott demanded.

"Oh, no, no!" Miss Latimer cried distressfully. "We were engaged fifteen years ago, and I couldn't marry him, because I had to stay with my old father and mother—and he—he went away—and I promised that when I was free I would let him know.

"Oh!" McDermott ejaculated, and after a pause, "Were you expecting to find him still single?"

"I—I'm not sure."

McDermott tugged at his mustache. "The chances are that he'll be married."

"Of course," Miss Lavinia agreed, "but I should like to be sure."

"Surely," said McDermott. "You just let me have the case, and I'll bring you news of John Forbes before you know it."

McDermott reported regularly once a week by letter to Miss Lavinia and as regularly received her answers.

Miss Lavinia wrote on pale violet paper that gave forth a perfume of fresh flowers in the stuffy little office. McDermott found himself laying those letters in a little drawer by themselves, and one day in early spring, when he had traveled out into the country on a case, he spied some violets by the wayside. He picked them and brought them home and laid them with the letters in the drawer.

McDermott had money of his own, so that Miss Lavinia's little fortune had no charms for him, but the thought of her delicate presence in his home often came to him with a sense of irresistible attraction.

"But if she finds John Forbes single she will marry him," he would say with a sigh, and the temptation to overlook clews was great.

In June he called on her and found her in her garden with a little low table in front of her on which was set forth a lemonade service. Miss Lavinia was in pale mauve with a hat wreathed with violets. "When you wrote you were coming," she said to McDermott, "I thought you would enjoy it better here in the garden—it's cooler."

"Well, if you knew what a nice change it was from that office in town," sighed the little man.

After that he came often, and gradually it began to be rumored in the town that Miss Lavinia was "keeping company" with a man from the city.

"Well, I must say that I like his looks," Mrs. Briggs told Miss Lavinia when she came over one morning after McDermott had called.

"He is just a business acquaintance," Miss Lavinia protested.

Mrs. Briggs sniffed. "I guess you wouldn't be dressing up in those pretty clothes and waving your hair just for a business man."

Miss Lavinia blushed and sighed. "You don't know how many things I have to look after since I got my money."

To tell the truth, the search for John Forbes began to weigh on her. She realized that with the coming of John Forbes would end the visits of John McDermott.

McDermott continued doggedly with his search. He didn't want to find John Forbes, or if he did find him he hoped that he would be married. But if Lavinia Latimer wanted anything, she should have it.

And as all things must have an end, the time came when John Forbes was located in a small western town.

"It's your John Forbes, all right," McDermott wrote to Miss Lavinia. "He was born in your town and everything tallies. But I don't know whether he is married. I'll find out. I leave on Monday for the west."

"Please," Miss Lavinia wrote back, "don't look him up. Come out and see me before you go—to supper Sunday night, if you will.

It was the first time that she had invited him to a meal, and her preparations were beyond the ordinary. She had in her days of prosperity hired a competent maid, and they brought out the silver and glass, and when McDermott sat down in the dim, fragrant dining room the feast that was set before him on the old mahogany was of broiled chicken and salad and delicate biscuits and strawberries and cream and cottage cheese and all the wonderful gastronomic triumphs of Maryland cooks.

And when he had finished he sat with Miss Lavinia on the front porch.

"I want to ask you a somewhat delicate question," he said, out of the silence of the dusk. "If I find John Forbes is single, what am I to do about it?"

"I don't know," Miss Lavinia faltered.

McDermott hitched his chair forward slightly.

"You love him very much?" he asked suddenly.

"I'm not sure," Miss Lavinia murmured in the darkness.

"Well, there's one thing I would like to say right here," the little man stated. "I wish to withdraw from the case, Miss Lavinia."

"Oh," she gasped, "but I can't do without you!"

"Can't you?" he cried radiantly. "Do you mean that you could love me? I've wanted to tell you how much I loved you for a long time—only there was John Forbes"—

"Oh, I didn't dream"— Miss Lavinia fluttered.

"It's more than human nature can stand," McDermott went on, "to expect a man who loves you to go and bring back another man to marry you."

"Yes," she agreed timidly, "it is. I—I think if you wish it—we will drop the case of John Forbes, Mr. McDermott."

But McDermott didn't drop the case. He went west and looked up the old lover and found him neither single nor married nor dead. But he was divorced and of doubtful reputation.

"He isn't worth another thought," McDermott said hotly when he came back. "And I'm not saying that because I'm prejudiced, either."

"Well, it relieves my mind to know," the lady confessed, "and, anyhow, if I hadn't tried to find him I wouldn't have met you—and"—

"You have promised to marry me in October," said her lover triumphantly, "so who cares for John Forbes or any other man—when you are going to be Mrs. McDermott?"

Remarkable Power.

A dear old lady was taken one day to a musical service in a Boston church. She had heard much about the fine voice of the soprano and was prepared for a treat.

She sat in rapt enjoyment until the service was over and then turned a radiant face toward her escort, who was a young grandson.

"Dear boy," she said, "you've given me a great treat. Her voice is perfectly beautiful. It made cold chills run all up and down my spine."

"It's too bad, grandmamma," said the boy, "but she didn't sing today, though she was there. The gentleman next me says she's been suffering from a bad cold, and one of the chorus had to sing the solos for her."

"What, dear?" said the old lady, looking momentarily distressed. Then her face cleared, and she patted his arm reassuringly.

"Never you mind," she said. "We can come again some time. But, after all, if she can make me feel that way without singing I don't know that it would be wise for me to hear her. Now, would it?"—Youth's Companion.

She Gave Herself Away.

Judge Davis was one day in his private office when he was president of the senate and acting vice president. A woman came into the room to see him. He turned and said, "Well, madam, what can I do for you?" She was neatly dressed in black, with an air of extreme poverty. She told a wretched tale of sorrow and suffering, winding up with the climax that she and her little family were actually starving and had not tasted food for two days. The judge seemed deeply moved. He excused himself for not attending to the case for the moment, as the senate was nearly ready to open. He looked at his watch with an air of vexation, as if it were not going, and said, "Can any one tell me what time it is?" His visitor pulled out a gold watch and told him the time. The judge said, "Can it be true that your children have been without food for two days when you have a gold watch in the house?" The woman saw the point of the judge's question and called out, "You are a hateful old thing!" and flounced out of the room. She was a professional deadbeat.

His Comment.

Howell—What did the poor fellow say when they picked him up with a broken leg after being knocked down by a trolley car? Powell—That it was the first time in his life that he hadn't had to wait for a car.—New York Press.

All Affected.

Sprigg went to a noted physician to ask advice as to his health. In pompous tones he addressed the doctor:

"I—ah—have come to—ah—ask you—ah—what—what is—ah—the doosid mattaw with me—ah?"

"I find your heart is affected," said the physician gravely.

"Oh—ah—anything else—ah?"

"Yes; your lungs are affected too."

"Anything—ah—else—ah?"

"Yes; your manners are also affected."—London Answers.

Hypothetical Questions.

"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" said one boy.

"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.

"What are they?"

"Questions that she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Washington Star.

A LAKE THAT RAN AWAY.

It Changed the Face of a Part of Northern Vermont.

One hundred years ago the sites of Glover and Barton, in the northern part of Vermont, were mostly swamp land. A mill was located by a brook which was fed from one of the large ponds three or four miles from what is now the village of Glover. These mountain ponds or lakes, two or three miles square, are high up in the Green mountains and are among the most attractive spots in New England.

On June 6, 1810, three men went up the brook to see if a little more water could be let down to the mill. They removed some earth, when suddenly the quicksands gave way, and they saw that the whole lake was liable to be upon them.

Frantically they questioned, "Who will save the miller and his wife?"

Spencer Chamberlain, the fleetest of foot, ran as fast as possible through the tangle of thick woods to give warning, while the other men escaped to higher ground. He found the miller away and the miller's wife grinding at the mill. She became helpless with horror; but, breathless as her rescuer was from his flight, he succeeded in dragging and carrying her up the hill out of reach of the rushing water. The miller's horse was drowned and all of his hard earned property swept away in a twinkling.

The water rushed along, carrying everything before it, digging out ravines, filling up hollows and making a new surface to the land generally, some of it reaching Lake Memphremagog, more than a dozen miles away. It brought down so much sand that it filled the swamps and made them fit for habitation.

The site of the lake is now called Runaway pond or Dry pond and the road leading to it Runaway road. The ground which was once the bed of the lake is spongy and shakes when walked upon. Hay is grown there, but has to be cut by hand and carried off on pitchforks, as a horse would sink into the soggy mass.—Boston Globe.

TIDES OF PUGET SOUND.

The Swift and Turbulent Waters of the Narrows.

The waters of the narrows are treacherous. It is a place of terrible tides. Viewed from the precipitous shores, the surging waters are magnificent. The scene has been compared with the Hudson above New York city. The waters of that part of Puget sound which extends to Olympia, Mud bay, Shelton and Henderson bay, a vast inland sea within itself, all flow in and out of the narrows.

In the upper reaches of the sound some twenty-five or thirty miles from the narrows the tides attain a height of more than twenty feet. When the tides begin to fall all the accumulated water rushes out through the narrows like a great river at flood. In like manner when the tide sets in the direction of Olympia the narrows become a swift and turbulent stream. Frightful whirlpools are numerous. Streams running powerfully in contrary directions strike and the water boils.

Large steamboats struck by the contrary currents groan and creak and sway under the strain. This being so, it is no wonder that small craft often overturn in the narrows. A whirlpool has been known to seize a rowboat and twist it round and round until the rowers almost despaired of coming out alive. It is a marvelously beautiful water with all its terrors, and hundreds and thousands will continue to find pleasure there, notwithstanding its occasional tragedies. The rumble of the tides when running at full is like the distant rumble of the ocean. The terrors of the sea are an element of its charm, and so it is with the terrors of the narrows.—Tacoma Ledger.

Two Apologies For a Hat.

A Kansas City man who had lost his hat at a public function in that metropolis caused the following unique advertisement to be published in the local papers:

The undersigned will deem it a great favor if the gentleman who inadvertently took the undersigned's new silk hat on the occasion of the reception of the Lotos club, leaving an inferior headpiece instead, will have the goodness to return said silk hat. Not only will the gentleman receive the undersigned's warmest thanks for his kindness, but the apologies of the undersigned—the apology for the trouble the undersigned may have caused him and "the apology for a hat" which he has conferred upon the undersigned.

—St. Louis Republic.

The Old Style.

No, this is not Esperanto:

Koom oobaw thez yelauoo sandz
And then baak handz;
Koortsid hwen eeoo haav and kist
The wayld waavz hwist.

Nor is it the song of a boy scout who is imitating the bellow of the hedgehog and at the same time whistling between his teeth. No; it is Shakespeare's lyric, "Come unto these yellow sands," etc., as rewritten after the Elizabethan style.—London Globe.

Free from Alcohol

Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best always. This is our advice.

We publish our formulas.

Ayer's We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

A sluggish liver means a coated tongue, a bad breath, and constipated bowels. The question is, "What is the best thing to do under such circumstances?" Ask your doctor if this is not a good answer; "Take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills."

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

JOKES ON MONARCHS.

Some Daring Pranks Played Upon Royal Personages.

A FLOWER FOR THE KAISER.

Decorations That Made His Majesty Explode With Wrath—A Medical Diploma For a Prince of Wales—The Duke and the Stockbrokers.

Some years ago a paragraph appeared in a Berlin daily stating that Prince Henry, who had just returned from his visit to the United States, had brought home as a present to his brother a number of plants of a new variety of crimson carnation. "As every one knows," the paragraph concluded, "the red carnation is his imperial majesty's favorite flower."

On the day after the publication of this news the kaiser was due at Aix-la-Chapelle. A member of the town council suggested that every one in the town wear a buttonhole of the kaiser's favorite flower.

The suggestion was at once acted on. The frock coated members of the deputation which waited next morning on the platform each wore proudly a buttonhole of the deepest crimson.

The poor fellows could not conceive why the kaiser's demeanor was so freezing. He dismissed them with a few words, got into his carriage and drove off.

At the town hall was another deputation, similarly decorated. Then his majesty's wrath exploded. "What is the meaning of this insult?" he demanded. Some one explained, and then one of the kaiser's attendants took the mayor aside. "My dear sir," he said, "surely you know that the red carnation is the emblem of the Social Democrats and of all flowers the one which his majesty chiefly detests!"

Many years ago King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, was the subject of a stupid hoax. He received a letter informing him of his unanimous election as honorary member of the Princeton medical faculty and signed by three students. With his invariable courtesy the recipient requested his private secretary to acknowledge it. The reply said, "His royal highness will remember with pride and satisfaction the mark of distinction received at the hands of the Princeton medical faculty."

As a matter of fact, there is not and never was such an organization.

As impudent a hoax as ever was heard of was perpetrated in 1904 upon a Belgian paper. A letter purporting to be in the handwriting and above the signature of Princess Louise of Coburg was received by the editor, who very foolishly published it without first assuring himself as to its genuineness.

This letter gave a long catalogue of the wrongs of Princess Louise and of her sisters and constituted a most brutal attack upon her father, the king of the Belgians.

The letter was at once copied by a number of other papers, including more than one in England. Naturally it gave great pain to the princess herself, and the only wonder is that a prosecution for libel was not the immediate result.

Some years ago a young American woman who was staying in Copenhagen made a bet with a friend that she would propose to the king of Denmark.

On one of the king's public reception days the American lady found her way to the royal residence.

"What can I do for you, madam?" asked the king.

"Your majesty, I desired to ask you if you would like to marry me?" was the reply.

The king merely smiled.

"I am afraid I am a little too old," he said, and at the same moment he beckoned to one of the officials to conduct the lady to the door. He had put her down as a harmless lunatic.

A joke of rather a rough order was played upon the first cousin of the emperor of Austria, the Archduke Salvator, once when he was in Paris. He was passing the bourse—the Parisian equivalent of the Stock Exchange—when his companion, a lanky young French count, suggested that he might look inside.

"If you walk straight in," he said, "no one will notice you. They will take you for a stockbroker."

The duke took him at his word, but of course he was no sooner inside than he was recognized as a sightseer. His silk hat was instantly spirited away, and he was at once surrounded by a mob of dealers with notebooks shouting fabulous offers to buy or sell stock.

The duke had a desperate struggle to reach the front lobby, and when at last he got there, hatless and breathless, he found that some genial soul had pinned a long price list to the tails of his coat.

It is not likely that any reigning sovereign ever got a more unpleasant scare than did Ferdinand of Bulgaria some five years ago. His private secretary, a young baron, was away in Austria on a vacation when a letter arrived for his royal master announcing that he did not propose to return and that he would be glad for the sum of £40,000; otherwise, he wrote, he would be compelled to sell a number of secret documents which he had taken away with him.

Instantly Prince Ferdinand dispatched a couple of secret service envoys in chase of his missing secretary, whom they ran to ground peacefully shooting on his own estate. Further investigation proved the missive to be nothing but a hoax.—London Answers.

That's Different.

"Here's a case where fear turned dark hair yellow."

"Fear turned the hair yellow! Bosh!"

"Fear of being out of style."—Exchange.

Reproved.

The Young Doctor—Just think; six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.—New York Life.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 3, 1909.

THE "THREE RS."

It is a notion of ours that public schools do not give sufficient attention to the "three Rs"—reading, writing and arithmetic. The following statement has back of it the authority of a New England magazine and seems to present evidence that we are correct:

In Cleveland, Ohio, which has a school system up to the average, only 3 teachers out of 1,312 reported satisfactory results in reading in grades 5 to 8 inclusive. A committee selected a representative 8th grade class and gave each pupil a memorandum of purchases of articles requiring him to make out a receipted bill. It was an easy task for 5th grade pupils, but these 8th grade pupils mispelled on an average over 25 percent of the words; 33 percent failed to use the debtor's name; only 11 percent receipted the bill, and but 33 percent figured the bill correctly. A similar slip was prepared for about 200 representative 5th grade pupils covering four simple rules in arithmetic and percentage. Over one half failed in addition, and 22 in subtraction; only 22 were correct in multiplication; 86 failed in division; while over onethird failed in percentage. In a spelling contest, with 50 common words, out of 144 pupils who turned in papers, but one was perfect, while in the worst one quarter of the words were correct. The errors averaged 13 to a competitor. The teachers attributed this poor showing to the time spent in drawing and physical culture, and the undue attention paid to preparation for holiday exercises and public exhibits.

The magazine referred to, in commenting on this state of affairs, says: "It is true that the average high school American boy in New England is not fitted for even ordinary clerkship positions."—*American Boy.*

The WOBURN JOURNAL has, for a long time, been of the opinion that the "Three Rs" are woefully neglected in the public schools of the country, and the above fully sustains that opinion.

It is fair to conclude that if similar tests were made in New England schools, the results would prove as unfavorable as those applied in the Cleveland schools. We have had proof of it innumerable times in the last few years.

CANDIDATES FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

Among the several respectable gentlemen who desire the Republican nomination for Representative to the Massachusetts General Court this fall and are working to carry the caucuses to be held on Sept. 21, is, so we hear, Hon. George F. Bean. He has not advertised his candidacy in the public prints, nor do we understand that he is doing special work to secure a nomination. His friends tell us that Mr. Bean is a candidate simply because he would like to represent this District in the Legislature, asks for Republican support on that ground, and will feel duly thankful for it.

Mr. Bean does not propose to enter into a personal squabble, nor an unseemly political fight, for the honor of a nomination; but if a majority of the Republicans should prefer him to either of the other gentlemen, all personal friends of his, it would be very gratifying to him to have them manifest such preference at the caucuses on the evening of Sept. 21.

On the score of effective work done for the party no Republican in Woburn is more worthy of the honor of a nomination for Reprssentative than Mr. Bean.

☞ It is said that Mr. Taft is going to make the tariff the principal subject of his speeches during his long Western tour. Hasn't the country had enough of tariff talk? Why wouldn't it be better now to say nothing and saw wood for awhile, and see how the Payne law works.—*Boston Paper.*

It is generally thought our way that the President's Western "swing around the circle" is to be undertaken almost wholly for the purpose of reconciling the people out there to the new tariff, which isn't liked any too well by them. With those smart Western U. S. Senators opposed to the Aldrich-Payne tariff, Mr. Taft evidently realizes that his presence and labors are necessary to straighten political matters out in the West; so, he is going there to make speeches and induce the Republicans to accept the new schedules, or, at least, to keep quiet about them.

☞ It is rumored that Mayor Bond will decline a second election this fall, and that he has said as much to his friends. He has made a good Mayor and there can be no doubt but that a large majority of the voters of this city would be glad to help him to a reelection. But, it is said, he don't want another term, nor does he feel that he can afford to take the office again. As Manager of the Hide & Leather Company's big tanning business here Mr. Bond don't see how he can possibly accept another election, so his closest acquaintances affirm, and, perhaps, what they say is true. Mayor Bond has given satisfaction in the discharge of his official duties, and it would be a good thing for the city if he could be prevailed upon to take a second term.

☞ The Mass. State Board of Agriculture have issued a circular in which they announce a serious shortage in the present apple crop in this State. This was predicted in the early summer, but it was laughed at by a great many people who professed to know better. The Board, however, now say the conditions of the crop are more unfavorable than were the predictions. From which it will be seen that the American apple belt, of which Boston is the capitol, is bound to suffer this fall and next winter, from the loss of its favorite dessert staple.

☞ The Democratic State convention is to be held in Faneuel Hall on Sept. 30. There are now two candidates in the field for Governor, and more are likely to put in claims for nomination before the convention comes off.

☞ There is a long list of Woburn Republicans from which the party might select a candidate for the Legislature and make no mistake. Scores of them could be named anyone of whom would, as member of the House, be a credit to the city. Our object should be to send, as our Representative, a man of tried character, of high standing in community, of influence, a man who would command the respect of his fellow members. The Republicans of this city have a plenty of such men in their ranks, and a judicious choice from among them for a candidate ought to be an easy thing to make.

☞ In view of the near approach (Sept 4) of the Republican caucuses matters political are beginning to liven up all along the line. In Boston the municipal campaign has put on steam and is under pretty fair headway, but that of the State is receiving only scant attention from the politicians, owing, of course, to the fact that it is to be, as usual, a onesided affair. In this city things are still quiet, but little ripples on the surface here and there indicate that something will be doing later on. The Republicans are looking for the best and strongest man in the party for Representative candidate. They will soon find and elect him in November.

☞ The Labor Unions of this State have perfected arrangements by which they hope to defeat the reelection of Governor Draper next November. Although they are able at any time to muster a strong voting force, and are a unit in their determination to beat Draper, it isn't at all likely that it will be possible for them to come anywhere near effecting their purpose; but their recent action may, nevertheless, create a panicky feeling among the politicians at the Republican Headquarters in Boston.

☞ The Republican State convention is to be held in just a month from yesterday, towit, Oct. 2. The President, Chairman of Committee on Resolutions, and, perhaps, some other officers of the meeting, have been selected by the State Committee, which insures harmony, a peaceful convention, and a refreshing political season, generally. It is not expected that Senator Lodge will make a speech being excused on account of the recent death of his son.

☞ The "1915" Boston Exposition will be held from November 1 to November 27 in the Old Art Museum building in Copley Square. It is expected to be a collection of exhibits by many diversified agencies engaged in work for the improvement of the city. Its object is to show the citizens of Boston and the surrounding places within the Metropolitan area what are the present needs of the city and how those needs may be met.

☞ The Massachusetts State election will be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November next, which will be the 2nd day of said month. No sane person doubts that the present list of State officers will be reelected, the same being headed by Governor Eben S. Draper, with Lt. Gov. Frothingham a close second.

☞ North Reading, according to the arrangement made by the Republican Committee of this Representative District, is entitled to one candidate in 10 years, and this is its year. There are already four aspirants in the field, namely: Arthur F. Upton, Irving F. Bachelder, Joseph D. Gowing, Woodbury P. Lefavour. If the fight gets too hot, perhaps they will fall back on Representative Killam.

☞ Will the Woburn Democracy nominate a candidate for the General Court, or let the other town have both. Since Woburn became a Republican city the Democrats haven't taken much interest in politics.

☞ President Taft has rented his present Beverly residence for next year's Summer Capital, which shows that he thinks a heap of the North Shore.

☞ The Legislature to be elected on Nov. 2 next will deal with the question of a Constitutional Amendment to allow of imposing an income tax by the government.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Maude Littlefield—Piano.
Samuel W. Mendum—Card.
Bernard J. Golden—Citation.

— There was another fine rain last Wednesday.

— Mrs. Sarah Clough Phinney has got home from No. Conway, N. H.

— Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons have taken up their regular communications again.

— Thomas's "Old Farmers Almanack" predicts warm weather about this time.

— Ald. Highley and lady went to Portland, Me., last Saturday for a week's visit.

— The S. of V. Ladies Auxiliary are holding regular sessions again after their vacation recess.

— A very light frost was reported in this city last Tuesday morning, in especially exposed places.

— Mrs. Edwin F. Wyer is taking her vacation in Vermont, while the Captain takes his at the postoffice desk.

— Dr. Harry Wyer, son of Postmaster Wyer, and family left here a few days ago for their home in St. Louis, Mo.

— They say the potato crop is abundant and of a fine quality this fall. Which is cheering news for the lovers of the esculent.

— A piece of typographical work from the brain and hand of Harry M Call, formerly a leading Woburn printer, has our approval.

— Summer ended and autumn followed on last Wednesday, although the almanacs persist in saying fall does not arrive until Sept. 21.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell of Pleasant street have been entertaining their granddaughter, Beatrice Hartwell of Worcester lately.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.



For Sale by

McLaughlin & Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

"SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are **$1.00, $1.25, $2.50.** Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

McLaughlin & Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

— Mrs. Minnie Nichols left for her home at North Weare, N. H., last Tuesday.

— William T. Kendall, Thomas Moore and John G. Connolly had a good time at Providence last Wednesday.

— Collector Gray conducted auction sales of real estate for nonpayment of taxes at his office last Saturday. The attendance was quite large.

— The Rupp benefit ball game on Library Park last Saturday the No. Woburns beat the Winchesters 18 to 3. The game netted about $100 for Rupp.

— President Elbridge Gerry Barker of the Barker Lumber Co. has been entertaining his grandson, Elbridge Barker, of Montgomery, Ala., this week.

— Having by that time finished his vacation, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D., will resume his duties and preach at the First Baptist church next Sunday, Sept. 5.

— Another serious break in the new pump at the Waterworks occurred last Tuesday. The pump cost $30,000, but, luckily, has not yet been accepted by the city.

—Messrs. Abijah Thompson, J. Fred Leslie, W. P. Warren and A. R. Linscott attended the reunion of the 39th Regiment, M. V. at Revere Beach last Monday.

— Business as a commercial traveler has compelled Mr. Wallace Turner to resign the Presidency of the Cummingsville Y. P. S. C. E., which is very much regretted.

— Remarkable how few thunder storms we had right around here during the summer which ended last Tuesday. But there is time enough left for a few more of them before snow flies.

— Mr. Lewis A. White, the well known barber in the JOURNAL block, has been appointed Deputy Fish and Game Warden for this section of Massachusetts. He is a great fisherman.

— At the International London boatraces at Marblehead this week Mr. Henry A. Howard, Manager of the Merrimac Chemical Co., is official umpire, an important office, for which he is well fitted.

— Serg't. Frank H. Kean of Co. G, 5th Regt. (Woburn,) made a good showing at the great National shooting match at U. S. Camp Perry in Ohio last week. The Massachusetts team won 3d place.

— We heard last Wednesday that Master Low of the High school and family had returned, in good health and spirits, from their vacation outing, which, the JOURNAL trusts, was a restfull and pleasant one.

— Wednesday, Sept. 1, was a hot, muggy day—a genuine dogday. Such days are generally quite common in September, but we have had only an occasional one of that kind, during the present reign of the Dogstar.

— Now that Mr. Fred Stanley has returned from a good long, and highly enjoyed, restingspell, there is sure to be something extra going on by the way of trade at the Boston Branch grocery from now to Christmas, including Thanksgiving.

— Miss Marion Hortense Taylor of 23 Pleasant street has returned from a somewhat lengthened and exceedingly pleasant sojourn in New Hampshire. Her mother, Mrs. George H. Taylor, accompanied Miss Marion Hortense on her homecoming journey.

— We see by the papers out there that in some Western localities Labor Day is called Horseshoe Day, and is observed by holding horseshoe pitching tournaments, in which whole counties often participate, and at which valuable prizes are awarded to the victors. It is, probably, the old game of quoits revived under another name, and the employment of horseshoes instead of rings or plates, which were used in pitching quoits.

— Dr. Eph Cutter is still on top of the earth, a phrase sometimes substituted for life, and a resident, in summer, at least, of West Falmouth on the Cape. A newspaper clipping headed "Prayers Answered" from him convinces us of the accuracy of the above couclusion.

— Mr. George E. Fowle of this city enjoyed the annual reunion of the 39th Regiment Association at Revere Beach last Monday, and what enhanced the pleasure of it was that he was elected Vice President of the Association. Mr. Abijah Thompson was the oldest voter at the reunion.

— A postcard from Mrs. C. M. Strout at Ogunquit, Wells, Maine, is ornamented with a bathing scene on the beach near which we used to go fishing for plaice when a lad. Ogunquit river was great water for plaice, and outside, in the deep, there were hake and haddock galore.

— The price of milk has advanced to 9 cents in Boston, with a suggestion by the dealers that it may go up another cent in the near future. So far as heard from, 8 cents a quart is still the charge in Woburn; and that is as much as it is worth, considering that the drouth is broken.

— McLaughlin & Dennison, druggistf at 417 Main street, are having a fine trade in "The Herbrand Safety Razor," the best that is made, and sold at the lowest prices — only onehalf the price of other brands. The demand for Herbrand's is sharp and growing, the above firm are finding out.

— Dear children, are you pretty nearly ready to take in hand your schoolbooks again and resume work as students of our public institutions of learning, determined, as Scotland's immortal Poet, Robert Burns, wrote, to "do or die" in the laudable pursuit of more knowledge? We hope so.

—Stephen Bean, who has been spending a couple of months at Block Island, off the Rhode Island coast, with Dr. Frank Clarke, who was formerly, and while a medical student at Harvard (a likely product of Franklin county, Maine,) submaster of the Woburn High school, returns home this week.

— Fred W. Marion, Agent of State Board of Health, had several milkmen up before Judge Johnson of the District Court last Saturday who he charged with adulterating the milk which they sold to their customers. They were all fined. To water milk is about as mean a business as can be imagined.

— Please read carefully the card of Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., Lawyer, in this paper. Please mind, too, that the Kimball Building, into which he has moved, is a new office structure, and that it is located on the site of the old Boston Museum. Esquire M will be glad to receive Woburn friends in his new quarters.

— Vivid lightning and loud thunder were features of the short, but refreshing, rainfall of last Sunday afternoon gratefully experienced here; but the storm was not nearly so heavy in this city as in Lynn, Swampscot, and some other points along the Mass. seacoast. A cool autumn night followed the afternoon shower.

— We do not know whether Mr. George W. Copp, the Cummingsville farmer, wants the JOURNAL to help him get a city office this fall, or not; but are absolutely certain that the large sized load of agricultural products that he generously dumped into our family porringer a few days ago was as fresh and eatable as any that ever grew from the ground.

— Miss Maude Hortense Littlefield, the accomplished musician and popular piano and violin teacher of this city, inserts her autumn school and classes announcement in this issue of the JOURNAL, to which especial attention is directed. She occupies a prominent post in the front ranks of the profession; and as instructor on the musical instruments named above she has no successful rival in these parts.

— Mrs. George H. Newcomb has returned from a week's sojourn at Gloucester by the Sea.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake, if our reporter is not in error, has returned from her summer outing.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols and son Wallace, who have been staying on Mr. Nichol's ranche on Littlejonn's Island, Casco Bay, of late, have arrived at their home at Nichols Corner.

— The bouquet that Mr. White brought us yesterday from Mr. C. M. Strout's blooming garden measured 4 fee. in circumference and was 2 feet and 2 inches high. It was composed of many kinds of beautiful flowers which made a brilliant appearance.

— Last Tuesday the Woburn thermometers, which are noted for the reliability of their weather reports, showed the temperature here to be at 6 o'clock, just 42 degrees above zero, or only ten degrees above the freezing point. If that was'nt a corker for August, then we confess that we don't know what a corker really is, although it was a favorite word with President Roosevelt when he was in office.

— The C. E. & E. A. Fisher Leather Co., whose plant was destroyed by fire at Bethel, Vt., last April and who have since then carried on their manufacturing business at Woburn and Peabody, have bought and taken possession of the plant of the Franklin Haddock Leather Co. at Lynn, which is assessed at $69,000. They have discontinued their two factories at Peabody, but are to continue their Woburn plant, which manufactures japanned leather.

— Three of the talented Heartz sisters of Bennett street are getting ready to return to work in the schools they have been teaching of late. Grace goes back to the Wolfboro (N. H.) Academy, of which she has been Assistant Preceptor for several years, next Monday, Sept. 6; Angie goes on duty at the Stoughton school on Monday, Sept. 13; and Gertrude, as Supervisor of two schools, resumes her task with the advent of the first fall month. The three young ladies are college graduates, and smart.

— Some of our orchardists, or agriculturists, may be interested in the following item which the JOURNAL thinks it received from Mr. William W. McDonald, brother of the late Joseph B. McDonald, whose residence is at Pittown, Walls End, New South Wales: A South Australian orchardist, Mr. Lawson, last year made a mixture of honey and arsenic for the destruction of ants, but he found to his surprize that the larvae of the codlin moth ate the poison, and died off in large numbers. An inspection this year failed to reveal the traces of a single moth in his garden.

— The public schools of this city are to resume work next Thursday, or Sept. 9. It is expected that everyone connected with them, from Supt. Clapp down to the toddler, will be ready for business on that date, the scholars imbued with a determination to gather in and salt down every particle of booklearning possible during the current year. Every school in the city is fully equipped with the very best instructors; the schoolhouses are in perfect condition; the Board of Education are alive to the needs of the schools and stand ready to meet them; then, why not go ahead and learn things?

— According to knowledge we have gleaned from the most reliable sources, reenforced by careful personal observation, we do not hesitale to state that nearly all of the Woburn summer vacation outers are at home again pursuing the peaceful occupations of domestic life. Faces that have been absent for many weeks past are once more seen on the streets, the highways are more densely thronged; stores and shops are alive with buyers; and the increased church attendance testifies, more than anything else, to the return of the habitual worshipers. It is good to see the men, women and children back in their homes again.

— Considerable interest is felt in the case of a Woburn lady who Rev. Dr. Stewart, the father of Dr. Vernon Stewart of 16 Summer street, this city, has been treating for varicose veins, in which, it is claimed, he has had wonderful success. He calls his treatment "Bloodless Surgery," which is understood to be somewhat similar to "divine healing" with a massage attachment, capable of producing remarkable effects. It is reported that the lady has received great benefit and is on the way to completely restored health, as is, also, a Chelsea woman who Rev. Mr. Stewart has recently been doctoring.

— Next Sunday, Sept. 5, will witness the end of the Dogstar's reign for this year, at least. For 40 days, or since July 25, he has held the scepter, but has failed to wield it as vigorously as has usually been the case with his predecessors. Indeed, there has been but very little typical dogday weather during that period it being possible to count the number of days of it, so far, on the fingers, exclusive of the thumb, on anybody's one hand. There has been a remarkable absence of those "muggy" days which characterizes the reign of the dogstar, although there have been some very hot ones, with numerous cold spells sandwiched in between.

— Mrs Sophronia Harrington gave $50,000 with which to provide and maintain a Winchester Hospital. A Board of Trustees was legally incorporated who, at their first meeting, lately held, voted not to accept the donation on the grounds that the amount was insufficient to buy a lot, erect buildings, and insure a permanent maintenance of the institution. The $50,000 will be returned to Mrs. Harrington, provided Attorney General Malone, who is looking up the law, decides that the Trustees have a right to do so. It looks as if their course was a sensible and judicious one, and seems to sustain the JURNAL's idea respecting the maintenance of the Choate Hospital by taxation.

"Say, paw," said little Sammy Short. "Mr. Silverton told me today that I was a second edition of you."

"That was nice of him," rejoined Old Man Short. "How did he come to say it?"

"I struck him for a quarter," answered Short Junior.—*Chicago News*

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

That baseball is the American game, that it is a game with which every one is familiar and over which enthusiasm can be aroused, was never better demonstrated than one afternoon recently in New York, when Cecil Lean, who had long been the star of the Kirke La Salle Company, sat on the back of a davenport, in his shirt sleeves and his coat over his arm and sang a song called "The Fan." This happened in a New York Theatre and before the chorus was finished crowded houses were shouting like wild. Lean with the song caught the spirit of the ball game and every move he made was a picture. He woke up next morning to find himself the most talked about comedian in New York.

CASTLE SQUARE.

For his second week at the Castle Square Theatre, beginning next Monday, Mr Craig announces another play new to Boston. It is "Glittering Gloria," and it is a roaring farce that has well been called "the funniest of all plays." Written by C. M. S. McLellan, who is best known as the author of "Leah Kleschna," its humor and plot are of the sort that leave no time for anything but laughter, and the heartiest of laughter. Gloria, who gives her title to the play is the much photographed chorus girl of the Utopia Theatre in London, and her experiences as the result of receiving a $25,000 diamond necklace as a present, starts the fun and the mirth.

THE GAIETY.

The splendid policy of high toned burlesque so successfully inaugurated and maintained last season at this beautiful theatre, is being kept up here again; in fact it might be truthfully said that never has the style and character of the entertainments here reached as high a pinnacle as right at the present time. The Gaiety can without challenge stand as the leading exponent of burlesque and extravaganza in the city of Boston. No further proof would be needed than a visit here this week, where the "Merry Whirl" Co. is entertaining vast crowds at every performance.

CLEANING MACHINES.

Pneumatic cleaning machines are among the most popular of the new electrically operated apparatus now in use. These machines have become especially popular since they have been made in sizes small enough so that they could be moved from room to room by the housemaid or even the lady of the house herself.

This machine picks up all the dirt without scattering it around as does the broom; there is no disturbance of the household routine and the house is kept so clean every day that there is really no occasion for the turmoil incident to house cleaning in the old fashioned way once or twice a year. The power that sucks the dust from the floor and out of the rugs and from behind pictures and book shelves is furnished by a little electric motor which connects right into the nearest electric light socket.

Literary Notices.

How firmly rooted in the heart of Young America is baseball is eloquently portrayed in the picture on the front cover of the September AMERICAN BOY. The contents of this issue can not fail to interest and delight every reader There are more chapters of the fine serials, The Young Continentals at Lexington and Winning His Shoulder Straps. The regular departments are filled with the information specially desired by boys who love to do things. In addition there are 75 illustrations. $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Cannon—The Request.

Woburn, Mass., Aug. 26, 1909.

To The Honorable Board of Commissioners, Woodbrook Cemetery, Woburn, Mass.

Gentlemen:—A few months since a piece of artillery, mounted, was secured from the War Department by citizens of this City.

It is desired that the same be placed upon the Soldiers' and Sailors' Lot within Woodbrook Cemetery.

We respectfully request that the lot of land upon which has been erected the beautiful tribute to the memory of our departed heroes, be embellished with this field piece, once actively instrumental in preserving to future generations the integrity of the Union.

Very respectfully,
EDWIN F. WYER
CHARLES F. REMMINGTON
ARTHUR W. WHITCHER

THE RESPONSE.

Woburn, Mass., Sept. 1, 1909.

Hon. Edwin F. Wyer, Woburn, Mass.

Dear Sir:—Your note informing the Cemetery Commissioners that a piece of artillery has been secured from the War Department by the citizens of this city, which they wish to be placed on the Soldiers' Lot in Woodbrook Cemetery, has been received:

I am directed by the Cemetery Commissioners to inform you that they appreciate the patriotic spirit by which you are animated, and that they will see that the gift is properly placed and well cared for.

The foundation will be ready on Wed., Sept. 8.

Yours very respectfully,
ANDREW R. LINSCOTT,
Clerk of Cemetery Commissioners.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

CARD.

Mr. Samuel W. Mendum, Counsellor-at-Law, announces that he has removed his Boston offices to the Kimball Building, 18 Tremont street, Rooms 310 and 311. Tel. Fort Hill 2381.

Hours at Woburn offices, 8 to 9 A. M. daily, and Saturday evenings, 7.30 to 9.

Residence: 16 Arlington Road. Tel. Wob. 272-1.

Housekeeping as a Business.

Requires brains and executive ability on the part of the housekeeper.

There are so many details in the provisioning and management of the household that a woman must have help in order to do everything.

The business man would not think of trying to do business without a telephone.

Is it fair for him to expect his wife to try to do business without one?

HE IS THE CAPITALIST,
SHE IS THE MANAGER.

A residence telephone is as necessary as an office telephone.

Call up the Local Manager free of charge and learn the particulars.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Wilmington.

This town is becoming very much of a resort for summer boarders. A good many Boston people have been here this season, and the number of them increases every year. It is a charming old country town, and people who come into it for rest and pleasure during the hot weather like it. Its situation is elevated; the air is pure and bland; it is an exceedingly healthy town; and then, its constant quiet and repose is just what tiredout city people want and need. City people, too, are building summer homes here; some good houses are going up; and Wilmington is bound to grow and soon become one of the most popular country summer resorts near Boston.

Like a Mental Moving Picture.

Baker—People who have been near drowning say that in an instant all the events of their past lives are presented to their mental vision. Barker—I don't believe it. Baker—Why not? Barker—If it were true they wouldn't allow themselves to be rescued.—Life.

The Advantage.

Phyllis—I suppose Kenneth's marrying you depends on what your father finds out about him. Mildred—Yes, partially, and partially what he finds out about papa. Fortunately, papa has the advantage of experience.—Vogue.

Finance.

Visitor—Why are you naughty so much of the time? Bobby—Mamma gives me a nickel every time I promise to be good, and she never wants me to promise to be good unless I'm naughty.—Cleveland Leader.

Elevator Etiquette.

"Do you think a man ought to take off his hat in an elevator when there are ladies present?"

"Not if he is prematurely bald and the ladies are young."—Chicago Record-Herald.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Church closed until second Sunday in September.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man."

Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Aug. 24, Frederick E. Brewster, aged 8 months, 24 days.

In this city, Aug. 25, Alice M. Neilson, aged 11 months, 20 days.

In this city, Aug. 27, Mary A. McCall, aged 69 years.

In this city, Aug. 28, Rosa A. Nolan, aged 22 years, 5 months.

In this city, Aug. 31, Harold V. Coleman, aged 8 months, 5 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael Conway late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Catherine Conway of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. McCall, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Bernard J. Golden, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, fourteen days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in any of the real estate of Almira Ayres, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, William E. Ayres of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he as the husband of said deceased, is interested in the real estate of said deceased lying in this Commonwealth; that the whole of said real estate does not exceed in value the sum of five thousand dollars; and praying that the whole of said real estate which is described in said petition may be assigned and set out to him by the Court according to law,

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September, A.D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, once in each week, for three successive weeks, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Abbie Hart late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie F. S. Miller who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County Middlesex, on the twenty first day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Glasses for Repairs by Mail.

Don't come to town if you don't want to. Get a Mailing Box (sent on request—no charge) and mail your broken Glasses to any of Stores. We will do the work well, promptly, and at satisfactory prices.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge
Boston.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 26,334 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner at Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 86 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn

REMEMBER
WE SELL
Shredded Wheat
For 10c. Pkge.
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses!
I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.
Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"
by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc
ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET
we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.
Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5 45, 6 15, 6 45, 7 15, 7 45, 8 15, then every hour until 2 15 P. M ; then every half hour until 10 45—11 15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6 45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1 45 P M; then every half hour until 10 15 PM 10 45, 11 15, 11 45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9 30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8 45 A. M. and every half hour until 10 45 P. M , 11 15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9 45 A M then every half hour until 10 15 P M 10 45, 11 15, 11 45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

FOR SALE.
To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 23 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached; about ¼ acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy. Apply to F. BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.



Get Your Printing Done At This Office

WINCHESTER.

The last band concert was a fine one.

Three Westside families each lost a valuable horse by death last week.

Mr. J. A. Laraway gave the *Star* a mess of sweet corn the other day.

The Mass. Highway Commissioners are having a road census taken in this town.

Divine services are to be resumed at the Unitarihn church next Sunday, Sept. 5.

Two large and elegant apartment houses are soon to be built on Church street.

The BoateClub of this town are going to hold a carnival on Mystic Lake Labor Day.

Our public schools are to reopen in a few days—Sept. 8. Everybody is getting a good ready for the event.

Daniel O'Leary has resigned from the police force because his boss wonidn't let him work for Chief McIntosh any longer.

There are to be reexaminations of the High school pupils who wish to take them at 9 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, Sept. 7.

Congressman McCall is to be "Orator of the Dav" at the dedication of King's Mountain Battle monument at Yorkville, S. C. on Oct. 7.

The Woburn Brass Band is to give the concert on Manchester Field tomorrow. I think it will close the series, but don't know positively.

Next Sunday the Baptist congregation will occupy their meetinghouse for the first time after the completion of the extensive repairs and improvements that have been going on there for two months.

Mrs. Theodore Wilson, wife of the Editor of the *Star*, is visiting in Nova Scotia and Prince Edwards Island. The Maritime Provinces have been Mrs. Wilson's favorite summer resort for several years past.

Attorney General Malone has decided that the Hospital Trustees may return the $50 000 donated by Mrs. Harrington recently for a Hospital, the couditions of which they could not comply with. That settles it.

Attorney General Malone is working on the Winchester Hospital question to find out if there is any law that will allow "The Winchester Hospital Corporation" to return to Mrs. Sophronia A. Harrington the $50,000 which she recently donated for building and maintaining such an institution in this towu, but which the donees voted not to accept. The corporation don't know whether, or not, they have any right to return the money to Mrs. Harrington, and have appealed to Atty. Gen. Malone for instructions.

THE MILITARY SQUARE.

A Formation Borrowed by Wallace From the Flemings.

The greatest of all Scottish anniversaries is that of Bannockburn, fought in the year 1314. Apart from its bearing on the independence of Scotland, the battle will always have an exceptional interest from the military point of view, as Bannockburn may be said to have been the birthplace of the British square. "Proud Edward's" army mainly consisted of cavalry, while that of the Scots, on the other hand, was almost exclusively composed of foot folk armed with the spear, and these Bruce threw into "schiltroms," or oblong squares, a formation borrowed by Wallace from the Flemings, who had employed it with success at Courtray to resist the charge of the English cavalry.

Hitherto the mounted mail clad knight had carried everything before him, but Courtray and Bannockburn proved that he was powerless to break resolute spear armed infantry drawn up in "schiltrom," or hedgehog, formation, and these two battles revolutionized the tactics of the continent and of our own island. Profiting by the lesson which had been taught them at Bannockburn, the English applied the tactics of the Scots with brilliant success at Crecy and still more at Agincourt. As it was the Scots who may be said to have originated the British square at Bannockburn, so it was they again who at Balaklava were the first to discard it with their "thin red line," and now, owing to our changed conditions of warfare, it is discarded altogether.—London Chronicle.

MOHAMMEDANS OF INDIA.

Superstition Seems to Govern Most of Their Actions.

Mohammedans of India are very superstitious. No Mohammedan will take a bath on Sunday or Tuesday. But if one bathes on Wednesday all misfortunes and misery that are in store for him till the next Wednesday will be averted. As a rule, all Mohammedans bathe on Fridays before going to perform the jumma prayers. For donning new clothes Saturday Sunday and Tuesday are regarded as bad days. If any one dons a new dress or puts on a new cloth or allows his tailor to cut a piece of cloth on these days, he will live a miserable life till that dress or cloth gets torn or is thrown away. If a shirt is torn and if the wearer wants to stitch it, it must be taken off, for if it is stitched while on the body the person will soon die. A Mohammedan will never allow a barber to come near him on Tuesdays, for Tuesdays and Saturdays and Sundays are bad days for shaving. If absolutely necessary he will get himself shaved on Saturday or Sunday, but never on Tuesday, as his star is supposed to fall in blood if he does so. If one receives money or some valuable thing, it is taken with the right hand, for if it is taken with the left the person receiving it is said to forget all about it very soon or to mislay it. A devout Mohammedan will not start on a journey on Wednesdaay, for it is believed he will never return home safely if he does so. And it is said that even a snake never ventures out of its hole on this day.

A Snake Story.

The family were at dinner when there came a tap at a door seldom opened. Winning no attention, it was repeated and again a third time, though more softly, and then the door was swung back and, behold, there was a snake, knocking at the portals of hospitality! Down upon its head, in conformity with the decree of tradition and with Ezra's understanding of scriptural direction, crunched a British boot. It was a mother snake, who, having bravely overcome her fear of man, was seeking sustenance, not for herself perhaps, though she was starving, but more likely for the little ones that were found in the grass by the brook. Thus for once, at any rate, did the craftiness of the devil succumb to the instinct of motherhood.—George B. M. Harvey in North American Review.

He Knew.

Mrs.—Oh, Jack! Dolly told me the most exciting secret, and made me swear never to tell a living soul! Mr.—Well, hurry up with it. I'm late to the office now.—Cleveland Leader.

The care of the health of the people is the first duty of statesmen.—Disraeli

THE INDIANS PAID.

What the White Men Charged Them For Killing One Donkey.

In "Reminiscences of Old Times In Tennessee" a story is told of the good faith and honor of a party of Chickasaw Indians. While hunting one fall they shot a donkey, mistaking the creature for a wild animal. They sold the hide, and it finally came to the hands of John Barnes in Lipton.

When the Chickasaws returned to the region of Lipton for their annual hunt the next fall Barnes invited them to a shooting match, the prize to be the skin of a very rare animal.

Thirty braves appeared at the contest, and one of them won the prize. When he saw the skin he turned it over and said: "Ha, ha! Me kill him! Me shoot him! See!" And he pointed to the fatal bullet hole.

Then Barnes told them that they had killed a donkey, a very useful animal, but he was sure that they had done it by mistake, believing it to be a wild animal.

The Indians listened attentively to the white man's words and then consulted together a few minutes. Finally they separated, each brave going to his pony, unhitching him and leading him to the spot where a gang of white men stood. Barnes in the midst of them. Then one of the Indians spoke:

"We sorry we kill donkey. We think he belong to the woods. We find him in cane. We think him wild. We sorry. Now we pay. We take no white man's hoss, pony, nothing of white man. We honest. We have ponies; that's all. Take pay." And he motioned to the long line of ponies, held by their owners.

"How many?" asked Barnes.

"White man say," returned the Indian; "take plenty."

The honor of the red men was not equaled by the white men, for, be it recorded to their shame, they took from the Chickasaws thirty-five ponies to pay for the accidental killing of one donkey.

AN AFRICAN RAILWAY.

The Way It Was Described by an Educated Native.

C. J. Phillips, business agent in Uganda of the Church Missionary society, throws light upon the workings of the native mind by quoting a remarkable letter in which a native member of the katikiro's (prime minister's) party gives a description of the Uganda railway.

"My friend, I can tell you the Europeans have done a marvelous thing to make the railway and the trains. They fasten ten or fifteen houses together and attach them to a fireplace which is as big as an elephant, and the road it goes on is as smooth as the stem of a plantain. It goes as fast as a swallow flying, and everything you see outside flits past you like a spark from a fire. If it were to drop off one of the bridges not one in it would be saved, for it goes dreadfully quick. The hills it passes are as high as those of Kokl, and they have bridged over great valleys which are as deep as that you see when you look from the top of Namirembo, so deep that you cannot see the bottom when you are going over then."

Later there follows a description of a ship: "It is as deep as our two storied house and as wide as the king's road in Mengo, and it is as long as from the katikiro's fence to the gate of the king's inclosure. It has three tall poles in it and a big throat, out of which smoke comes, which is as wide as the new drum in the church at Namirembo. The rooms in it go down three stories, and the boards of these I cannot describe to you, for such have not been seen before. There is a lot of metal work about them, too, but these also I cannot describe, for it is so fine. There are children on board and a flock of sheep and places to wash in attached to every place where a chief sleeps, such as even our king has never possessed."—London Strand Magazine.

A CULINARY MASTERPIECE.

When You Go to Paris Don't Turn Up Your Nose at Mussels.

You will find in Paris a small restaurant just inside the street entrance presided over by a waiter who has apparently been forty years of age for the last twenty years. He has a friendly, alert air, and anything in the world that you want he will promptly provide.

You will naturally order some sort of potage or something that your fancy suggests; but, whatever else you do, be sure to call for mussels. I can see you turning up your nose at this. In America who eats mussels except at rare times—perhaps some pickled mussels? They are with us in the same category as tripe.

But behold the genius of the French! When the waiter brings in an enormous silver bowl with a domelike silver cover and when he removes the cover, then you forget everything in the world except the delicious savory smell of the steam which rises from the myriad shells that open lovingly for you to extract from them the dainty sea flavored mussel that lurks within.

Mussel, did I say? No; these are not the ordinary mussels that Americans know. French gastronomic genius has transformed them into moules marinière. In some deftly magical way the French chef has imparted a delicious suggestion to the moules, just that indefinable, evanescent memory of garlic—garlic which in the hands of the ordinary cook is an offensive and deadly weapon, but which in the hands of a cook of high degree—an artist in fact—is a means for achieving some of the supreme triumphs of his art.

After the moules you will have anything you care for—dainty slices of galantine or sliced capon nestling amid watercresses and then perhaps some peaches in a little basket where the fruit is infolded in leaves from its own tree and ripened to precisely the right turn on some ancient wall in the sunshine of an old French garden, then perhaps some pulled bread and a bit of Camembert and a Cafe Mazagran in a long glass. No one remembers now the battle that gave its name to this particular preparation of coffee, which shows that men may come and empires may fall and armies may be dashes into fragments upon the battlefield, but the genius of cookery remains triumphant and its achievements are never lost.—Bookman.

ENGLISH MONARCHS.

Death Often Unkind In the Manner of Their Taking Off.

Of the monarchs who have reigned over England since the days of the Norman conquest nearly one-quarter of the number have met violent deaths. William I. was killed by a fall from his horse, William II. was shot while hunting; whether by accident or design is still one of the unsolved problems of history; Richard I. was killed by a shaft from a crossbrow while besieging the city of Chaluz, in France; Richard II. was murdered in Pontefract castle, Edward II. was murdered in Berkeley castle and Edward V. in the Tower of London, Richard III. was killed on the battlefield of Bosworth, and Charles I. had his head cut off in London.

Elizabeth's death was hastened by remorse that she had ordered the execution of Essex, and her sister Mary sickened and died soon after the loss of Calais, declaring that the name of that city would be found after death written on her heart. The death of Edward III.'s son, the Black Prince, caused the aged monarch to die of grief. So, after the loss of his son in the White Ship, Henry I. was never seen to smile again and lived only a short time. Henry VI. and George III. were insane during the latter years of their reigns and finally died from what in these days would be called paresis. Charles II., Henry VIII., Edward IV. and George IV. hastened their deaths by the lives they lived. Only two monarchs died of that great national scourge, consumption. They were Edward VI. and Henry VII. Queen Anne's death was due as much as anything else to overfeeding. Only two monarchs, Henry VI. and George III., died after long illnesses.—London Tatler.

WHAT IS A JOKE?

It Is a Serious Business to the Man Who Concocts It.

"There's one thing I thought I knew, but find I don't know," said Tommy. "What is a joke?"

Father pricked up his ears, as it were. "A joke," he said slowly, "is something its maker thinks is funny, but nobody else does."

"That explains it then. Today I said an awful quaint thing. Mother had a lot of women here, and they talked about clothes. I said: 'A woman's mind is always on clothes. When she ain't talking through her hat she's laughing up her sleeve.' But no one laughed, and I read that one too. Tell me a joke."

"If I were to say when I came home from visiting the cemetery that I had returned from the dead, that would be a joke."

"Is that a practical joke?"

"It is not. It's a grave joke."

"What's a practical joke?"

"If your mother just before going out shopping asked for money and I gave her all she wanted."

"Do you like practical jokes?"

"Not when they're as practical as that."

"Does every one like jokes?"

"Few people do. Most think it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Then people can't take a joke?"

"There are some who can't. Editors, for instance, rarely take a joke."

"Does any one make money from the writing of jokes?"

"Only the papermakers and the postal department of the government."

"Must a joke be funny to be a joke?"

"Few are."

"Then some are serious?"

"Not exactly. But if you refer to a sexton as a man of grave cares some might think you intended to be jocular."

"Is a pun like a joke?"

"Nothing at all. A man who makes a joke is an idiot, whereas a man who makes a pun is a criminal."

"Then the man who writes what he thinks are jokes is a funny fellow?"

"No; it is a serious business with him."

"He has his ups and downs, then?"

"Yes. He gets up courage to write to editors and gets turned down by them."

"You're not referring to the man who writes the column in the papers every day? Surely life is one joke with him."

"No, it isn't. He thinks he's a humorist, but he's a pessimist. He'd rather be a hodcarrier."

"Why, does a hodcarrier make more money?"

"Well, he has a habit of climbing and often goes higher. Besides, the outdoor work is healthier."

"Isn't joke writing healthy?"

"Not when you're caught at it."

"Can a man write jokes and still be a gentleman?"

"You forget, Tommy, that our remarks are intended for publication and that I have many friends who write. Besides, I sometimes get off a joke or two myself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The One Who Knew.

"Elijah," said the judge to the defendant, "you have had a fair trial. The prosecuting attorney has shown by circumstantial evidence that cannot be gainsaid that you were in Mr. Brown's chicken coop on the night that his hens disappeared, and your attorney in his speech has practically admitted that the theory of the prosecution is true. Have you anything to say before the court pronounces its decision?"

"Jedge," said Elijah, rising politely, "all I's got to say is dis. I don't know much about de law, but I does know heahsay evumdence isn't good, an' all dese lawyehs says is heahsay. I oughter know, feh I uz de only man in that chicken coop dat night, an' I's denied it raight erlong."—Chicago Post.

An Apology?

A London journal says that a lively discussion once took place in a town council in the north of England. One thing led to another till one of the disputants gave another the lie direct. The insulted party rushed forward, and the pair clinched. At that moment the first man exclaimed, "I reiterate that you are a liar!" To the astonishment of every one, the aggrieved party let go his hold. "Oh, well," he said, "in that case I accept the apology. If a man says he reiterates, that is all any gentleman can ask." He did not understand why the bystanders laughed, but the fight was off.

Suspicious Circumstances.

"Do you know they suspect that old man of leading a double life."

"What gives rise to that?"

"Why, he's so mean and cross around home that they think he must be pleasant and agreeable somewhere."—Exchange.

Ought to Have Known Better.

"What's the matter?"

"Just quarreled with my wife."

"What about?"

"She said that a woman whom we met was beautiful and I agreed with her."—Houston Post.

Broadening.

Bond—Don't you realize that marriage broadens a man? Benedict—Oh, yes; I suppose it can be put that way, but "flattens" is the word I've always used.—London Express.

MILITARY PRISONERS.

How They Are Guarded at Garrisons, The Bull Ring.

The hardest duty that a soldier is ever called upon to perform in times of peace and the duty which he dreads the most is the guarding of military prisoners. These are divided into two classes:

First.—Garrison prisoners, who have received light sentences for minor breaches of discipline and will be returned to duty in a short time.

Second.—Military convicts, who for attempted desertion or other serious military crimes have been dishonorably discharged by order of a court martial and have received sentences varying from a few months' to several years' confinement at hard labor, according to the gravity of the offense. Into their ranks the vicious element or those who hold their oath of enlistment too lightly eventually find their way.

Every morning at fatigue call the prisoners are drawn up in a long line in front of the guardhouse and surrounded by a chain of sentries. The somber prison garb of the "generals"—military convicts were formerly known as "general prisoners"—is marked with a gigantic capital "P," which renders them conspicuous and therefore makes escape more difficult.

Some are evil looking fellows with long and unsavory records. Doubtless many have "done time" more than once in civil prisons before evading the watchfulness of the recruiting officer and finding their way into the army. Others are rosy cheeked lads who in all probability have yet to see their twenty-first birthday, and in nine cases out of ten the charge against them is desertion. Homesickiness or restlessness under military restraint and discipline have led them into the rash act, the heavy penalties of which they may not have fully realized.

In groups of twos and three and guarded by sentries with loaded rifles, these men perform most of the disagreeable work and menial labor about the army post, which is highly varied in character and may consist of anything from sprinkling the flower beds on the officers' lawns to digging ditches for monster sewer pipes. Although they generally perform their enforced tasks cheerfully, occasionally a particularly disagreeable piece of work causes a miniature strike, and a dozen men may "buck"—that is, refuse to work.

It is then that the historic "bull ring" is resorted to. A huge circle is marked out on the ground, and the malefactors are required to walk around its circumference in Indian file for eight hours a day, preserving absolute silence. A ten minute respite is allowed at noon for a bread and water lunch. A day or two of this treatment usually suffice to break the most stubborn will. If not there still remain solitary confinement on the bread and water diet and as a last resort the dungeon.

The prison duty is by all odds the grimmest phase of the soldier's life. He may find himself standing guard over his best friend, with orders to shoot to kill should his man attempt to escape.—Youth's Companion.

Where He Blundered.

A Cleveland lawyer tells a story about a Milesian wielder of the pick who had been digging a trench for a gas pipe leading to a private residence—a one inch pipe.

Contemplating the excavation and comparing its capacity with the loose dirt, he shook his head in doubt. "He this and be that," said he, "I'm thinking I'll not have room in the ditch for all the dirrt on the pile, bad cess."

"But," said a bystander, "why not Pat?"

"Sure," he made reply, "because I didn't dig it deep enough"—Cleveland News.

A MARRIAGE NOTICE.

The Modern One Sounded Quite Grand to the Old Lady.

Old Lady Goodyear laid down the paper with a sigh and looked over her spectacles at Grandfather Goodyear. "I feel quite ashamed when I remember our humble marriage notice," she said.

"'Married, in the First Congregational church of Harborville, Abel Goodyear to Mary Lawton,'" chanted Grandfather Goodyear. "It read well, to my thinking."

"Yes, for those days, but not for present times," said his old wife. "You know, Anastasia Cumming's daughter Laura married a Toby, and their daughter has just married Sophy Leavitt's grandson. His mother, Sophy's child, married a Wilson."

"Well, what of all that?" inquired Grandfather Goodyear, rubbing his forehead in great confusion of mind.

"It's the fashion to keep all the family names," said Old Lady Goodyear, severely. "You hear how grand it sounds:

"'Married, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Frederick Cummings-Toby, by Rev. Harold Lowden Kirkbright, Edith Smythe Cummings to George Broune Leavitt Wilson.'

"Now, there's something for old Grandpa Broune and Grandma Smythe to be proud of—if they were alive."

"M'm!" said Grandfather Goodyear.—Youth's Companion.

His Condolence.

An English lord used to tell a story of a sheriff substitute he once knew slightly.

Although he was a very religious man, the sheriff had his faults, and one of these was that he had a habit of using strong language without realizing what his words implied. The sheriff's best friend was the minister of the parish, and a great misfortune befell the reverend gentleman by the death of his wife.

The sheriff wished to express his sympathy, but he found himself quite at a loss to know what to say. He sat for a long time scratching his head and puzzling himself to know what he could say to the minister. At last he blurted out, "Well, minister, this is a d—l of a business."—London Express.

Moon Worship In China.

The fete of the moon is celebrated in China in the eighth month of the year, and this lasts six days. Presents are then made on which the figure of the moon is apparent, and a large pagoda is illuminated. Firecrackers and music and family reunions prevail. A midnight banquet on the last night terminates the feast, and then the descent of the goddess of the moon, which we call the man in the moon, is awaited. She is supposed to visit the earth at this time to grant the wishes of mortals. The moon with the Chinese is the patroness of poetry, and autumn is the poet's favorite season.

YOUNG DUCKS.

They Have No Instinctive Impulse to Enter the Water.

It has turned out, under the searching experimentation of recent years, that much that we have supposed to be instinct in animals is not instinct at all. For example, the young duck proves to have no instinctive impulse to enter the water, does not recognize the element by sight and is, in short, in precisely the same situation as a chick until, by happy chance, it gets its legs wet. Wet legs, however, and the lift of the water on the body at once start up the swimming reaction, and away sails the duckling, as chickens and children do not.

The chick, on its part, has a definite instinct to peck at any small object that catches its eye. That takes care of its feeding. But the chick has no corresponding instinct to drink and would die of thirst before it would recognize water by sight alone. Drinking it has to learn for itself by pecking at dewdrops or spots of light on the surface of the water or particles at the bottom of its cup. Even the hen, contrary to general belief, proves to have no instinctive fear of the water for her offspring. A hen that has raised a few broods of ducks and seen them take to the water becomes highly distressed when a subsequent hatch of chickens do not swim. In fact, hens have been reported under these circumstances to lead their chicks to the waterside and push them in.—McClure's Magazine.

NESTS IN GULF WEED.

Breeding Place of the Flying Fish In the Sargasso Sea.

In the middle of the north Atlantic there is an area of comparatively still water almost equal to continental Europe in extent and more or less covered with floating seaweed. It was known as the Mar de Sargaco to Columbus and the early navigators and is the Sargasso sea of modern geographers.

The floating seaweed was formerly supposed to have grown near the Bahama and Florida shores and to have drifted to its present position. It is now, however, known to grow and propagate itself where it is found. In it are found globular masses of weed containing fish eggs and known as fish nests.

Investigations show that the floating weed of the Sargasso sea is the chosen breeding place of species of flying fish. The eggs found in the nests were attributed to certain species of fish found resting on them, but careful examination of the eggs shows that they really belong to flying fish.

Apparently, however, the flying fish do not make the nests themselves. Each end of the egg of these fish is furnished with bunches of very long filamentary tendrils, and by means of these the finely divided branches of the Sargassum weed have been caught together in globular masses. The eggs may be said to have made their own nest.—London Field.

THE PRICE OF GENIUS.

What It Means to Man to Be a Pioneer In Thought.

To be a pioneer in thought is to stand alone with nature, not for a few minutes, but for life. The isolateness of the few great minds of each generation of men is utterly undreamed of, for want of understanding, by those about them. Yet think what it is to pass one's days in a thought world where the thinker roams alone; to grapple with problems the very terms of which are beyond ordinary comprehension and the solution appreciated only in years to come; to contemplate in lonely ecstasy, after still lonelier despair, the revelation that comes with months and more of pondering. When some one asked Newton how he came to make his wonderful discoveries he replied, "Simply by always thinking about them." Consider Kepler toiling year after year fruitlessly for some ratio that should link the planet's motions by a general law, calculating assiduously and putting hypothesis after hypothesis aside as he found it would not work until at last, after almost inconceivable toil, he hit upon the one that would.

As if this loneliness by nature were not enough, it must needs be accentuated by man, for he rises in such cases in chorus to condemn. Consider Darwin, in patient study, testing the working out of natural selection and adding fact to fact, only to have the whole denounced as ridiculously absurd. Think you the denunciations of the master while living are wholly compensated by the plaudits after he is dead? The loneliness of greatness is the price men make the genius pay for posthumous renown.—Percival Lowell in Atlantic.

THE COOK'S FAULT.

No Wonder the Bird Was Not Tender When Served.

One of the most annoying things about swans is that they live to an extremely great age and that it is impossible for the ordinary observer to guess what their years may be. President Grover Cleveland once had an amusing experience with some swans, according to a writer in the American Magazine. He had been in the south shooting and brought home a number of wild swans, one of which he sent to each member of his cabinet and to some other associates.

"All the boys," said Mr. Cleveland, "thanked me politely for having remembered them, but none of them seemed to have much to say about how they enjoyed the birds.

"Carlisle, I found, had his cooked on a night when he was dining out. Another, when I asked him, said he hoped I wouldn't mind, but he had sent his home to his old mother. Thurber didn't mention his bird at all for two days. Finally I asked him about it.

"'Thurber, did you get that swan all right?'

"'Yes, sir—oh, yes, I got the swan all right, thank you,' and he bent over his desk and seemed very busy.

"'Fine bird,' I said.

"'Yes, sir, fine bird,' and he went on working.

"'Enjoy eating him, Thurber?'

"He waited a minute, and then he said: 'Well, sir, I guess they didn't cook him right at my house. They cooked him only two days.' And he went on working without cracking a smile."

And So He Left Them.

With a heart full of good intentions and a bag full of uplift tracts he approached the cottage in the bucolic wilds.

"Madam, may I leave some tracts with you?"

"You may, kind sir, but leave the heel marks of them pointing directly toward these steps."—New York Times.

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A LITTLE WATCH TALK.
Did you ever stop to think that the balance wheel in your watch makes about 300 moves a minute, 1800 per hour, or 43,200 from the time you wind it until you wind it again? You oil your windmill or wagon, your wife her sewing machine, almost daily. Still you let your watch run in old rancid oil and accumulated dust year after year, or until it stops. Then when it is worn and the delicate bearing cut out, blame the jeweler, because your watch kept good time for ten years until you took it to him. An ordinary watch, cleaned and oiled yearly, will last any man a lifetime.
It will cost you nothing to let us examine your watch. All work guaranteed.
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A MODERN GALATEA.

"Hearts Have Changed Little Since Pygmalion's Time."

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

As Wykoff entered the parlor a young man who was warming his hands at the fire looked up.

"Hello, Wykoff!" he said languidly. "It's you, of course."

Wykoff did not seem any better pleased at the meeting than did the speaker. "Humph!" he remarked disgustedly. "I might have known I'd find you here, Meredith."

"It's mutual," returned the other, with a gesture of resignation. "I can't for the life of me see how you can afford to neglect business this way, old man. Maybe, though, you have seen Forbes this morning."

Wykoff shook his head. He did not seem in the least interested.

"He was looking for you," went on Meredith. "I don't know what he wanted, but I imagine from his manner that it was something important. He said he would be at his office till 5 o'clock. It's nearly that now, and you had better hurry if you want to see him."

"Forbes can wait. Look here, Meredith! I'm tired of seeing you hanging around here all the time. I wish"—

Before Wykoff could explain what he wished a girl swept into the room, holding out her hands in grave welcome. "How do you do, Mr. Wykoff?" she said quietly. "How do you do, Mr. Meredith? I seem to be honored this afternoon. Will you ring for the tea. Mr. Meredith? Sit down, Mr. Wykoff. You look troubled. I hope nothing is wrong." Her tones were calm. Any one could see that she took little interest in the affairs of others.

"Wykoff isn't troubled, Miss Curtis. That's his way of expressing extravagant joy. He was just saying how pleased he was to see me here."

The girl glanced at Wykoff, who was plainly seeking for some retort—and finding none. Airy persiflage was not in his line.

"You must not tease Mr. Wykoff," she said gently. "When is that sister of yours coming to see me, Mr. Wykoff? I want"—

The sentence was never finished, for with a rush a small girl bounded into the room and flung herself on Wykoff. "Oh, Mr. Wykoff!" she cried. "Come right out and sculp my snow man. You promised you would." She caught his hand and tried to drag him to the door.

"Bessie! Let Mr. Wykoff alone," interposed Miss Curtis. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

A gleam came into Meredith's eyes. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," he quoted gayly. "Positively you are getting quite a reputation, Wykoff! Keep on and maybe you'll get a real client some day—somebody who wants to be 'sculped' in marble, to adopt Miss Bessie's charmingly expressive word."

Wykoff winced. No one knew better than he that so far he had not made a moneyed success in his art; sculptors have little honor in western America. He had known Meredith all his life and, being tongue tied himself, had greatly admired the other's glibness until he himself had become a target for it. He hesitated now, angry all through, but fearing if he spoke at all he might say more than he intended.

Little Bessie, however, had no such scruples. Deliberately she fixed her eyes on Meredith. "I don't like you," she deposed positively.

"Bessie!" Miss Curtis was scandalized.

"I can't help it, Sister Mary. I don't like him. So there!" She turned to Wykoff. "You promised," she reiterated wistfully, "and I've got a snow pile all built and"—

Reluctantly Wykoff rose. "I really did promise, Miss Curtis," he declared, "and I suppose I must keep my word."

He spoke sorrowfully, for he hated to leave the field to his rival, even though all he could do was to stand and take punishment and pretend he liked it.

But if Meredith expected to profit by the other's disappearance he reckoned without his host—or his hostess. Miss Curtis talked on in the grave, quiet way that had stirred the heart of more than one man, but she gave him no chance to bring up the question which lay nearest to his somewhat sophisticated heart—the question he had come resolved to ask before he left. Finally, when the conversation began to languish, she rose, declaring that the house was abominably hot. She insisted on going out to see what Mr. Wykoff had done with the snow man.

Meredith made no demur. Wise in the ways of women, he knew better than to try to force the conversation. In the girl's existent mood he did not fear Wykoff and welcomed rather than otherwise the chance to break some shafts of wit on what he deemed that gentleman's sluggish intellect. Wykoff, he thought, afforded an excellent foil for his own brilliancy.

When he and Miss Curtis reached the front door neither Wykoff nor little Bessie was in sight. A line of footsteps, however, led across the snow to where a clump of evergreens stood in the corner of the lawn, and toward these the girl led the way.

Her feet sank soundlessly in the deep carpet of snow, and they rounded a bush and came upon Wykoff before he heard them.

Bessie had disappeared, and Wykoff was alone for the moment—and yet not alone. Before him rose a splendid figure—the figure of a goddess or of a woman of heroic size, on whose exquisite features, smoother and fairer than ever sculptor cut from living marble, rested a look that made Mary Curtis catch her breath—the look of one who, capable of all things, was yet imprisoned in an icy shell from which no lover's kiss had called her. One arm hung by her side; the other, bare to the elbow, was raised in warning—or was it invitation? From her slim neck the Grecian drapery ran down in pure flowing lines to the trampled snow which had given her birth.

As she gazed, open eyed, Wykoff dropped his knife and stretched out his arms to the statue.

"Galatea!" he cried. "Galatea! Come to life! Come to life!" His words trailed away indistinguishably.

Meredith shook off the spell that had for an instant bound him in spite of himself and burst into a laugh that jarred.

"Bravo, Wykoff!" he cried. "That figure's great! Really, I didn't know you had it in you! It's a good likeness too! Of course it doesn't do Miss Curtis justice, but"

"Hush!" Gently but firmly Mary Curtis pushed him aside and stepped forward. A strange new look burned in her eyes, a look of wonder, perhaps of rapture. "What were you saying of Galatea, Mr. Wykoff?" she asked gently. "I could not hear you distinctly."

"He was making love to her!" chuckled Meredith. "Fancy old Wykoff making love to a snow woman. Playing Pygmalion to an icy Galatea. You can't deny it, old man!"

Mary Curtis did not even turn her head. Her eyes were fixed on Wykoff. With a shade of wonder in them she waited for him to answer.

At last he spoke. "I don't want to deny it!" he choked. "I want to tell it! I want to cry it out so that Galatea cannot help but hear and heed. If I could say it as I think it, I know she would wake to life and answer me. But I never shall say it. I shall never dare to say it. I—"

Mary Curtis raised her hand. "Perhaps you have said it," she answered softly. "Hearts have changed little since Pygmalion's time. Perhaps Galatea may not be so frozen as you think! Perhaps"—

With a cry Wykoff caught her in his arms. "Galatea!" he cried. "Galatea!"

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Meredith was staring open mouthed at the two. "Don't mind me," he continued. "I was just going away."

Mary Curtis disengaged herself, laughing. "Don't go, Mr. Meredith," she protested. "We want you to"—

"To be our best man," interrupted Wykoff.

Curious Lore About Mandrake.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of the properties attributed to mandrake are those which it shared, in common with the rastrivtrava of Russia, of enabling housebreakers to pick locks, which is certainly one of the most amusing developments of the solar theory. "Love," it is said, "laughs at locksmiths," but the connection between the mandrake and "burgling" seems a little forced. There is a tradition that the moonwort will unshoe horses if they step upon the plant, and similar powers have been attributed to the vervain and the mandrake. It is, on the other hand, still part of the rural lore of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Hampshire that the root will improve a horse's condition, but this seems to be founded upon the identification of the mandrake with the bryony, which played such a great part in old English herbalism. It is, however, more than doubtful whether the plants belong to the same class. But both are alike in the curious wealth of legend which surrounds them. East and west meet in their folk and flower lore.—Chambers' Journal.

Harmless.

A district visitor was paying calls on the folk in a row of cottages and was shocked by the conduct of a shabbily dressed old gentleman who passed from door to door in a great rage and threatened the occupants with all manner of dire penalties.

"Dear me, what a peculiar old man!" she exclaimed to one of the tenants. "Why do you permit him to abuse you in that fashion?"

"Oh, we don't mind in the least, ma'am," answered the tenant, with a twinkle in his eyes. "We're quite used to his little ways by now. He's been a harmless lunatic for ten or eleven years."

"You don't say so! Poor old fellow! What particular form does his madness take?"

"Optimism, ma'am. He comes for the rent every Monday and actually allows himself to fancy that he'll get it!"—London Answers.

The Faust Legend.

For 1,400 years the Faust legend—the sale of a human soul to a devil—has existed. The first recorded hint of its vitality is given in the sixth century story of "Theophilus." That story suited the early Christians in their efforts to stamp out the necromancing devices of evilly disposed persons prone to seek power by unholy means. The association of the name of Faust, however, with the legend is not more than 400 years old. The likeliest prototype of the modern Faust is the man of the same name who in Cracow boldly proclaimed himself a professor of magic. In the sixteenth century stories Helen of Troy was bestowed by Mephistopheles upon Faust, and not until the middle of the eighteenth century does there appear a shadowy Margaret, in the form of a "beautiful but poor girl," who afterward develops into the Margaret of Goethe.

No Old Maids.

"We'd have no old maids if we took a lesson from the ancient Babylonians," a spinster said. "In Babylon unmarried women were graded by the state according to their looks. For a beautiful young wife the state demanded a large number of gold pieces, a less desirable wife cost a smaller number of gold pieces, and this money was all paid out again as rewards to those who married elderly, unattractive girls. Thus it cost a fortune to marry beauty, but if you married ugliness a fortune came to you; hence all was happiness in Babylon, and old maids were unknown."

Bolingbroke's Retort.

When Bolingbroke, who was at Aix-la-Chapelle during the treaty of peace at that place, at which time his attainder was not removed, was asked by an impertinent Frenchman whether he came there in any public character, his lordship answered: "Not at all. I came like a French minister, with no character at all."

The Audience.

The Actor (a terrible bore)—Awfully bad arrangements at Jayville. Played "Hamlet" there last week. Somebody shouted "Fire!" and it took twenty minutes for the audience to get out. His Victim—I s'pose the poor beggar was lame—what?

Zealous.

A country convert, full of zeal, in his first prayer meeting remarks offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable."

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

The Difference.

Stubbornness is fighting to have in a certain way what you want. Strength of purpose is getting in the most convenient way that presents itself what you desire.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The worst feature about nailing a lie is that you are so apt to hammer your fingers.—Puck.

RUSSIA AND ROYALTY

A Shadow That Darkens the Path of the Czars.

THE FEAR OF ASSASSINATION

Plots That Were Woven Around Alexander II. and the Bomb That Shattered His Body—An Infernal Machine That Failed to Kill Alexander III.

The shadow that falls across the path of the czars may extend the world round. Wherever the ruler of all the Russias may happen to be, there the shadow of fear lies.

Once in Paris, once in the palace gardens, Alexander II. was fired at. Again in the Winter Palace square one Solorieff, wearing the uniform of an official, passed the guards one day, and again the czar was fired upon. Alexander ran for the palace. Solorieff followed him and fired three times. The czar ran in zigzags, however, and so escaped. Not long afterward two mines were laid to blow up the imperial train. One did not explode, but the second wrecked the train. Once more the czar escaped. Watching eyes had saved him, their owners having persuaded the ruler to take another train.

Later Alexander II. owed his life to the fact that he came late to a function at the palace. A bomb blew clean out a large portion of the imperial residence, but the czar was not present.

But of all the attempts on the lives of Russia's rulers two stand out most clearly for their amazing ingenuity. One tells the story of a little unpretentious shop in Malaja Sadovaja street. Kobozeff, then unknown to the police, took the shop and set out to impress the police, who were always making sudden inspections of premises along the thoroughfares through which Alexander II. passed, that he was nothing but a provision dealer. Nearly every one in that street was a paid spy, but Kobozeff joked with his customers, pleased his purveyors and was most affable and apparently harmless.

The dealer inspired confidence, and his custom increased gradually. No wonder, for most of the parcels that his customers were carrying away by day contained nothing but earth—earth that during the night hours had been scraped by the man and his wife from beneath the street! It was by such ingenious method that a tunnel was hollowed and cleared under the thoroughfare and a mine laid beneath the way the czar often passed, an innocent couch upon which the housewife slept covering the entry to the tunnel.

Yet all the work was useless. On the day the scheme was to be carried out the czar upset all the arrangements by going off to lunch with the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna.

Among those who were watching on behalf of the terrorists was a beautiful girl—a countess, too—named Perovskaya. It was she who, seeing the altered arrangements, gave warning. The czar would return to the palace another way. Along this route four men carrying bombs were stationed. One threw his. Men and horses were killed all around, but the czar stepped from his coach unscathed. A second man holding a bomb came forward and threw it. "This time the effect was awful," says Waclaw Gasiorowski, who describes the incident in his book, "Tragic Russia." "The czar fell as if cut by a scythe. His legs were shattered to pieces." So died the czar who had escaped as by a miracle many times.

Alexander III. followed, and there were attempts upon his life. The fourth was one of the most sensational in the entire list of nihilist plots.

On a bright autumn day the imperial train traveled at full speed on the track well guarded by soldiers. It was toward noon. The imperial family were in the dining car, where lunch was about to be served. The cook and his help were making the last preparations for it when an assistant was taken ill.

The court physician attended the man and, having stated that he had fever, with symptoms of some inexplicable ailment, decided that the man could not remain in the imperial train, and he was left at the next station.

The train moved forward toward Borki, traveling at the speed of eighty kilometers an hour. Then the electrical bell notified the cook that the imperial family were ready for luncheon. A few seconds after the bell sounded a terrific noise was heard, and a violent explosion changed in the twinkling of an eye the luxurious imperial train into a heap of broken iron, of wrecked cars, of mutilated corpses, enveloped in smoke and made all the more harrowing by the moaning and cries for help of the wounded. Yet the czar escaped! The dining room car that the nihilists had intended should be a grave for the czar, his family and his suit saved him, for although its roof and floor were wrecked its sides were preserved. They inclined toward the center, propped each other like two cards and remained in that position, protecting those who were there from being crushed.

The cook who had been put off the train had worked the whole thing. He had placed an infernal machine in a cone of sugar and had faked his illness, thus getting clear away.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The "Macaroni."

The "macaroni" were exquisites of fops who in England and France led the fashions from 1780 to 1785 and were distinguished by an immense knot of artificial hair worn on the top of their heads. A small cocked hat which perched ridiculously on their topknot, satin or brocade coats and small clothes fitting tightly to the body and silk stockings with ribbon garters composed the costume of these fashionable gentlemen, who invariably carried a long walking stick with tassels attached and frequently a bouquet tied to the handle and encouraged a mincing and affected gait and manner. There was during the war for independence a body of Maryland soldiers who on account of their showy uniforms were called "macaroni."

She Had Learned.

"The hardest thing to acquire, miss," said the dramatic teacher, "is the art of laughing naturally without apparent effort."

"Oh, I've got that down fine," said the would be soubrette. "I typewrote for three years for a man who was always telling me funny stories about his little boy."—Indianapolis News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 5, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xx, 17-35. Memory Verses, 31, 32—Golden Text, Phil. iv, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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After leaving Ephesus Paul visited the churches in Macedonia, giving them much exhortation, the nature of which we may gather from his epistles. Then, passing into Greece, he abode three months, and he would not fail to open to them the Scriptures at every opportunity. Hindered in his purpose to sail from Greece to Syria, he returned through Macedonia, some of the brethren having gone to Troas to await him there. Luke evidently accompanied him to Philippi and sailed with him to Troas, where they tarried seven days (xx, 6). The next verse looks like commemorating our Lord's death on the first day of the week, and in connection therewith Paul held an all night service, talking even till break of day. At this service a young man fell out of the window and was killed, but Paul was permitted to restore him to life. This may have been an exceptionally long discourse of Paul's, but we have sometimes wondered, with so much to tell, how long he did talk. While all the party sailed from Troas, Paul preferred to walk across to Assos and join them there, perhaps coveting to be alone with his Lord, something so necessary for a laborer with God. A missionary wrote from the heart of Brazil recently, "It is prayer that strikes the winning blow."

Having reached Miletus and hastening to be at Jerusalem by Pentecost, instead of visiting Ephesus he sent for the elders of the church to come to him at Miletus, and his address to them covers the greater portion of the verses assigned as our lesson for today. With this farewell discourse the teacher should read his epistle to the Ephesians and also our Lord's epistle to the same church in Rev. ii. He here reminds them of his behavior and his zeal and his teaching during his three years' sojourn among them. The phrase "serving the Lord with all humility of mind" (verse 19) gives the key to his whole life since he saw the Lord on the way to Damascus. Put with it Acts xxvii, 23, "whose I am, and whom I serve;" also Rom. vi, 16, "To whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey." Being such a servant of such a Master, he would of course keep back nothing that they ought to know, for he lived not to please men, but God, who trieth the heart (I Thess. ii, 4). His preaching was summed up in "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ (verse 21), and this he proclaimed alike to Jew and Greek, testifying the gospel of the grace of God and the coming kingdom of God (24, 25). He knew that bonds and afflictions awaited him everywhere, but this did not move him, and he was always ready to lay down his life for Christ. The time did come when he wrote to his beloved Timothy: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith" (II Tim. iv, 6, 7). Knowing that it is our privilege to suffer with Christ and to fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, he ever taught that we must through much tribulation enter the kingdom of God (Phil. i, 29; Col. i, 24; Acts xiv, 22). Impressed that this might be his last talk with them, we listen with great interest to his farewell words, which we do well to lay to heart. He reminds them that they are purchased with the blood of Christ (28), in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins (Eph. i, 7), and that they can be built up only by the word of His grace, which is the only food for the soul.

What a word to sound out everywhere to all preachers and teachers today, "Feed the church of God," remembering that He Himself said, "I am the bread of life," "I am the living bread which came down from heaven" (John vi, 35, 51). Again He quoted from the law, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God" (Luke iv, 4). Paul foresaw that wolves would enter in among them, not sparing the flock, and our Lord said to His disciples, "I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves," "Fear not them which kill the body" (Matt. x, 16, 28). He also warned them that from among themselves false teachers would arise to draw away disciples after them.

By his own example of earning his own living while he sojourned among them he warned them against covetousness and taught them to care for the weak, reminding them of some words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (verses 33-35). In his epistle he wrote, "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth" (Eph. iv, 28). It is not popular with many to earn money in order to have something to give away. People do in churches sing "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now," but when the Lord sees the offering on the collection plate and their manifest failure otherwise in showing their love by their deeds He might well say to them the words of I John iii, 17.

Anything to Oblige.

While crossing the ocean the two sprightly children of very seasick parents were scampering around the deck.

"Tom, dear," said the mother in a weary voice, "the children are too near the railing." But he was too ill to notice, and in sheer desperation his wife nudged him on the arm. "Speak to them, Tom," she said faintly.

With a wan smile he lifted his head and said, "Eh—how do you do?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Village Gossip.

"Is Squire Whetstone considerate of dumb animals?"

"I don't know how he treats 'em," answered Si Simling, "but he certainly speaks mighty kind of 'em when he's engineerin' a hoss trade."—Washington Star.

Hilarious.

Clarence—I'm going to ask old Vavasour for his daughter's hand. What's a good way to begin? Algy—Oh, spring a few other jokes on him first and see how he takes them!—Exchange.

OUT ON BAIL.

Strange Things to Which Running Over a Cow May Lead.

By HELEN MARSDEN QUINN.

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"I'm going to fall in love with that girl!"

It was at a New England summer resort, and "that young man from Boston" had been there less than an hour when he had his first view of Miss Minnie Haddon. Young men from New York and other places had arrived a week ahead of him and uttered the same words, but as Paul Dillon didn't know it he was not dismayed.

To fall in love properly with the handsomest girl at a summer resort there should be a formal introduction, and a formal introduction may be hard to achieve under certain circumstances. There must be a mutual acquaintance to bring it about. Miss Hadden's mother was a widow and an invalid and kept to herself most of the time. Paul Dillon looked the crowd over twice a day for sight of faces he knew, but looked in vain. Four days passed, and the hotel did not take fire, the mountain behind it did not slide down, and there was no strike of waiters to give him an opportunity to play the hero and present his card. Then he decided to take a spin in the auto which had been shipped up to him.

When undecided what to do in a case of love, trust to the auto. It has a hundred possibilities.

Mr. Dillon had driven fifteen miles and stopped at a hotel to refresh himself, when he was pleased and surprised to see Miss Haddon and another young woman drive up in another auto. They had followed him from the hotel. They alighted and disappeared. By indirect information he learned that Miss Haddon had brought back the other young lady to her hotel and was to make the return trip in care of the chauffeur.

In the course of an hour Miss Haddon reappeared and after thirty or forty goodbys to her girl friends took a seat in the tonneau and moved off. Three minutes later Mr. Dillon was traveling the same road. All went well for five miles. He was following so closely that he could see that the other machine was holding anything but a straight course. There were wabbles to right and left to signify that that tract on intemperance that he had seen the chauffeur reading hadn't quite cured him of his thirst for highballs.

By and by two things happened in the same minute. The chauffeur suddenly increased his speed, and a cow suddenly started to cross the highway in front of a farmhouse.

The best mechanical engineer could not have planned things better. There was a whoop, a scream and a smash, and then an auto brought up against a rail fence and sent the splinters flying.

Fate was with the young man from Boston. He stopped his machine and leaped out and over the dead cow and the unconscious chauffeur lying on his back, and his strong arms were extended to the half fainting girl in the tonneau. She fell into them just as the farmer came from the house with a milk pail in his hand and cried out:

"Now, by crickety, but this is a nice state of affairs, ain't it! What in Jericho have you folks been doing?"

"This auto struck your cow," briefly explained Mr. Dillon as he placed the girl on her feet on the ground.

"Struck my cow! Why, it's killed her as dead as a doornail! By gum, but you've got yourselves into a nice scrape. Yes, sir; gone and killed my cow and smashed my fence, and the two things together will send you to jail for at least thirty days!"

"We shall pay all damages, of course. Please let this young lady go to the house. She isn't hurt, I hope, but the accident has shaken her up."

"Oh, she can go to the house. Look at that cow lying there! Only seven years old and giving ten quarts of milk a day! Worth $30 of any man's money. It's a serious job, my friend."

Miss Haddon was assisted to the house, where the farmer's wife received her, and then Mr. Dillon returned to the chauffeur. He had been flung out, but those highballs had saved him from serious injury. He was more intoxicated than hurt, and, after being propped up against the fence, proceeded to indulge in a good, long cry. When finally at liberty Mr. Dillon turned to the farmer and said:

"I am now ready to talk with you."

"Yes, there's got to be some tremendous talking over this thing. In the first place, I'm a constable, and it's my business to arrest somebody for speeding. If that machine hadn't been going thirty miles an hour the cow could have dodged it. I've been throwing stones and clubs at her ever since she was a calf, and she's dodged 'em all. It's speeding and killing a cow and smashing a fence all in one, to say nothing of the shock to my feelings."

"We are very sorry, of course," answered Mr. Dillon. "If you will figure up the damages I will pay."

"Waal, we'll call the cow $30 and the fence about $2. As for the speeding, you'll have to be taken before Squire Johnson. He lives six miles away, but is off on a visit to his brother in New Jersey just now, and I can't say when he'll be home."

"But we can't fool around."

"Can't you? Waal, I guess you'll have to. When you're talking to me you're talking to the law. I could handcuff the three of you and take you right to jail. Why, than, killing a cow is next door to killing a human being! Can't you realize it?"

"But, you see, we are stopping at the Elms hotel, and the young lady is anxious to get back to her mother. If I pay the damages you can take the bail on the speeding case, can't you?"

The constable thought the case over and decided to take bail. When Mr. Dillon pulled out his purse to pay the $32 he received a shock. Four dollars was all he had with him. The weeping and muttering chauffeur was searched, but he had less than a dollar. Blushing and stammering and perturbed, the young man called upon Miss Haddon for a cash loan. She had only $2.

"I hate to take you to jail," said the constable when informed of how things were. "I guess your watch and pin will be enough to secure everything. You've got to come back in a week, though, to face the squire."

The things were handed over, the fuddled chauffeur loaded in like a bag of sand and the smashed auto left "to be called for." Then the other auto headed for the hotel. In the excitement of the hour neither of the principals had thought of names. It was only as they were rolling smoothly along at not too fast a gait that the error was repaired. Then a silence lasting five long minutes ensued. Then two peals of laughter broke from two pairs of lips in chorus. The whole thing was grimly ludicrous.

"And how did you raise the $32 and the bail?" asked the girl.

"The constable has my watch and pin."

"And won't we have to go to jail?"

"I think not, but we are prisoners in a sense. If you fly the country you will leave me in a bad fix."

Of course the mother thanked Mr. Dillon, and of course Mr. Dillon thanked his stars and pushed his luck. Once always and sometimes twice a day that couple had to ride out to see about bail; they had to wander about the grounds evenings; they had to sit in grottoes and beside waterfalls. After a month had passed Mr. Dillon begged the mother to let him be a bondsman to the daughter for life.

"Dear me," said the mother, "but what strange things running over a cow may lead to! Don't let Minnie do it again!"

His Crushed Cigar.

"Yes," said the man with the open countenance, "I married a girl in the mutilated currency bureau of the treasury department at Washington. Quite a little romance it was too."

"How did it happen?" asked the man with the crumpled necktie.

"It was her deft fingers, her marvelous skill, that chiefly attracted me."

"Patching together ragged old dollar bills? Faugh!"

"Restrain your sarcasm, if you please. She could do much finer work than that. I had seen her once or twice and thought her a pretty girl, but was not particularly impressed. One evening, though, when I was calling on her at the boarding house where she lived I happened to notice that in some way I had crushed a twenty-five cent cigar in my upper left vest pocket, and I showed it to her.

"'That's nothing,' she said. 'I can mend that and make it all right in a jiffy.'

"It was a shapeless mass, but I told her to go ahead. She got a little paste, and in five minutes she fixed it up as good as new. Well, sir, that caught me, and I proposed to her on the spot. She said 'Yes,' and we were married the following week."

"Old chap," said the man in the mackintosh after a long pause, "how had you crushed that cigar?"

"That's none of your business!"—Chicago Tribune.

Corn Products Entrained.

The president of a western railway system was spending the week end at the country house of a friend in New York when one evening some reference was made by a layman touching the commercial greatness of the country as evidenced by railway operations.

"What you say is quite true," observed the head of the big system. "Do you know that if the corn products in this country for the last year were loaded into one train the engine thereof would be entering the state of New Jersey just as the caboose was leaving Los Angeles?"

At this remark a woman present could not suppress her astonishment and incredulity. "How you men do exaggerate!" she exclaimed. "You know very well that even two engines could not pull such a train!"—New York Tribune.

Preferred the Men to Talk.

A Philadelphia writer who belongs to the Society of Friends is a charming story teller. Here is one from his store of Quaker anecdotes.

"The story goes," he said, "that loud talking among the congregation once interrupted a certain Friends' meeting. The women at this meeting sat on one side of the room, the men on the other. The speaker when the talking became intolerable paused and looked at the audience reproachfully.

"A woman, rising, said to him:

"'I beg thee to take notice that the talking you object to comes not from our, but from the men's, side of the house.'

"The speaker smiled upon her. 'So much the better, good woman; so much the better,' he said. 'It will be the sooner over.'"

Mother-in-law Again.

Husband—Why do you hate to see me come home smiling? Wife—Because I know it means something has happened to poor mother.—Illustrated Bits.

Edible Flowers of India.

Many edible flowers, it appears, are to be found in India. One of the most appreciated grows on a tree about which we have very little information, but which in the country itself is named the "mhowad." The natives consume an enormous number of these flowers, whose pale yellow corollae are pulpy and thick, and they prepare them in various ways.

When they are fresh they are put in cakes, to which they give a sweet flavor, but they are more especially used for making bread after they have been dried and reduced to flour. By allowing them to ferment a kind of wine is produced, and by distilling them a brandy is obtained of which the Hindoos are very fond.—Vulgarisation Scientifique.

A Dandy of 1770.

From an English newspaper printed in the year 1777 is the following description of a dandy: "A few days ago a macaroni made his appearance in the assembly rooms at Whitehaven, dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat and breeches covered with an elegant silk net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink satin shoes and large pearl buttons, a mushroom colored stock covered with fine point lace, hair dressed remarkably high and stuck full of pearl pins."

Utter Contempt.

"I s'pose you wouldn't marry me if I were the only man on earth?"

"I wouldn't even be engaged to you," responded the girl, "if you were the only man at a summer resort."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And the Parson Passed On.

"And what are you here for, my friend?" asked the visiting parson of an inmate of a reformatory.

"'Cause I can't get out, thank you," replied the victim.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Lots of Company.

Stranger—You must find it very lonely on these hills, Shepherd—Lonely! No, I don't. Why, there was a man an' a 'oss passed yesterday, an' there's you today.—London Punch.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p. m. until 9.55 p. m.) 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p. m., 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p. m. until 9.32 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p. m., then 11.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p. m. until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p. m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p. m. until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m.) SUNDAYS—6.52 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p. m.

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
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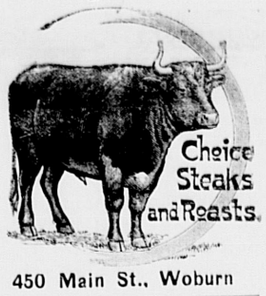
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.3. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.00, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 5.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
18	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Winow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Callan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
891	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
812	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
912	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Boggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory. (Pri.)

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THE COMPROMISE.

He Thought He Was Firm and Knew He Was Considerate.

The young man had entered that mysterious realm called matrimony, and as it was his first offense his father was handing him some paternal advice as to how he should treat the young wife.

"When you have any little differences of opinion, my son," he said to the boy, "if you can't persuade Margaret that you are right—and you probably can't, for they are all about alike—you must compromise. Be firm, yet be considerate and compromise."

"Yes, father," replied the son.

"I well remember a little experience," and a reminiscent expression came over the old man's face, "on the very threshold of the married life of your mother and myself, and it was the basis of all future disputes. It was this way: I wanted to spend the summer, our first vacation together, in Maine, and your mother wanted to go to Saratoga. That was thirty years ago. But I shall never forget how firm and yet how considerate I was with your mother and how we compromised, avoiding all dispute. We stayed from Saturday noon to Tuesday morning at Bar Harbor, and then we spent the rest of the summer at Saratoga. Yes, indeed," the old man added, with a sigh, "that's the only way to deal with a woman. You must be firm, but be willing to compromise a little once in awhile, as I have done with your mother."—New York Tribune.

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AT THE OCTAGON HOUSE

It Wasn't a Burglar That the Pretty Intruder Encountered.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Rosamond Lee walked slowly down the rose bordered path to the tall stone wall that inclosed the deserted house next door. The owners were abroad, and there was no prospect of their immediate return to inhabit the Octagon House, as it was called.

Rosamond had made many excursions about the neglected grounds and dreamed many dreams beneath the noble trees that rose from the unkept turf. She had taken toll of the blooming flowers and shrubs in their seasons, and now she fed the gray squirrels that raced up and down the green branches.

Her family laughed at her fondness for the Octagon House and predicted a speedy abandonment when Mrs. Phillips came home again, for Mrs. Phillips was old and irascible and much feared by Rosamond since she was a little child.

But on this glorious September day, when the late monthly roses were bordering the path with delicate sweetness, Rosamond, a fair, sweet rose herself, thought little of Mrs. Phillips in distant Berlin. The day was made for her—for her alone—and the Octagon House!

She followed the stone wall to an intersecting fence which served as a stepping stone. In a trice she had jumped lightly to the soft turf of the other side and sped swiftly across the dappled green toward the house.

The crooked piazza, which followed the outline of the old house, was covered with Virginia creeper, even now turning to brilliant scarlet and gold. In one corner where the vines hung low and formed a curtain were a long wicker chair and a pile of Rosamond's favorite books.

She had tired of reading and was sitting half drowsy with sleep when a step on the piazza roused her. Never before had any one trespassed on her chosen retreat.

She parted the vines and peeped through to discover a man's tall form bent to peer into the half drawn shades of the long windows. He straightened up again, and she saw that his clothes were gray and dusty and that white dust powdered his dark hair. He was mopping his forehead vigorously with a handkerchief, and she noticed that his hands were bronzed by exposure to the sun.

That the man was a burglar Rosamond had not a doubt. Her heart almost stopped beating when he glanced carelessly toward her vine covered retreat before he sat down on the top step to light a pipe.

"He's wondering how to get in," murmured Rosamond to herself. "If only I were brave enough I would go out and frighten him away, but I am fearfully afraid of burglars, and yet if he should break in and steal some of Mrs. Phillips' pictures I would feel dreadful, because I have enjoyed her hospitality unasked." She smiled thoughtfully and then sat very quietly.

Presently she dropped a book on the floor and rustled out of her retreat with a haughty expression on her sweet face. The stranger jumped to his feet and pulled off his gray cap.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I didn't know any one was around."

Rosamond fixed him with a cold stare while she mentally decided that he was too good looking to be engaged in such a nefarious pastime as burglarizing unoccupied country houses.

She lifted her pretty brows inquiringly. "You wished to see some one?"

"Why—er—no. I didn't expect to see any one here. I thought the place was vacant," he stammered, knocking his pipe against the railing and stuffing it into his pocket.

"It is not vacant. I am here," said Rosamond bravely.

"So I—er—see," with an air of chagrin.

"The house is well protected."

"I am glad of that," he said heartily. Rosamond imagined his tone was sarcastic. "Perhaps you wished to see my husband," she said in a wavering voice.

The man started violently, and his eyes forsook her face and dropped to the ground. "Of course it would be a pleasure," he said. "Is he around?"

Rosamond edged closer to the steps and ran lightly down to the path below. "I will call him. He is not far away," she cried breathlessly. Then she turned and sped swiftly toward the wall that divided the place from her home. Once there, her father would telephone to the village for assistance, and thus the burglary would be prevented.

She thought she heard swift steps behind her, and she renewed her speed toward the wall. Her heart was beating almost to suffocation as she stepped on a loose stone. She uttered a terrified cry as the stone slipped and she fell to the ground.

Now she heard swift steps in reality as the stranger crossed the turf and bent anxiously above her.

"I hope you have not hurt yourself," he said gravely.

"I have sprained my ankle," admitted the girl with white lips.

"What were you trying to do—not to scale the wall?"

"Yes."

"Why? Was your husband over there?"

A red flush crept to her brows. "Yes," she said.

"Shall I call him," asked the suspected burglar frankly, "or shall I carry you back to the piazza and get you some cold water? Where are the servants? Have you occupied the house long? My aunt wrote me that the place was vacant." He hammered out the questions with remorseless haste.

Rosamond stared with growing horror. "Who are you? Who is your aunt?" she gasped in return.

"I am Mrs. Phillips' nephew. My name's David Phillips. I have bought the place, and I came down to look it over. I was to have met the real estate man at the station. He came, but he forgot the keys, so I walked on. As he said nothing about the place being occupied, I was surprised to find a tenant."

Rosamond closed her eyes wearily, while her brain sought some escape from her appalling position. She was angry at having placed herself in such a situation. She might have known this good looking young man was not a burglar. She opened her eyes with suddenness and looked straight at him.

"I wish you would go away," she said petulantly.

"Of course, if you wish it. But you are suffering. May I not call some one to help you? I will look for your husband, if you will tell me his name." He stopped awkwardly.

"I haven't any husband," she said recklessly. "You see, I've been in the habit of running over here and sitting on the porch and reading, and today I saw you looking in the window, and I thought you were a burglar, and so I tried to frighten you away by pretending I had a husband. I live next door, and my name is Rosamond Lee—so there! You may laugh if you want to."

"But I don't want to laugh," he said softly. "I think it was awfully brave of you, you know, when you believed me to be a desperado. Now, Miss Lee, you must let me help you home again, for that ankle needs attention at once. Permit me as a neighbor and perhaps later on a friend!" He stooped and lifted her in his strong arms and carried her through quiet bypaths to a small gate in the wall and thus up the rose bordered path into her father's care.

Many times after that David Phillips strode up the rose bordered path to see Rosamond Lee, and the following June, when the roses were rioting the garden, he claimed her as his own, and together they passed under the portal of the rejuvenated Octagon House, of which Rosamond became in fact the mistress.

He Could Say "No."

"A very dignified young man took a seat in a smoking car," said the hostess, who joined in the after dinner story telling. "Near him were three traveling salesmen, well dressed, jolly fellows, one of whom suggested a game of cards, and the others agreed. They appealed to the young man to take part and make up a four handed game.

"'Thank you; I never play cards,' came the response to the invitation.

"'I am sorry for that. Will you have a cigar with us?' added the spokesman, producing his case.

"'I am obliged to you, but I never smoke,' replied the dignified young man.

"They thought they would jolly the young fellow out of dignity, so the leader produced a 'traveling companion' and asked:

"'As you do not play cards nor smoke you will not refuse to join us in a drink?'

"'I thank you, gentlemen, but I never drink.'

"With this a venerable man with ministerial aspect sitting in the seat behind the young man reached forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"'I have heard what you have said to these men,' said the sedate old fellow, 'and I admire you for the stability of character which has enabled you to shun bad habits. I have a daughter in the parlor car, whom I should like to have you meet.'

"'I thank you, sir,' replied the young man, turning about and facing the gentleman, 'but, the fact is, I never intend to marry.'"

The Incorrigible Kid.

"Israel W. Durham, the Philadelphia politician," said a Pennsylvania legislator, "owed part of his success to the fine way he kept his followers submissive and obedient without hurting their pride.

"Mr. Durham could call you to order without offending you. Once, for example, he called me to order. He said I was incorrigible. He said, with a laugh, that I was as hard to manage as a little boy in a downtown school.

"This youth's teacher told him he must add without counting on his fingers. Then she gave him several mental sums. He solved them, but from the way he kept looking down at his hands she knew he wasn't minding her. So she made him put his hands behind his back, and then she gave him another sum. He answered it, too, correctly.

"'Good!' she said. 'You didn't count on your fingers that time, did you?'

"'No'm. On my toes,' said he."

Quite a Mistake.

A lady visitor at Blackpool was bathing and was on the point of drowning when a boatman, who is a local wag, went to her assistance. Later in the day he called where she was staying and saw a gentleman who, seeing the lady in difficulties, had offered £20 to any one who would rescue the lady. This conversation took place:

Boatman—I am the man who saved the lady, sir, and I thought I'd call and see about the £20.

The Gentleman—Y-e-s, I know, but when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was in danger, and it turned out it was my wife's mother.

Boatman—Just my luck! Well, sir, how much do I owe you?—London Tit-Bits.

Old Book Terms.

The words folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo and the like have almost if not quite lost their original meaning. At first they had reference only to the number of leaves into which the sheets used in making the books were folded. Thus if these sheets were folded once so as to form two leaves or four pages the book was called a folio; if the sheets were folded twice so as to form four leaves the book was called a quarto; if they were folded four times so as to form eight leaves the book was called an octavo, and so on.

Penitence.

"I suppose you're sorry now?" asked the prison visitor, according to the Philadelphia Ledger.

The young man who had stolen $17,000 and spent it in sixteen weeks tighed through the bars. "Oh, yes," he answered. "I tried to cut too much of a splurge. The money ought to have lasted me a week longer."

A BISMARCK STORY.

Playing the Role of Cousin Was Just to His Liking.

In his university days Bismarck was as jolly and boisterous as the least promising youth of his generation. According to the author of "The M. P. For Russia," he enjoyed dancing and singing better than study and was as full of fun as his chosen companion, Count Keyserling, was deficient in it, and on this difference in temperament hangs a tale.

One day the shy and reserved Keyserling came to Bismarck in great agitation.

"What is the matter?" demanded Bismarck.

"My mother writes that an aunt and two cousins are coming for a week to Berlin, and, as they are very young and inexperienced, I must go about everywhere with them, offering them all sorts of amusements. It is most annoying," groaned Keyserling, "as I have to prepare myself for examinations and have no time for pretty country cousins."

Bismarck saw his chance and immediately inquired:

"Have you ever seen these young girls? Have they ever seen you?"

"Never in my life."

"Capital! Nothing could be better. Let me be Count Keyserling for the time being, and you become simple Bismarck. You stay at home, and I shall become a first class cicerone during all the time of their visit."

Keyserling eagerly accepted the proposition. When the young ladies arrived, Bismarck met them as Keyserling and placed himself at their disposition during their stay in Berlin. Keyserling buried himself in his books and thought no more about it until the girls had gone home to the Baltic provinces.

A week or two later he was disconcerted by receiving a letter from home in which his mother expressed her great delight in hearing from the young ladies and their mother how immensely they had enjoyed themselves and how very agreeable and kind their cousin had been.

"I am overjoyed," continued the fond parent, "to hear from their description that you have grown quite stout and robust during your stay at Berlin."

A COOK'S CREST.

The Decoration Worn by a Pompous Persian Chef.

A quaint story from Persia is given in a book by Mr. James. The author had missed from his saddle the brass plate inscribed with the maker's name, Souter, and was wrath at his loss, since the name went for much in the judgment of the east.

"One day," he says, "I was sitting in my favorite teashop with my friend Hassan Ali, discussing as usual England's perfidy in abandoning north Persia to Russian machinations, when a most dignified Persian entered the auberge. He was preceded by a well groomed boy carrying his dust coat. The Persian bowed to me with great civility and passed into an inner apartment. As both man and boy bore burnished gilt crests upon their tall astrakhan hats I took them to be public functionaries of no small importance.

"'Who was that, Hassan Ali?' I asked. 'I do not remember having seen him before, yet evidently he recognized me.'

"'That,' said my friend, with his small, beady eyes twinkling, 'is your cook—yes!'

"'My cook!' I answered in astonishment. 'I took him to be at least the governor's chief of staff.'

"'Well, he is your chief of staff, which to him seems a higher degree—yes!' And Hassan Ali smiled his inimitable smile.

"'But what in the name of good conscience is the impertinence that he wears upon his hat?'

"'That must be your crest. It is a badge of yours!'

"'On my honor, Hassan Ali, you must not make fun of me! I have given the man no crest, and I have never set eyes on him before!'

"'I have seen the badge!' Hassan Ali continued. 'It is undoubtedly your own. It has the motto "Souter," which is doubtless the old heraldic contraction for the word souteneur, and also the subtitle, "By royal appointment"—yes!'"

It was, of course, the missing saddle plate, which the ingenious cook had "conveyed" as a heraldic decoration.

Not Personal.

Count d'Orsay had an explosive temper. Sir Algernon West says that the count "once called on the publishers, Messrs. Saunders & Otley, on Lady Blessington's behalf and used very strong language. A beautiful gentleman in a white neckcloth said he would rather sacrifice Lady Blessington's patronage than stand such personal abuse. 'I am not personal,' said D'Orsay. 'If you are Saunders, then —— Otley; if you are Otley, then —— Saunders.'"

The Cough of Consumption

Your doctor will tell you that fresh air and good food are the real cures for consumption. But often the cough is very hard. Hence, we suggest that you ask your doctor about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It controls the tickling, quiets the cough.

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NOT A MURDEROUS MONSTER.

He Had Matrimonial Misfortunes, It Is True, but He Seems to Have Been the Only One Who Came to Grief on Account of Them—His Tragic End.

The supposedly detestable Bluebeard, the monster of murderous polygamy, the very name of the ogre into whose mouth one used, if one could, in childhood's happy hour, to throw india rubber balls, was in truth a man who has been as cruelly and malevolently maligned by history as Nero, Richard III., Macbeth, tutti quanti. So says M. Anatole France—and pray who can speak with higher authority on the real facts of faery?—in "Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue et Autres Contes Merveilleux." One knew already that Charles Perrault first wrote, in about 1660, the historical biography of Bluebeard, but one did not know until now how deeply Perrault, probably through false information, wronged the memory of an excellent and ill treated personage. From M. France we learn that M. Bernard de Montragoux, of old and noble descent, lived in 1650 or thereabouts at the ancestral Chateau Les Guillettes, on his estates between Compiegne and Pierrefonds. The castle, of frowning outward aspect, was inside a treasure house of taste and wealth. Its owner, contrary to long existing tradition, wore no beard, only a mustache and a little tuft below the lower lip. He was known through the countryside as Bluebeard because his hair was very black, and therefore his close shaven cheeks and chin were markedly blue. He was a fine figure of a man who, in spite of his manifest advantages as a good match, did not get on well with women of his own rank in life. This was due to an incurable shyness on his part. Pleasant and pretty girls who had been well brought up attracted him immensely, but also filled him with an indescribable terror.

The first notable result of this affliction was that the unfortunate orphan, for such he had been since his early youth, incapable of making proposals for the hand of any of the attractive and high born ladies in the neighborhood, married a certain Colette Passage, a fascinating girl in her way, against whose character nothing seems known, who was going round the country with a dancing bear. Things went well enough for a few months, and then Colette, who had at first reveled in being a lady of quality, began to long for her old freedom. The longing became irresistible, and at last she took her departure secretly with her justly beloved bear. It is noteworthy that they made their escape by way of a room that had a door leading to what had been water meadows, and so to open country. Perrault called this room "le petit cabinet," but it was also known as "the wretched princesses' room," because a Florentine painter had covered its walls with the most lifelike figures of Circe, Niobe and Procris. The tragic effect of these paintings was enhanced by the porphyry flooring of the room, which suggested bloodstains.

Montragoux appeared inconsolable at the disappearance, which was complete, of Colette, his first wife, and doubtless his lot would have been far less unhappy if he had never tried to console himself. This, most unfortunately, he did by marrying one Jeanne de la Cloche, who turned out to be a violent dipsomaniac. Bluebeard was of a nature so kindly and noble that, although in a fit of mad passion she nearly killed him with a kitchen knife, he continually hoped to reclaim her by kindness. But one day she strayed into the generally shut up princesses' room, took the painted figures for real people and was so terrified that she rushed wildly into the open fields, tumbled into a deep pool, and so was drowned.

So things went on, a new affliction with each new wife, and in each case the final catastrophe was associated with the princesses' room. The climax to the unhappy career of the more than worthy and lovable Bernard de Montragoux came with his seventh wife, Jeanne de Lespoisse, cleverest and most fascinating of a family of utterly unscrupulous adventurers. No one knew anything about the supposed late husband of the mother. Of the two brothers, a dragoon and a musketeer, one was a low rascal and a mere sponge; the other lived on gaming and on the good nature of women to whom he made love. Anne, the sister, was the incarnation of malicious cunning. Associated with this precious family was a certain Chevalier de Merlus, who had a great deal to do with the final tragedy of M. de Montragoux's career. The nature of this tragedy may be inferred, but it is curious that, while Perrault represented Bluebeard as taking a journey in order to lay a trap for his wife, the fact was exactly opposite. Both before and after his marriage he had heaped benefits on all these wretches. When he was obliged to go away in the matter of an inheritance he gave all his keys without reserve to his wife, warning her out of pure love against the unhappy associations of the princesses' room. As soon as he was out of the way a trap was laid for him, and it was in that very room that he was most treacherously assassinated. The worst and the best of it was that M. de Merlus, after marrying the wealthy widow, became an exemplary husband and subject of the king.

No Chance.

"I think it's wrong for a married man to gamble."

"It's worse than wrong. It's idiotic. His wife gives him fits if he loses and confiscates the proceeds if he wins."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The blessedness or misery of old age is often but the extract of our past life.—De Maistre.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 10, 1909.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The "political pot" does not seem to be boiling very fiercely at the present time in this city. Some campaigning is going on, but it is mostly under the surface, hence the brevity of the JOURNAL'S notes on the situation.

Mr. George F. Bean's Campaign Committee, which is made up of a large number of leading and influential Republicans of this city, culled from each Ward, are perfectly satisfied with matters as they stand, and express entire confidence in their candidate's ability to carry the caucuses on Sept. 21, with ease, and votes to spare. That is the way they talked to the JOURNAL.

Republican Leaders confidently predict that the movement for the nomination of Representative Fred F. Walker, which is engineered by only one Woburn politician, will prove a fiasco—a complete failure. They think Mr. Walker will ultimately retire from the contest.

Lawyer Samuel W. Mendum, who is a popular gentleman, is sure to pull out in favor of Bean's candidacy, if he has not already done so, and take his friends along into the Bean camp with him.

Lawyer Fred Davis, his friends say, has concluded to keep out of the squabble for political honors this year.

Shrewd political observers say that Gray's canvas has weakened considerably during the last week, and that he is more than likely to be forced from the contest by Walker's candidacy. His interview published in the *Times* didn't help his case any, they say.

This is the political situation, so far as we were posted just before going to press this morning.

A CORRECTION.

In an Editorial entitled "Shoes No Cheaper," printed in the JOURNAL on August 27 ult., appeared the following paragraph:

Now, within a few days, the leading manufacturers of this State, Douglas and others, announce that, for reasons which seem good to them, "shoes will not be any cheaper on account of the removal of duty on hides, and that the only benefit to the public resulting from the change is that prices will not be advanced."

In answer to this, last Wednesday morning, we received the following note from Governor Douglas, which we publish with pleasure because it corrects an error of ours, which did him injustice. The *Herald* interview, mentioned in Governor Douglas's note, gives us a different, and more favorable, view of his attitude towards the removal of the duty on hides, and its effect on the price of footwear; and we shall make it a subject of further comment in due season.

GOV. DOUGLAS'S NOTE.

Brockton, Mass., Sept. 7, 1909.
Publisher of JOURNAL, Woburn, Mass.

Dear Sir:—My attention has been called to an Editorial in your issue of August 27th. I think you have confused the printed utterances of other shoe manufacturers with what I have had to say on this question. I am enclosing for your consideration a copy of an interview in the Boston *Herald*, Sunday, August 8th, setting forth exactly my position in this matter, which is somewhat at variance with your Editorial.

Yours truly,
(signed) W. L. DOUGLAS.

FOUND AGAIN.

On April 6, 1909, Commander Robert E. Peary, after hunting for it 20 years, or more, found the North Pole, and is now fetching it home with him on the schooner Roosevelt. Dr. Cook says he found it on April 21, 1908, but he can't prove it, and Com. Peary did not see his tracks in the snow, or any other signs of his having been there. A good many people think the Doctor is romancing when talking about his great discovery.

You see, Dr. Cook is a lecturer (he was a mighty dry one here in Woburn) and writes books, and who knows but what the production of lectures and books may not have considerable to do with his alleged finding of the North Pole? But the people all over the world will believe that Peary is the real discoverer of the Pole, for which he has worked and suffered so many years. It is Uncle Sam's property, all the same, for Sam Elder, the foremost Boston Lawyer, says so, and he knows.

But a hot controversy is sure to develop from the conflicting claims of Peary and Cook.

REACHED AT LAST.

If his report is true, Dr. Frederick A. Cook of Brooklyn, N. Y., a professional explorer, reached the North Pole on April 21, 1908, and ran the American Flag to the top of it. He, also, so he says, wrote out a full account of his discovery and how he got there, put it into a brass tube, and buried it at the foot of the Pole, where future explorers can see it, if they want to. American scientists, so called by themselves, pretend to be in doubt about Dr. Cook's discovery—they think it best to wait until they can see the brass tube and its contents. At least, that was the way they expressed themselves on receipt of the news.

The schooner, the Bradley, was built and provisioned by Dr. Cook for the Arctic voyage at Gloucester, down on Cape Ann, and when the news of his great find reached that city on Wednesday, Sept. 1, about everybody in it got drunk.

The Washington authorities are at a loss what to do with the Pole, now that Uncle Sam has got it.

☞ Mr. Charles H. Jones, one of the most extensive shoe manufacturers in New England, and leader in the business, declared last week that the removal of the duty on hides will not cut down the cost of shoes, or have any appreciable effect on the prices. Representatives talked differently when the new tariff was undergoing treatment.

☞ President Taft leaves Beverly next week to begin his 13,000 mile Western journey. With the departure of the Taft family many distinguished North Shore summer residents will leave that beautiful and hightoned seaside resort.

☞ The Labor Day proceedings in this city were not of a character to call for much interesting comment or fine writing. There was really nothing doing here. The weather was ideal for some purposes, but not the very best for picnicking or trolley riding. Beaches were not to be thought of, or, at the most, by only a few, and they went down for clamchowders, and not for seabreezes. The Hibernian picnic at Billerica was the only attractive feature of the Day. A picnic, or reunion, of the Woburn Hibernians always brings out a big crowd, for at both visitors get their money's worth and right change back. A large crowd of good fellows and fair women, not to mention boys and girls, attended their great grove, or bush, gathering at Billerica, and a grand time everybody had, to be sure. Some of our sportsmen witnessed the automobile races at Lowell—a good many of them, in fact; some went to Boston; and—well, the keeping of the holiday passed off here without a hitch, so far as heard from.

☞ The Fowle Kindred Association held their annual reunion at the home of the President, Mr. Timothy Fowle, in North Reading last Monday. All of last year's officer's were reelected. The Association is composed of descendants of Deacon John Fowle of Woburn, born in 1755, and died in 1854. The Woburn people of Fowle blood, who attended the reunion were: Arthur A. Fowle, Managing Editor of the Boston *Globe*, and Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Emma Munn Wright, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Fowle, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Fowle, Prof. and Mrs. Elmore A. Pierce, C. Alonzo Pierce. Prof. Elmore A. Pierce, who is Historian of the Association, now writing a history of the Fowle Family in America, read an interesting paper on "Deacon John Fowle of Woburn." A basket luncheon was enjoyed in President Fowle's barn.

☞ This week has been noted for its anniversaries of important historical events: All the States of the Republic established Sept. 6 as Labor Day. On Sept. 7, 1860, Garabaldi, the Italian Patriot and Liberator, entered Naples. Sept. 8, 1900, Galveston, Texas, was destroyed by a hurricane. Sept. 9, United States first so called in 1776. On Sept. 10, 1813, Commodore Perry defeated the English fleet on Lake Erie. Sept. 11, 1777 (tomorrow) the Battle of Brandywine was fought, and British defeated.

☞ The German contestan'ts for the Taft cup in the Sonder boat races at Marblehead were beaten last Monday in the fifth trial, which put them out of the race altogether. America is gobbling up honors to kill.

☞ Harriman, the Railroad King, suffered a relapse last Monday, and his condition became critical again. It isn't likely that he will ever do much more business.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Advertiser—Wanted.
A. S. & F. P. Lewis—Music.
R. M. Thurston—Seamstress.
City of Woburn—Registrars of Voters.

— Read "Seamstress" in another column.

— Read "Wanted"—a table girl in this paper.

— The weather was more moderate and comfortable on Tuesday than the day before.

— Woburn horses owned by Holland and Foster won first prizes at the Wakefield races last Monday.

— Confirmation ceremonies will be observed at St. Joseph's church, Montvale, on Wednesday, Sept. 15.

— Mrs. G. F. Jones has taken up her residence at the Central House, which she owns, and thus saves rent.

— The City Council held a special meeting last Tuesday and confirmed the election officers appointed by Mayor Bond.

— The Woburn schools opened yesterday without a single case of contagious disease among the children of the city.

— The Woburn Firemen's Relief Association will hold their annual entainment and ball on Wednesday evening, October 20.

— There are to be no more holidays this season until Thanksgiving Day, which comes on Nov. 25, or none worth mentioning.

— "Beach Carnival" is to be given by the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E Church on the meetinghouse lawn next Monday evening.

— A new enemy of shade trees has appeared in Arlington which is thought to be more destructive than the gypsy or browntail moths or elm beetle.

— The new High school teachers this year are Kate Barker, a graduate of Smith College, and Elva A. Caldwell, Wellesley College, Class '08.

— Last Sunday morning a Requiem High Mass was sung at St. Charles church in memoriam of deceased members of St. Charles C. T. A Society.

— Miss Emma F. Hovey, Principal of the Hanson school, passed a very pleasant vacation at Provincetown, the extreme tipend of Cape Cod.

— Lawyer Harold P. Johnson made a business trip to Maine a few days ago. He will endeavor to mingle a little pleasure with the business while down there.

— Div. 3, A. O. H., are to hold their annual reunion and festival on Oct. 8. It will be attended by National and State dignitaries, and a grand time is expected.

— Lawyer Arthur E. Gage, Clerk of the District Court, and member of the Board of Assessors, and Mrs. Gage have got back home from their vacation outing. They are well and happy.

— Mr. George Tripp reached home from his vacation visit in Maine last week, and has resumed work with Messrs. B. A. & C. E. Tripp, the well known undertakers of Prospect street.

— The garden party given by the St. Charles Parochial school the other evening was a delightful affair and immense success. The Tabernacle Society had the sole management of the event, and right handsomely they acquitted themselves.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.



For Sale by

McLaughlin & Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

"SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are **$1.00, $1.25, $2.50.** Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

McLaughlin & Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

— The Baraca Class of First church are preparing for the course of lectures they have made provision for. They assure us that the course will be an entertaining and educating one.

— The Unitarian Church will resume services at 10 30 next Sunday morning. The subject will be: "The Message of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Poet of Good Cheer." Sunday School at 12 M.

— Hon. George F. Bean of this city, who most people think, is to represent Woburn in the next Legislature, attended the reunion of the Bean Family Association in Boston the other day.

— We are glad to learn that Dr. Robert Chalmers, who has been a very sick man, is nice and comfortable, gaining health, and will soon be driving that auto of his on visits to sick people once more.

— East Woburn might be made one of the neatest and prettiest sections of this city. All it needs to make it so is some more money, enterprise and pluck, for the location and lay of the land can't be beaten.

— Last Saturday evening Mrs. John Brauer of Eastern avenue sent to the JOURNAL a bouquet with the size and beauty of which any well regulated newspaper would have a perfect right to be delighted. Thanks.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney, former Mayor of Woburn, now of Woburn and Boston, returned from a visit to Europe a few days ago. He reports having had a pleasant tour through Great Britian and over the Continent.

— The entertainment course of the North Congregational church will present its initial number next Monday evening, Sept. 13, with a lecture on James Whitcomb Riley by Stockdale. Season tickets, $1.00; single admission 35 cents.

— Mr. Charles P. Buckley, the driver of hook and ladder truck 1, is again at his post of duty on Montvale avenue. He attended the Readville races last week, as usual, and, as usual, returned with "a pocketful of rocks." Charlie is all right.

— John Sheehan, Mayor of the Burrough of Matamora, Pa., a former resident of Woburn, came on to attend the reunion of the 39th Regiment, of which he was a member in the Civil War, last week, and then visited friends and old acquaintances here.

— Mr. Griffin Place, Real Estate and Insurance dealer and agent, with an office at 420 Main street, has the leasing of a large number of houses and tenements of many grades and prices, as well as the sale of much desirable real estate, including residences.

— "Joe" (W.) Field, Vet. of the Civil War, P C of Post 161, G.A.R., and one of the "whitest" men in Woburn, celebrated the 70th anniversary of his birthday last Wednesday. He was a good soldier and is a good citizen. Many returns of the same, Joe!

— Low prices for good goods have cleaned the store of Copeland & Bowser, or reduced its stock to pretty nearly the vanishing point. But it is to be filled to the collarbeams with the biggest and best stock of fall and winter drygoods ever offered for sale in Woburn.

— Mrs. Samuel W. Mendum of Arlington Road, who has been touring Europe, with Miss Wood, for several months past, was expected to reach New York on her return voyage yesterday, and if her expectations were realized, she is probably at home by this time.

— The Scott A. C. defeated the Harrison A. A. Saturday, Sept. 4th by the score of 2 to 1. The lineup for the winners: Price c, Doherty p, O'Connor 1st, L. Kenney 2nd, W. Kenney ss. The battery for the losers was Scalley p, Donahue c. The Scott A. C. will play any 9 or 10 year old team in or out of town. Write to Manager Leo Kenney, Scott street, Woburn.

— The public schools of this city opened yesterday after a long vacation, for another year's work. There was a good attendance of pupils in all the houses and rooms thereof; and the teachers, rested and refreshed by their summer outings, appeared in the best of condition for work.

— The straw hat season of 1909 is passed and become history. The weather favored the unwritten law last Sunday, for it was cold enough, after the rain, for furnace fires and "plug" and Derby headwear. The straws and panamas have been few and far between this week on our streets.

— Dr. Cook, who discovered the North Pole on April 21, 1908, hoisted the American Flag to the top of it, nailed it there, and left a tincanful of notes at its base for the enlightment of future explorers, lectured under the auspices of the Burbeen Lecture Course in this city not long ago.

— A year, or so, ago it was thought that Mr. John Brauer of Eastern avenue had got about through with manuel labor on account of illhealth and age. But not so; the old German leatherworker is today as hale and hearty, and goes to his daily tasks and eats his daily rations, just as he did 30 years ago.

— Mr. William W. Hill, Mrs. Hill and Elizabeth returned last week from their summer home at Camp Ellis on the Saco, in Maine, where the vacation season of 1909 has been pleasantly spent by them, as have several former ones, and they are now comfortably settled in their fine residence in North Woburn.

— Mrs. Lewis's programme of last season's pupils' recitals have elicited unsolicited encomiums in professional circles. Mr. Lewis this summer added another diploma to his collection, this one for study of methods in school music. At the concluding concert he was one of the few chosen Conductor of the Chorus.

— The public schools of this city began the new school year yesterday in great style. Supt. Clapp had the reins well in hand, with everything ready for the start, and at the drop of the hat, early in the morning, the houses were filled with urchins ready for work, and men and women on hand to teach them.

— The letter R has returned to use in spelling the names of the months and oysters are now ripe and eatable. There are only four months of each year that they are tabooed because of the absence of R; but with the passing of August the prohibition was removed and oyster stews, fried, and on the halfshell, are in order again.

— The pleasures of Labor Day were greatly augmented at the JOURNAL plant by the receipt, per hand of Mrs. Annie Vaughn, of a large and elegantly arranged bunch of beautiful flowers from Miss Ellen Alfreda Anderson, the 4-year old daughter of Mr. Neil Anderson of 6 Warren avenue, for which we were very much obliged to a kind little girl.

— Mrs. Annie S. Lewis and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis resume musical work, and offer expert instruction with unusual advantages, the results of study, observation and experience in college, conservatory, and two years abroad, as many years' service in this vicinity. [The word Lewis has been significant to Woburn Music since 1874. Ed.] See Card.

— At the conference held by the B. P. W. last week over the question of selecting a site for the Southend playground nothing definite was agreed upon. There was a radical difference of opinion between Commissioner Kelley and Architect Shurtleff as to the location of the grounds, in the discussion of which Com Kelley seemed to have the best of it. The Southenders, for whose benefit the grounds are to be provided, by a considerable majority, favor the purchase of the Nichol's lot, it is said, while the architect's choice is not generally approved of. The Mayor was inclined to side with the latter at the conference.

— Several Woburn Spanish War Veterans attended the reunion of the Order at the Point of Pines on Sept. 4.

— Rev. Enoch Bell, D. D., of Boston, is to preach at First Church next Sunday morning, and in the evening Mr. Luther Fowle will lecture on the recent Turkish murders of christians.

— Rev. Frank Poole Johnson of Woburn, who has for the last three years been Assistant Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Boston, has received a call from the Church of the Nativity in Cincinnati, Ohio, to become its Rector.

— It rained copiously all the forenoon last Sunday, and after clearing off about noon, the weather turned cold enough for November, the wind blew nearly a gale, and things became decidedly chilly and uncomfortable. A half wintry night followed, and a cold, air prevailed all day Monday. Certainly, Dogdays ended on Sunday in rather a peculiar manner.

— The Danish Brotherhood had a fine time at the celebration of the fifth anniversary of their organization in Mechanics Hall last Monday evening. There was a large attendance of people from out of town, as well as of members and invited home guests. A capital supper was a feature of the programme, and music, dancing and speeches entertained the company to a late hour.

— The good people of Academy Hill were pleased to note the return of Capt. John P. Crane to his fine home on that fashionable thoroughfare last week, and to note, likewise, that he appeared to be in excellent health and spirits. Golf evidently agrees with the Captain, as it does with President Taft, and while he generally accumulates avoirdupoise from playing it, the President loses flesh at the same game.

— Mrs John T. Towle, (Maggie Doyle) of Peter Parley Road, Jamaica Plain, whose summer home is at Hull, took a prominent part in the annual whist and dance party given by the Catholic Summer Colony at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, last Friday night, in aid of the church of St. Mary's-of-the Bay on Spring street in that town. She was Chairman of the Married Women's Whist, and was one of several ladies who donated the whist prizes.

We glean from the columns of the Grinnell, (Iowa) *Register* news of the marriage of Miss Ruth Chester Field and Mr. James C Howall, the ceremony having been performed at the residence of the bride's parents in Grinnell, on Sept. 1, 1909. The bride is the stepdaughter of a former Woburn lady, Miss Minnie Carleton, who owned and occupied the fine residence and grounds on Pleasant street, now owned by and the home of Mr. Michael J. Mulkeen, the well known Insurance and Steamship Agent, and became the wife of Mr. H. A. Field of Grinnell a few years ago.

— The North and South Stations in Boston were never so thronged with homeseekers from summer resorts and September mountain excursionists as they were last week. The baggage smashers nearly died from overwork. There never were such crowds before. Every nook and corner of New England—the seaside, countryside, mountain, lakeside, stream and farmhouse—was filled to overflowing with Western and Southern visitors. There were so many of the homeward bound vacationists in Boston all the week that it was hard to get around with any speed or comfort in its streets.

Interesting Figures.

— At the meeting of the School Board last Tuesday evening Superintendent George I. Clapp submitted the following figures, which will, no doubt, interest our readers:

The total enrollment for the school year ending last June was 3057 or 23 more than the preceding year. The average daily attendance was 2901 against 2846 in 1907-08.

The average percent of daily attendance was highest at the High, 96.73, with an enrollment of 405 pupils. The Wyman was second with 96 23 of 190 pupils.

In 1908-9 there were 345 pupils not absent or tardy against 248 the previous year. There was an improvement in punctuality, 1431 tardy ones in 1908-09, a decrease of 319 over the previous year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Statements to the contrary, notwithstanding, the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company does not permit the attachment of glass mouthpieces to its telephone instruments.

The hard rubber mouthpieces it furnishes have stood the test of careful inspection, and are the result of years of experience and experiment.

Subscribers are advised of this attitude of the Company, because any such attachment is a violation of the contract for telephone service and may result in the removal of the instruments.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Last Days At Wonderland.

Great Amusement Park Down By The Sea To Close Sunday Evening.

Wonderland will close its gates Sunday night, the 12th instant, after one of the most prosperous seasons in the history of this great amusement park down by the sea at Revere Beach. Thousands have been present every pleasant afternoon and evening to enjoy the almost countless attractions.

Died.

At Lower Sackville, Nova Scotia, Sunday, Aug. 29, 1909, Margaret Grey, wife of J. Connolly Fultz, aged 76 years, leaving one son and three daughters to mourn their loss.

Mr. J. C. Fultz and family moved from Woburn to Nova Scotia in 1882, and are remembered by many of the older people of this city.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

"Case of kidnaping up at our house this morning."

"That so! Call the police?"

"No; called the kid. He'd overslept."

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Intense interest in Woman's Suffrage has resulted in a play on the subject, written by one of the Suffragetts themselves—Mrs. Teresa Crowley, who was Chairman of the big Suffragette meeting held in Symphony Hall, and conducted all the hearings on the subject before the Massachusetts' State Legislature. Mrs. Crowley has written a number of sketches and in this particular one she has done her best work. It will be of particular interest from the fact that it marks the return to the stage after a number of years of Miriam O'Leary Collins, who was one of the greatest favorites the Old Boston Theatre Stock Company ever had.

THE BOSTON.

Two hundred singers in a musical production is a novelty that Boston playgoers have not enjoyed since the years ago when Eugene Tompkins was at the acme of his success as a producer of big spectacles at the Boston Theatre. With the great production of the new military operetta, "The Gay Hussars," opening on Labor Day for a run, Henry W. Savage revived the glories of the old Bosson Theatre and showed Boston playgoers an operetta so much bigger and superior to anything that has been seen in recent years that the piece scored a sensational success.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Of all English comedies, there is none to equal "The School for Scandal" either in humor or in fame. It has been acted for almost a century and a half wherever the English language is spoken, and critics and public alika have been unanimous in its praise. It is this comedy that John Craig has selected for his coming week at the Castle Square, and it is safe to say that "The School for Scandal" will be given as fine a performance by the John Craig Stock Company as it has ever before received in Boston.

THE CAMERA.

Some of the Wonderful Things of Which It Is Capable.

The camera, which divides time into thousandths of a second and records the impressions of each, makes permanent pictures of events which pass too quickly for the dull human retina to recognize. It is only through the camera that the motions of the wings of flying birds and of the legs of swift running animals have been analyzed. To the camera the fuzzy drivers of the swiftly speeding locomotives stand out clear cut and stationary, while each flying drop of rain in the driven storm is distinct and seems frozen in its place. The tarpon fisherman, familiar with the first wild leap of the frenzied fish as it casts hook and bait fifty feet in the air, sees first in the finished picture the outstretched gills, the convulsive opening and closing of which had escaped his eye, however closely he may have looked for it.

Often the eye of the camera will decipher documents of which the writing had been substantially obliterated by age, and I have successfully copied with the camera the utterly faded photograph of a classmate of forty years previous and thereby been enabled to present to a grizzled veteran a likeness of his curly haired youth. Changes in the pigment of the skin undiscoverable by the eye appear with distinctness on the sensitive plate, and it is said that ample warning of approaching disease has been thereby given.

By means of the invisible rays lying beyond the violet of the spectrum objects may be photographed in the darkness and, with the aid of the so called X rays, through substances otherwise opaque. When from the darkness of night and storm the forked lightning flashes, the camera makes a vivid and permanent picture of each fiery trail. Creatures that travel by night can be "caught" in the brief blaze of a magnesium charged pistol, the flash of which is of too short duration for the creature to move or the dull human eye to recognize the subject.—A. W. Dimock in Van Norden's.

"You say the play was entirely without a villain?"

"Yes—that is, if you choose to omit the author."

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Board of Registrars

Will be in session at the office of the City Clerk, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

SATURDAY EVENING, Sept. 18, 1909

AT 7 O'CLOCK

to receive applications for registration, as required by Section 36, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 8, 1909.

WANTED

A TABLE GIRL and for SECOND WORK. Call at the JOURNAL Office.

A Seamstress

would like a few more engagements in September at Repairing and Refitting. Address L. M. THURSTON, Reading, Mass.

Housekeeping as a Business.

Requires brains and executive ability on the part of the housekeeper.

There are so many details in the provisioning and management of the household that a woman must have help in order to do everything.

The business man would not think of trying to do business without a telephone.

Is it fair for him to expect his wife to try to do business without one?

HE IS THE CAPITALIST,
SHE IS THE MANAGER.

A residence telephone is as necessary as an office telephone.

Call up the Local Manager free of charge and learn the particulars.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "The Message of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Poet of Good Cheer."
At 12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

At Wilmington, Mass., Sept. 2, by James E. Kelley, Justice of the Peace, Mr. Levi A. Gilson, of Wilmington, and Miss Julia L. Howard of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 1, Mary E., wife of Wm. C. C. Colgate, aged 68 years, 1 month, 7 days.

In this city, Sept. 7, James F. Strum, aged 27 years, 3 months, 7 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael Conway late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Catherine Conway of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't. Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. McCall, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Bernard J. Golden, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty first day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Glasses for Repairs by Mail.

A prompt, reliable and convenient way to have Glasses repaired. The work is the best, and prices are satisfactory. Mailing Boxes will be sent without charge on request. Please do not send the case.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
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Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs. A. S. Mr. F. P. **LEWIS** Pianoforte Theory, Organ
Consult, Unit. Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.
Address, Winchester, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in any of the real estate of Almira Ayres, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, William E. Ayres of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he as the husband of said deceased, is interested in the real estate of said deceased lying in this Commonwealth; that the whole of said real estate does not exceed in value the sum of five thousand dollars; and praying that the whole of said real estate which is described in said petition may be assigned and set out to him by the Court according to law.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of September, A.D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, once in each week, for three successive weeks, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Abbie Hart late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie F. S. Miller who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County Middlesex, on the twenty first day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

CARD.

Mr. Samuel W. Mendum, Counsellor-at-Law, announces that he has removed his Boston offices to the Kimball Building, 18 Tremont street, Rooms 310 and 311. Tel. Fort Hill 2381.

Hours at Woburn offices, 8 to 9 A. M. daily, and Saturday evenings, 7.30 to 9.

Residence: 16 Arlington Road. Tel. Wob. 272-1.

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 36,834 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 50 Cambridge, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn.

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AT THE

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have **14,080** square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road **FOR SALE.** Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A. M; then every hour until 1.45 P. M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.46 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A. M then every half hour until 10.15 P. M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

FOR SALE.

To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 25 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached; about ¼ acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy. Apply to F. BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.



Get Your Printing Done At This Office

WINCHESTER.

The W. C. T. U. are to hold their first postponed meeting today, Sept. 10.

I am told that Mr. Whitfield Tuck who was the only, or the original Bryan man in Winchester, I have forgotten which, is a member of the Board of Directors of the National Democratic League of Clubs.

The stalest reading that falls under my observation, if read at all, is this everlasting harping on Grade Crossing, Aberjona overflow, Fishing in the Reservoirs, and kindred themes. Can't our newspaper writers conjure up some fresher and more interesting subjects to treat.

There was talk of starting a subscription to raise funds to go with Mrs Harrington's splendid gift, but it didn't pan out much. If the $50,000 had been retained and a hospital attempted this town would have had the biggest elephant on its hands that it ever before had to maintain, though it has had some pretty heavy ones in the past.

I hear that the Metropolitan Park Commissioners have determined not to provide openair Band Concerts in this town and elsewhere on the State reservations after this year. They say the attendance at the concerts are too small to warrant their continuance. Diverse reasons are given for the scant patronage of the bands, but the simple and only reason for it is that most people are tired of band concerts.

My good friend, Whitfield Tuck, Esq. is irritated and disgusted over the return of the $50,000 to Mrs. Harrington by the Hospital Society. He thinks the donation should have been held on to by the Company and trusted to luck and the generosity of our people for the maintenance of the hospital. If they had, I guess Mr. Tuck would have found out in due time, that "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

ALEXANDER'S SNAKE.

A Story of Magic and Credulity In the Olden Days.

No snake that ever lived won greater fame for the time than Alexander's. Lucian tells the story. Apollonius, a master of the magic arts, had many disciples, among whom was a practicing physician who lived in Abonoitichus, a small town on the shore of the Black sea. There Alexander was born of humble parentage and imbibed from the old doctor all that he had learned from Apollonius of medicine and magic. He was a lad of striking appearance, tall, handsome, with a fine head of hair, lustrous brown eyes and a voice sweet and limpid. "God grant," wrote Lucian, who knew him, "that I may never meet with such another. His coming was wonderful, his dexterity matchless. His eagerness for knowledge, his capacity for learning and power of memory were equally extraordinary."

Such was the well favored young peasant who sallied forth from his native town in search of fame and fortune. Soon he fell in with one Coconnas, a shrewd tipster for the races and somewhat of a juggler. The two rogues joined forces and meandered about telling fortunes. Arriving at Pella, they found a great number of huge, harmless snakes which lived in the houses, played and slept with the children and destroyed poisonous rats. Alexander promptly purchased one of the largest, a veritable monster, so tame that it would coil about his body and remain in any desired position. Then he made a human face for it out of linen, painted it ingeniously and shaped it so that the mouth would open and shut by an arrangement of horsehair, letting the forked tongue shoot in and out at the will of the master. Having no further use for Coconnas, he either administered poison to him or let him die from some infection and returned with his snake to his native town. There he declared himself a prophet and announced that the god Aesculapius was about to appear. The people were credulous, excitable and eager for a new divinity.

When the great day arrived Alexander pretended to discover in a puddle of water a goose egg which he had placed there after removing the contents, substituting a small embryo snake just born and carefully sealing the shell with wax. When the multitude had gathered he broke the shell and produced the tiny creature, which in a few moments grew to be the monster from Pella by the simple process of substitution. Thereafter the big snake, believed to be Aesculapius, led a busy life. He gave seances, told fortunes in writing and even spoke freely, with the aid of the prophet's ventriloquial powers. Alexander grew rich and powerful, kept a small army of retainers and spies, wielded no little influence over the government even at Rome and died at a ripe old age in the fullness of his renown. What became of the snake nobody knows. Probably at the last the prophet dispatched the faithful creature to prevent the discovery of his deception after his death.—George Harvey in North American Review.

The Kind Cat.

A neighbor of old Mrs. Harrington killed a fine pig one day. He cut it up and hung the pieces in his woodshed. Mrs. Harrington's cat climbed into the shed that night, stole a large pork chop and carried it home to her mistress. The minister happened to call on the old lady the next day. She was just frying the chop. She told the minister how miraculously it had been brought to her by the cat.

"And, oh, sir," she said piously, "it was almost beautiful to see the way the sweet animal brought me the pork chop. It quite recalled to my mind what we read in Holy Writ about Elijah and the ravens."—Exchange.

The Courtship Gate.

We have been shown a design for an upholstered front gate which seems destined to become very popular. The footboard is cushioned, and there is a warm soapstone on each side, the inside step being adjustable, so that a short girl can bring her lips to the line of any given mustache without trouble. If the gate is occupied at 10:30 p. m., an iron hand extends from one gate post, takes the young man by the left ear, turns him around, and he is at once started toward home by a steel foot. The girl can, if she likes, set this part at a later hour than 10:30. —Jones County (Ga.) News.

Gibraltar's Searchlight Battery.

For ships to pass around Gibraltar, England's and the world's greatest fortress, without being observed even at night is a practical impossibility, owing to the great battery of searchlights arranged along the bottom of the rock. A ship running either in or out runs into one of the fixed beams of light and is revealed. A moving beam of light then follows her until the lookout officers are satisfied as to her intentions.—Popular Mechanics.

Clothes.

"Clothes don't make the man," quoted a sage.

"They made me!" said a retired tailor.

"And where should I be if it wasn't for suits?" chimed in a lawyer's clerk.

A BURGLAR'S ADVICE.

Where to Keep a Revolver at Night and How to Use It.

I take my pen in hand to write you an answer to the ing that signs his name "Victim" what says that a bolt on your bedroom door nights will make you safe from burglars coming into the room and shooting your head off and to tell him the only way to be safe from harm by burglars is to lay still when they tells you to and after they has gone to collect from the burglary insurance company.

Your man "Victim" is a dull guy if he thinks a bolt will stop any one that knows his trade, because we always puts a gimlet hole through the panel right back of the bolt and slides it back quiet and easy just the same way as we puts holes through the panel back of dead latches on outside doors, because there ain't nothing will stop a man that knows the trade only a steel door with an iron crossbar back of it and electric contacts all round.

What's more is that any man that sleeps with a pistol under his pillow is a chump, because that's where we always feels for it the first thing and gets it before proceeding to the business of the evening, the right place to keep a pistol being in the front hall hanging on a nail where you ain't liable to do no damage to the bedroom walls and furniture with it, besides its being bad for nervous people to wake up in the night and feel for a pistol that ain't there no more.

If a guy wants to take a pistol to bed with him and thinks he's got nerve enough to use it the proper place for it is not under the pillow, because that's where we always look for it, but it's at the foot of the bed, about where you can stretch out with your toes so that when you wake up and feel the burglar's hand searching under your pillow you can lay still till he moves over to the bureau, when you will have plenty of time to get hold of your gun with your toes and pull it up gentle and slow like you was still fast asleep till you get your grip on it and then if you are quick enough to make the burglar shoot in the smoke all right, but if you ain't got the nerve for the job you'd better not have no guns around, because he will shoot next.

Having been in the bolt slipping and pistol collecting business for nine years, I guess I know the game, and if I knowed where your mug "Victim" lives I would just come up some evening and pinch his gun for him to show him his bolt is no good.—Sloppy Mike in New York Sun.

NO IMPEDIMENT.

An Objection to a Wedding Ceremony That Was Overruled.

A popular politician tells a story about one of his electioneering campaigns. He had arrived about noon at a certain small station. He started out after dinner for a walk about the village, on the outskirts of which he came upon a building thronged with people.

The building was a church, and a wedding was about to take place. He edged his way through the crowd until he reached a spot where he had a good view of the bride and bridegroom and the clergyman who was about to perform the ceremony.

The church was packed, with the exception of a low, dark gallery near the roof. This was apparently deserted.

The minister proceeded with the ceremony until he came to the point where custom required him to pause and inquire if there was any one present who knew any reason why the couple should not be made husband and wife. A hush fell upon the assemblage, and every one waited in breathless suspense. Something of a sensation was caused when a voice came from the upper gallery, saying:

"Yes, I do."

All eyes were turned to the gallery, where, seated all alone in the gloom, barely discernible, was a meek looking little man, with a haggard face and disheveled hair. After the clergyman had recovered from his surprise he said sternly, "State your reason, sir!"

The suspense was turned to merriment by the little man's reply:

"I want the girl myself," he said.—London Tit-Bits.

Rest Your Eyes.

The moment you are instinctively inclined to rub the eyes that moment cease to use them. Also it is time to give your eyes a rest when you become sensible of an effort to distinguish. Cold water is about the safest application for inflamed eyes. Never sleep so that on awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window. Never read or sew directly in front of the light of a window, the better light being that that comes from above or obliquely or over the left shoulder. Too much light is an evil, just as is scant light. It creates a glare that pains and confuses the sight.

A "Mite."

The difficulties experienced by our forefathers in trying to reckon money in very small proportions appear in the various values given to a "mite" in the sixteenth and seventeenth century books of commercial arithmetic. The original "mite" seems to have been a third of a Flemish penny, but the use of the word for the widow's coin of the New Testament made its regular English meaning half a farthing, and some old people may remember applying the name to the short lived nineteenth century coins of that value. In those old arithmetic books "mite" stands for various values not represented by actual coins, but obviously used in reckoning. A work of 1705 makes it one-twelfth of a penny, two sixteenth century books one-sixth of a farthing, and in 1674 Jeake's arithmetic made it as little as one sixty-fourth of a penny.—London Chronicle.

Heroic Treatment.

In Guiana if a child is slow in its movements the parents apply an ant to the child instead of a whip to make it move faster. This little ant bites more cruelly than a mosquito, and its bite is apt to be troublesome afterward. As you can imagine, this treatment does not make the child kind to others, and the children of Guiana are said to be particularly cruel to animals. The little boys in Guiana do not reckon their age by years, but by their ability to endure pain. Until he gets to the point where he can let the Hucu ant bite him without wincing he is considered merely a baby.

Sympathy.

He—It was a frightful moment when I received your letter telling me of the insuperable obstacle to our marriage. I would have shot myself, but I had no money to buy a revolver. She—Dearest, if only you had let me know.—Simplicissimus.

RETURNED THE PRIZE

A Trophy That Did Not Remain Long In Captivity.

THE MISSING COAT OF ARMS.

It Belonged to the American Consulate In Honolulu and Was Carried Off by a Party of English Middies—The Restitution and Apology.

"Speaking of old times on the coast," said an Oregonian, "reminds me of some of the sterling characters we had there. One was Governor McBride of Oregon. His first official duties were at Honolulu, where he was United States minister. King Kamehameha was the ruler at the time. The minister was a heroic type of a man, the father of fourteen children, and a number of his sons became distinguished men in various professions. He was a true American, cast in an ultra patriotic mold, and many stories are told among the oldtimers of his patriotism and bravery.

"When McBride reached Honolulu he found there were no outward insignia designating the American consulate or minister's office, so he had a large American coat of arms cut out of wood, gilded and decorated appropriately, and this was hung over the office door that all the world might see it. It was naturally a conspicuous object and of much interest to the public.

"One day an English man-of-war came into port. The sailors and midshipmen were given liberty, and, as often happens, some of them had hilarious times. Among the then midshipmen were Lord Gordon and Lord Beresford, who, like all midshipmen in from a long cruise, were out for a jolly time. Walking down the street, they did not fail to notice that Yankee coat of arms, and as Beresford was collecting bric-a-brac and curiosities it occurred to him and Gordon that this would be a fine addition to their collection, a trophy worth having. So they selected a time when the minister was away and the office closed, presumably at night, and took down the coat of arms, hired a native vehicle to carry it down to the dock and actually succeeded in getting it aboard without any of the ranking officers knowing anything about it.

"The next morning when the minister came down to the office his assistant said:

"'Mr. Minister, your bird's taken flight.'

"'What do you mean?' asked his excellency.

"'Your coat of arms is gone,' replied the aid.

"'Gone where? Flown off?'

"'Not exactly,' said the other. 'It's just disappeared.'

"The minister walked out into the street and looked up. The coat of arms, which was five or six feet across, was 'noticeable by its absence.' It had taken wings and flown away. Exactly what the minister said has not been chronicled.

"It so happened that Beresford had given the carriage driver an extra fare for his trouble. Some one discovered this and quickly reported it to the minister, who at once made a demand upon the captain of the frigate for its return. The captain, who was innocent, denied that the thing was aboard ship. The minister sent his evidence to the captain, reiterating his demand and demanding an apology for the insult.

"The captain now began an investigation, and the culprits owned up and took the coat of arms on deck, when it was promptly sent ashore and returned to the office of the minister. McBride, who was there, refused to receive it.

"'Tell the captain of your frigate that I desire that the men who took it down bring it back, place it where they found it and apologize.'

"Back to the ship went the men with the coat of arms and reported. The captain ordered the young men to go ashore, take the coat of arms to the consulate, replace it as they found it and apologize to the minister.

"It was doubtless a bitter pill, and the young midshipmen had to stand the badinage of their comrades. The two went ashore, ready to comply, and took the coat of arms to the consulate. The American minister had not put himself out to keep the matter quiet, and as a fact the public was well posted, and the consulate was surrounded by a crowd of Americans, natives and others, all laughing at the predicament of the young midshipmen.

"The minister had a strong sense of humor and determined to get all there was in it. He preserved his dignity as best he could as he received the young men and listened to their apologies. The midshipmen then took the coat of arms from the hack and amid the cheers of the crowd climbed to the front of the building and placed it in position, then hurried down, followed by laughter and cheers."—C. F. Holder in New York Evening Post.

SPARED BY THE ENEMY.

A Dramatic Incident in the Career of General de Gallifet.

It was on that fatal day, Sept. 1, 1870, that General de Gallifet distinguished himself by commanding the cavalry charges intended to clear the elevation at Illy, with the view of opening a passage toward Floing, where it was hoped the army might retreat. The first charge overthrew the Eighty-third regiment of the Prussians and penetrated among the German troops, but the latter formed again rapidly after the retirement of the French cavalry.

General Ducrot then asked if they could renew the charge with what remained of the light cavalry and hussars, and then Gallifet answered in the words that have become historic. "As often as you wish, general, as long as a man remains!" The second charge was not so successful as the first. Only a few men, with their general at their head, succeeded in penetrating the first ranks of the enemy. It is known that the king of Prussia, who was watching the battle from the top of the hill of Marfee, exclaimed with admiration, "Oh, les braves gens!"

Just at this moment an astonishing event occurred in the midst of the battle. As Gallifet was returning with a few survivors, their horses for the most part wounded or foundered, he passed before the Nassau regiment. The Prussian officers ordered their men to cease fire and even struck up some of their guns. The French saluted and shouted, "Vive l'empereur!" and the German officers acknowledged the salute, some of them applauding.—Westminster Gazette

PURVEYORS TO ROYALTY.

Their Signs Constitute One of the Sights of London.

The American in London, on his first visit to that marvelous city, is struck by the number of signs over shops with the royal arms painted thereon and announcing that the tradesman is a purveyor to their majesties. Yet, when the matter is sifted, the number is not so large.

Officially, according to the London News, there are about 200 tradesmen in London who hold the royal warrant and are entitled to use the royal arms as a shop sign, with the accompanying words, "By royal appointment." The royal warrant has to be received, signed and sealed in due form; otherwise, if a tradesman styles himself a purveyor to a member of the royal family without this formal permission, he is guilty of an offense which is punishable by a fine not exceeding £20. Moreover, he is liable to a similar fine if he uses arms so nearly resembling the royal arms as to lead people to believe that he is carrying on his business under the authority of royalty. Several instances have occurred of the enforcement of these penalties.

The warrants are exhibited in the shop windows, headed by the royal arms and bearing the signature of the lord chamberlain, the comptroller of the royal household, the treasurer of the latter, or of the master of the horse, etc., according to the circumstances.

SMOKING A PIPE.

It Is Said to Give the Face a Square Jawed Effect.

"There is one question I always ask a man who wants a job," remarked the business man who has to hire several hundred men for different positions each year.

"The question I always ask them is, 'Do you smoke a pipe much?' Of course the answers are various. Some of them smoke a pipe a great deal and others not at all.

"Why do I ask about the pipe? Well, not that I have the least interest in their habits or that I have any prejudice one way or another in the matter. The reason is that I want to know whether the formation of their lower jaws is natural or acquired.

"A man with a firm lower jaw is always a man of parts and of will. I say 'always'—anyway, most always. If he does not smoke a pipe his square jaw, back near where it hinges on to the upper one, is natural. If he is a pipe smoker the looks are deceiving, and I have to judge his caliber some other way.

"Pipe smokers always have strong muscles back on the face about the place a man stops when he makes the first stroke downward in shaving. These are the muscles that hold the jaws together. They often give a square jawed effect to a man who hasn't any square jaw characteristics. My men think I ask funny questions, but there's a reason."—New York Times.

British and German Physique.

Ten millions of our people inhabit dwellings inferior to the kennels provided for the hounds in a well managed hunt. The results of living in dwellings unfit for human habitation and the prevalence of a dietary scale from which English meat, bread and milk are excluded are fatal to successful rivalry with a virile and healthy race where agriculture is fostered for strategical reasons.

Having spent hours in watching the arrival of the early morning trains in Berlin and Hamburg, I am appalled with the contrast between the vigorous and well set up, broad chested and healthy looking clerks, brawny shopmen and stalwart laborers on the other side of the North sea and the champagne shouldered, cow hocked, pigeon chested, lack luster trainfuls of men of the same classes landed at Liverpool street, Victoria and Charing Cross. —Arnold White in London World.

He Studied It.

H. Rider Haggard in "A Winter Pilgrimage" tells this anecdote:

"When I was a 'soaring human boy' my father took me up the Rhine by boat with the hope and expectation that my mind would be improved by contemplating its lovely and historic banks. Wearying of this feast very soon, I slipped down to the cabin to enjoy one more congenial, that of 'Robinson Crusoe.' But some family traitor betrayed me, and, protesting even with tears that I hated views, I was dragged to the deck again. 'I have paid 6 thalers,' shouted my justly indignant parent as he hauled me up the steamer stairs, 'for you to study the Rhine scenery, and, whether you like it or not, young man, study it you shall.'"

Much Married.

The following, taken from "Evelyn's Diary," refers to a Dutchwoman who lived in the seventeenth century: "Towards the end of August I returned to Haarlem. They showed us a cottage where, they told us, dwelt a woman who had been married to her twenty-fifth husband and, being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in the future, yet it could not be proved that she had ever made away with any of her husbands, though the suspicion had brought her divers times into trouble."

Spiteful.

Dear Creature (speaking metaphorically)—That absurd Maud Forsyth can't see an inch beyond her nose.

The Other Dear Creature (speaking spitefully)—Perhaps she is dazzled by its brilliance.

What Would He Do With It?

A farmer owned a dog—a very good, high bred and thoroughly trained dog—that every morning for three years chased a railway train that ran past the farm. The farmer and his wife were watching the persistent but vain pursuit one warm morning.

"I wonder," the wife said, "what makes that foolish dog chase the train so persistently."

"Never thought about that," replied the farmer, "but I've often wondered what he would do if he caught it."

What He Wanted.

Professional Guide (to palace car porter)—I have an English lord in charge, and I want him to get a good impression of the comforts of travel in this country. Here's $5. Porter—Yes, sah. Do you want me to gib him extra attention, sah? Guide—Great Scott, no! I want you to keep away from him!—New York Weekly.

Tommy Atkins on the Range.

Subaltern—What on earth are you fellows doing? There hasn't been a bit signaled for the last half hour. Private—I think we must 'ave shot the marker, sir!—London Punch.

TIGERS IN INDIA.

Strange Hindoo Beliefs Concerning the Man Eaters.

In India the traditions of folklore are numerous and strange. Among those pertaining to the tiger the following are the most peculiar: The uneducated Hindoo (and he is in the great majority) believes that the ghost of a man killed by a tiger rides on the head of the beast that slew him to warn him of danger and to guide him to new victims. It is declared that God provides for the tiger's daily wants to the amount of 1 rupee a day—that is to say, if the tiger kills a calf worth 6 rupees he will not be allowed another victim for five days.

Eating the flesh of a tiger is supposed to give one great courage and alertness, but the whiskers must first be singed off the beast or his spirit will haunt the man who fed off him, and he is likely to be turned into a tiger in the next world.

The following incident really occurred in a small Indian village in the interior: One of the villagers was unfortunately killed by a tiger. The police investigated the accidental death and rendered this verdict: "Pandu died of a tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of him save his bones and some fingers, which probably belonged to either the right or left hand."—Washington Star.

The World Went Round.

When Bloggins senior on the occasion of his annual party was obliging his guests with "'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round," Master William Bloggins seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes behind the Japanese screen with his sire's half smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Bloggins was observed by one of the company to be looking far from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty, and his eyes stood out like small hat pegs.

"Good gracious, Willie! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Bloggins in alarm. "I believe you've been smoking."

Willie shook his head.

"'Tain't that," he declared untruthfully. "If it's true what father's been singing about, I—I re-reckon I'm in love!"—London Express.

Astronomical.

Some curious and interesting astronomical phenomena are recorded in the old Chinese annals which go back to a great antiquity. In 687 B. C. a night is mentioned without clouds and without stars. This may perhaps refer to a total eclipse of the sun, but if so the eclipse is not mentioned in the Chinese list of eclipses. In the year 141 B. C. it is stated that the sun and moon appeared of a deep red color during five days, a phenomenon which caused great terror among the people. In 74 B. C. it is related that a star as large as the moon appeared and was followed in its motion by several stars of ordinary size. This probably refers to an unusually large bolide, or fire ball. In 38 B. C. a fall of meteoric stones is recorded.

DRIVING A NAIL.

More to It Than Simply Hammering It into the Wood.

One who thinks that the driving of a nail consists simply in getting the whole length of it out of sight has little conception of the real nature of the operation, says the Scientific American. A nail driven by an expert will often hold several times as much as one ill driven, while, too, it is often made to draw the parts into place. If you have ever watched a mechanic driving nails you have doubtless noted that he rarely drives one at right angles with the face of the work. There is a reason for this. Suppose that he is nailing the "sheeting" on the frame of a building and desires to draw the board down tightly against the one below it. He points the nail downward, and a few well considered blows at the last produce the desired effect. If the board is bent edgewise, so that much force is required, probably he will start the nail in the upper edge, pointing very sharply downward. Again, two nails driven in a board at different angles will hold it in place much more firmly than the same nails would if they were driven at right angles with the face of the board.

Did you ever notice that in driving a nail in very hard wood one man will do it successfully, while another succeeds only in doubling the nail up before the point has fairly entered the wood? The difference lies in the fact that the expert strikes the nail fairly and not too hard, "coaxing" it in, while the other strikes too hard and with indirection. It may be properly mentioned right here that in driving a nail into very hard wood it is usually profitable to dip the end in oil or grease. This will not sensibly interfere with the holding qualities of the nail, while it will be found to very materially facilitate its driving.

His One Good Trait.

Loafer—Can yer spare us a 'a'penny, mate?

Workingman—Wotcher want a 'a'penny for?

Loafer—Cos I got one, and I wants another for the price of 'arf a pint.

Workingman—Ever done a day's work in yer life?

Loafer—No, guv'nor, cawn't say as I 'ave.

Workingman—Well, yer never done a pore bloke out of a job, anyway. Ere's yer 'a'penny.—London Punch.

Those Useless Questions.

"Billy, did you ever pick up a live trolley wire with your bare hands?"

"Many a time."

"Didn't it give you a shock?"

"Give me a shock? It killed me dead every time."—Chicago Tribune.

Diplomacy.

"But what made you irritate her father?"

"I had to do it. I wasn't any too popular with the girl until her father forbade me the house."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

After Him.

Aunt Crabbe—I think it is my duty to tell you that I have heard from several sources that Mr. Brown is a very fast young man! Daisy—Fast as he is, I shall catch him yet, auntie!—London Pun.

Very Close.

Warden—How's the campaign going up your way? Sort of a close contest? Sellers (gloomily)—Closest I ever saw. Neither side is giving up a blamed cent.—Buffalo Courier.

The greatest tattle-tale in the world is a woman's age when it begins to tell on her.—Philadelphia Record.

ESTABLISHED 188?

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A LITTLE WATCH TALK.

Did you ever stop to think that the balance wheel in your watch makes about 300 moves a minute, 1800 per hour, or 43,200 from the time you wind it until you wind it again? You oil your windmill or wagon, your wife her sewing machine, almost daily. Still you let your watch run in old rancid oil and accumulated dust year after year, or until it stops. Then when it is worn and the delicate bearing cut out, blame the jeweler, because your watch kept good time for ten years until you took it to him. An ordinary watch, cleaned and oiled yearly, will last any man a lifetime.

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DOING SOMETHING DESPERATE,

And After It Was Done Sylvia Really Felt Contented.

By JEANNE OLIVE LOIZEAUX.

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The moonlight and her beauty softened the scorn of her glance when she saw that it was Max who had been sent back for her. She sat alone in Jack Burroughs' stalled machine. Jack and his wife had walked in, being due at an important function.

"You!" Sylvia's tone matched the intention of her glance.

"Even I, Sylvia," he replied with a rueful grin. "Fate is sometimes decent. A fellow has to risk what welcome is coming to him."

"It was horrid of the Burroughes to send you, but they had to get to that dinner, I suppose! My ankle still refuses to let me walk far, or I'd have gone with them afoot."

Tall and fair, cap in hand, he was standing with an offered hand to help her down and into his own little runabout. But she did not move. His glance followed hers to the gleaming object held fearfully in her lap. He took both hand and pistol as she explained.

"Jack would leave it when I insisted on their going and sending back the first respectable person they met"—

"Thanks! Are you coming?" He pocketed the weapon. But she only removed her big hat and veil.

"You know why I'm afraid! You're worse than a pistol. I can't trust you." Her tone was quite serious. "Next time you ask me to marry you I shall do something desperate! I would almost prefer staying here alone. Oh, Max, would you, for once, take me straight home? And behave? You used to be nice when we were children."

"I won't propose, in the car, I promise. But I will not take you straight home—it's too early—you and the moon are too divinely fair. I don't want to behave especially, but since I must I will. I will vary the program by asking you not 'Will you have me?' but 'Why is it that you won't have me?' Come?"

Finally she reached him her hand, but without excuse he suddenly took her in his arms and lifted her to his car. For a few minutes they sped along with the June breezes freshening on their faces. At length he spoke frankly, quietly:

"Sylvia, let's talk it over. I may have annoyed you—I may have made a fool of myself imploring you to be mine times innumerable, like a comic opera hero with the same old song. I don't know how to say it many ways. It all comes to the same thing—marriage or not. But I love you."

It pleased him to be whimsical, and Sylvia laughed. It was a change from the dead serious, anyway. He was never modest about his real worth. He continued:

"I am lovable, too, with an affectionate disposition. What is the matter, Sylvia? Please tell me. I will not ask you again—in the car—I promised—and never again at all once I see you do not love me. You have never flatly denied that, you know."

He turned his face away that she might speak freely if she would. Not that she had ever been embarrassed with him; he wished she had. At last she spoke:

"You bring this on yourself. I don't feel polite. You always make me so irritable and unlovely. I want to fly when I see you coming. I came out with the Burroughses to be rid of you and to save them from each other's company. I can't tell you just why it is, but the sight of you makes me contrary, and I cannot say what you want me to."

Speeding a little more, he turned to her coolly.

"You are never unlovely, Sylvia. Just how do I irritate you?"

They glided on through the soft dusk between the dark, sweet breathing woods and lighter meadow lands. On and on they came, nearer the city, whose myriad lights seemed to flash toward them from the dim hills.

"And you make me think when I don't want to. It's like pushing something away that you do not want to come too close. I simply don't seem to want to be married. I"— She stopped short.

"Is that it? Of course you have to decide that. What is it you do want in your life, Sylvia? To grow old alone? Your aunt won't always live. Do you want to earn your own living? Do you know of anything that would be a satisfactory substitute for married love? Do you want to study some art or a profession—medicine, for instance? Do you want to be an old maid and remember that you had a lover who, man and boy, would do anything—die for you, live for you and with you and give you what happiness he could coax from the scheme of things? Don't I interest you? Must I lose my money or must I take sick and almost die or save somebody in some romantic stunt to make myself interesting? I want to know where I am, what I can do. Are you tired of seeing me about? I might go away a few years. Shall I?" She laughed at his ridiculous, half practical, half sentimental vein so characteristic of him.

"Perhaps I am just too used to you, Max. You used simply to say you were going to marry me. The last year you have teased me by asking me till you make me cross. I don't know just how I do feel. I can't seem to get any perspective on you—or on marriage at all. You seem to stand between me and understanding. I am not a coward, but think of the responsibility! See the Burroughes—always on the ragged edge of a quarrel, undivorced simply because the only thing they agree on is hating a scandal! If Kitty had said no they might both have been happy. It's a big thing—being responsible for a man's happiness, especially if one might get to care very much, and I have nobody of my own, really."

His pulses sang at her words, but he forbade himself to reach for the hand which lay on her lap ungloved.

"Really, Max, the uncertainty and being bothered and all have put me on the verge of—anything, lately. I even thought how soon that little pistol would decide things for me! If this goes on I shall certainly study medicine, or jump from a moving train, or let myself be carried off by Dick Benton!"

She certainly needed some one to look after her, he reflected. He remembered that the mother she never knew had died of a broken heart. This might make her a little bitter and [illegible]. She seemed to have finished speaking. He had determined what to do. He spoke in a most matter of fact way, dismissing sentiment.

"I want something I left at the bank," he said. "I have dad's key. Would you mind if I stopped there a minute and at the Leader office? I forgot a notice that must be in the morning issue."

They were entering the city. She acquiesced, her head a little dizzy, her heart sinking at his silence. Had she made him think she could never—care? Would he never ask her again? What she thought she was losing because suddenly precious.

When they were on their way home another fear stole over her. Had she unconsciously shown her heart? She wished for the mother she had never known—the lovely, sad mother they had told her of. They were entering the driveway.

He helped her out and walked to the door with her. With her hand on the latch, she looked at him timidly, wistfully, a new look for Sylvia.

"Good night," she just breathed. "They are all out yet."

"Just a moment, Sylvia," and he drew her by the hand from the porch, across the lawn, to the old elm where they had played as children.

"Sylvia"—he let go her hand and faced her—"you fear the responsibility? I do not! I will answer for your happiness, which is my own. Can't you believe me? I got mother's old ring from the bank. Now, for the last time, in spite of what you have said, I ask you to marry me. Will you, Sylvia?"

He stooped to catch her low answer, but the sound of voices and steps came from the porch.

"They are coming home," she whispered. He took her by the shoulders.

"Answer me, Sylvia!" Tears stood on her cheeks as she laughed a little, pushing him from her as she said:

"Yes, yes, yes!" He felt his arm about her, his kiss on her lips, his ring on her finger. And she was content.

When at last he was leaving her she whispered demurely:

"I said I would do something desperate—and I have—you are accepted! I deserve anything for being so rash! When shall you tell auntie?"

"Tell auntie to find the announcement in the morning paper."

Sylvia gasped. But what was the use of scolding about what was done?

An Ancient Industry.

It would be difficult to say when exactly and at what date the manufacture of cotton fabrics began. In comparatively modern times, says Country Life, it has become an industry of importance in Europe, but it has flourished in the east from a period too remote to admit of calculation. The Egyptians certainly used both cotton and linen materials, for fragments of such stuffs have been preserved among the other relics of their ancient civilization, and there is much reason to believe that the elaborate draperies of the Assyrians were cotton or muslins finely woven and of delicate texture. In China, too, and India the same kinds of material have been the common wear of the people from time immemorial. In fact, everywhere throughout the east cotton fabrics were produced and used long before the primitive Europeans had begun to develop any of the graces of civilization or indeed had ceased to be anything but skin clad savages.

Most Awkward.

An old, steady going farmer was accustomed to ride to the market town upon a rather bad tempered horse.

One day his man Bob brought the animal, which was especially vicious that morning, to the door, the horse trying to bite and kick and giving a good deal of trouble.

The farmer mounted the horse with some difficulty and began to walk it out of the yard when Bob, who still entertained ill feeling against the animal, picked up a stone and flung it at him with all his force; but, alas, his aim was erratic, and the missile struck his master on the head.

Half dazed for a moment, the farmer turned slowly in his saddle, and, not suspecting the real cause of the blow, he measured with his eye the horse's hind hoofs and his own head and, settling himself in the saddle again, started off with the remark, "Well, he allus was an okard beggar."—London Scraps.

Tall and Short.

First Detective—What was the description of that absconding bank cashier we were told to look out for? Second Detective—He was six feet tall and $50,000 short.—Philadelphia Record.

A Practical Demonstration.

"The best way to study nature is to go right to it."

"I suppose so."

"Oh, I know it. I was once disposed to doubt the industry of the ant, of which so much is said."

"And you learned better?"

"I did. I had a controversy with a naturalist over the question, and I thought I had him beaten until he gave me a demonstration."

"Took you out and showed you the ants at work, did he?"

"Well, not exactly that, but he took me along on one of his scientific expeditions and then maliciously pitched my tent over an ant hill. By the time I discovered what was happening the conviction was forced upon me that ants are really and truly industrious. They are small, but they made me move, and some of them went right along with us to the next camping place."—New York Times.

Under Examination.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.

"Did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him," was the reply.

"How long have you known this man?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Can't do it," said he. "I'll sit down or stand up."

"Officer, remove that man." And he did.

An Athletic Game.

The cobbler's shop in a small village was filled with old men and a young man, the young man being a good football player. Naturally the conversation drifted to the game of football.

The young man turned to one of the old men and asked him if he had ever played the game. The veteran thoughtfully blew a cloud of tobacco smoke from his lips and replied:

"Nay, lad. I've never played at none o' them athletic games 'cept dominos."—London Mail.

THE ATLANTIC LINERS

Signs, Signals and Flags Used by the Various Companies.

COLORS OF THE BIG FUNNELS

In Some Cases They Are Very Much Alike, but the Night Lights Used by the Vessels of the Different Lines Are Quite Distinctive.

It is said that but comparatively few of the many thousands of persons that each year patronize the various lines of steamships crossing the Atlantic are familiar with the various distinguishing signs and signals employed by the vessels of the respective companies. Yet it is a very easy thing to tell at a glance to what line any given ship belongs—the American line, for instance.

About all that one must remember in the case of the vessels of our own line is that the funnels are black, each with its white band. When you see an Atlantic liner at night with a blue light forward, a red light amidships and a blue light aft you know at once that she is of the American line.

All Cunarders show a red funnel with black rings and a black top, while the night signals consist of a blue light and two roman candles, each throwing out six blue balls.

There are but two of the leading transatlantic lines the ships of which carry cream colored funnels—the North German Lloyd and the Holland-America lines. The first employs a perfectly plain funnel without any other color than cream, and the latter shows a cream funnel with a white band and green borders. Signals displayed at night by these lines are, in the case of the North German Lloyd, two blue red lights, one forward and one aft, and, in the case of the Holland-America line, a green light forward and aft, with a white light under the bridge.

Two lines use buff tunnels, the White Star and the Hamburg-American, the difference between the two being that, while the former shows a black top, the latter is plain buff throughout. White Star night signals are two green lights flashed simultaneously.

Quite a number of lines carry black funnels—the American with a white band, as mentioned above; the Anchor, which is entirely black; the Bristol, with a variegated and fancy touch, the black smokestack being relieved by a white band in the center and a blue star in the middle of the white band. In the regular service of the Hamburg-American line, as distinguished from the express service, we find that the color is plain black, while the Red Star is black with a white band and a black top.

The Scandinavian-American and the Wilson lines have red and black funnels, black in the first case with a red top and red funnel with a black top in the second.

The red funnel of the French line has a black top similar to the funnels of other lines, but with different proportions of color. On this line the night signals are a blue light forward, a white light amidships and a red light aft, forming the French tricolor.

At night the Anchor line of vessels shows a white light, then a red. The Bristol displays a green light only. The Hamburg-American ships for both services, regular and express, show two red-white-blue lights in quick succession at the stern. The Red Star displays three red lights, one forward, one aft and one amidships, all flashed together. The Scandinavian line employs one white-red, followed by one red-white light, and the Wilson puts out two red lights about sixty feet apart.

It will be observed from the foregoing that the night signals of all the different lines vary, while the funnels in some cases are very similar. This, however, does not lead to confusion, for in determining the line to which a vessel belongs one must also take into consideration the flag or pennant she flies. Every line, of course, carries a different "house flag," as it is called.

The flag of the Cunard line is red with a golden lion in the center, while that of the White Star vessels is of the same color, but swallowtail in shape and containing a white star. The house flag of the Red Star line is exactly the same as that of the White Star company with the colors reversed—flag white, star red.

The flag of the Hamburg-American line is an elaborate affair—white and blue diagonally quartered with a black anchor and a yellow shield in the center. The North German Lloyd flag is a handsome one, showing a design of a key and an anchor crossed in the center of a laurel wreath in blue on a white field.

The Atlantic Transport line flies a pretty flag of red, white and blue horizontal bars, with stars.—Edwin Torrisse in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Just One Sentence.

"They say that Stevenson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line."

"That's nothing. I know a man who has been working the last six years on one sentence."—Boston Transcript.

The Two Power Standard.

"England thinks her navy ought to be just twice as large as that of her principal rival."

"My wife likes to regulate her wardrobe along those identical lines."—Pittsburg Post.

The liar is sooner caught than the cripple.—Spanish Proverb.

Got the Hard Stuff.

Jedson—Ha! Ha! Ha! Silas—What's the joke, Jedson? Jedson—Why, just as soon as the county went prohibition old Hiram Hardapple got buncoed. Silas—What was the game? Jedson—Why, Hiram got a circular that stated some firm up in town would send him a keg of hard stuff for $2. Hiram sent the $2 and smacked his lips. Silas—Gosh! And what came back? Jedson—Scrap iron, and they said if that wasn't hard enough they'd sen him a keg of spikes at the usual rates.—Chicago News.

Sorry He Spoke.

"I was a fool when I married you."

"But you're wiser now?"

"You can bet I am."

"Well, I've improved you a little, then, haven't I?"—Cleveland Leader.

He Was Trusty.

Mrs. Handout—I would like to know whether you are a trustworthy character. Dusty Stryper—Why, lady, at the last place I worked they called me a trusty.—St. Louis Republic.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 12, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxi, 1-17. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Acts xxi, 14—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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When the time came to leave Tyre the disciples there, men, women and children, accompanied Paul's party out of the city down to the shore, and all kneeled down on the shore and prayed. What an object lesson for those who may have been looking on! There are always some watching us who draw their own inferences from our conduct as to whether we are worldly or other worldly, whether we are for the most part in communion with earth or heaven. Some who bear the name of Christ have been known to shrink from praying before others or even asking a blessing on their food. What can He think of those who are thus ashamed of Him? (Matt. x, 33.)

As at Miletus, so here at Tyre we have another painful separation when Paul and his companions set sail and the friends from Tyre return to their homes, but we trust that all hearts were more than ever turned to Him who is our continual habitation (Ps. lxxi, 3) and from whose presence some day we shall go no more out. One day at Ptolemais, where they also found brethren, and then to Caesarea, where they tarried many days in the home of Philip the evangelist, who had four daughters, virgins, who did prophesy. We recall that Philip was greatly used of God in Samaria and then to lead the Ethiopian treasurer to Christ, after which he preached in all the cities from Azotus to Caesarea (Acts viii, 40), but that seems to be the last we have heard of him till now. God gave to the churches apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ (Eph. iv, 11, 12), and were it not that Philip is still called the evangelist we might think that he had become pastor of the church at Caesarea and that Cornelius and his household were members of that church. There are so many things we are not told and we are curious enough to want to know, but we must wait to find out why we hear nothing more of Philip's active ministry and to learn what he was doing at Caesarea. Then these daughters of his—in what sense did they prophesy?

Concerning it all it comes to me continually that there is only One with whom we have to do, and if we are filling the place He assigns us, be its service small or great, that is all He requires of us, whether other people know much or little or anything about it. He appoints to every one his work and says "occupy till I come" (Mark xiii, 34; Luke xix, 13). He knows in what part of His field His plants will thrive best and bear the fruit that He desires, so it is ours to quietly abide in Him and see no one but Jesus only. We may imagine what a time of prayer and praise and study of the word these days in Caesarea were and how they would listen to Paul declaring what things God had wrought by his ministry (verse 19), for as he afterward did at Jerusalem he probably did here also and elsewhere. While at Caesarea a prophet from Judea named Agabus by a striking object lesson foretold that at Jerusalem Paul would be arrested and imprisoned, upon which the disciples there as well as Paul's own companions besought him not to go to Jerusalem. Paul's reply to them all was that he was ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus (verse 13). Compare his words to the Ephesian elders at Miletus in chapter xx, 24. Both of these are splendid utterances of a whole hearted servant of Christ who would not by any persuasion of friends be turned aside from what he believed to be the Lord's way for him. When they saw that he would not be persuaded they simply ceased urging him and said, "The will of the Lord be done" (verse 14). Being joined by several of the disciples from Caesarea and by an old disciple from Cyprus named Mnason, who was to lodge them, they in due time reached Jerusalem and were gladly received by the brethren. Thus ended the third missionary journey.

Concerning the will of the Lord to which they desired to submit when they found that they could not persuade Paul not to go to Jerusalem, there can be nothing greater or higher and when His will shall be done on earth as in heaven that will be the kingdom of God on this earth. Our Lord Jesus could say, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God;" "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work" (Ps. xl, 8; John iv, 34). In proportion as His will is done in us now, that good and acceptable and perfect will of God (Rom. xii, 1, 2), we have just that much of the kingdom in us, a foretaste of eternal glory. May we ever say from the heart cheerfully, "Thy will be done." Is it possible for us to think that we are in the will of God when we are simply working out our own will? It is to be feared so. I could believe that Paul was right in resisting all the entreaties of his fellow believers and fellow laborers unto the kingdom and determining to go to Jerusalem at any cost were it not that the Spirit said to Paul that he should not go (verses 4, 11). The disciples said to Paul through the Spirit that he should not go.

Good Kitchen Company.

One housewife in this town doesn't know anything about the servant problem, at least so much of it as has to do with the keeping of a maid of all work, the quality of such service not being counted. This is because her servants always become devoted to her because of her brightness and magnanimous treatment of them. Having only the one servant of doubtful skill and accomplishments, this housewife has to spend a good deal of time in her own kitchen. The other day Julia expressed her appreciation this way:

"Miss Fanny, yo' ce'tinly is good kitchen comp'ny."—Louisville Times.

Two Hamlets.

Sir Beerbohm Tree and Wilson Barrett gave London their production of "Hamlet" almost contemporaneously. A well known wit who was asked his opinion of the dual Hamlets nonchalantly made answer: "Tree's Hamlet is funny without being vulgar, but Barrett's is vulgar without being funny."

ONE AUGUST NIGHT.

She Was Told the Story of the Lady of Shalott.

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

It had been an unusually oppressive day even for August. Every one seemed sleepy or sleeping. Cobblers slept with half mended boots in their laps; Italian women slept at their fruit stands with sleeping babies at their breasts; horses trotted conscientiously along in front of sleeping drivers.

In the department store where Antona Wheaton worked the day had been difficult, especially behind the stuffy corner where she measured out ribbons. And, oh, what a godsend the loud sounding bell at 6 had been! Most of the girls in the store were city bred, and they accepted the conditions of August philosophically, but Antona Wheaton had come from a fresh little country town in the west, and as she leaned from her boarding house window—the third floor hall room, back—a few minutes before going down to dinner it seemed to her that she was locked in a place of torment from which no escape was possible.

They dined at 7 in Mrs. Brown's boarding house. In the half hour that Antona had been home she had taken a sponge bath, brushed her silky, flaxen hair and changed her black alpaca dress for a simple white muslin. As she leaned out of the window from the open space beside the storage house in the rear she could see the dust carts roll down the streets. The whisking of their big rotary brooms reminded the country bred girl of large turkey gobblers sweeping the earth with disdainful, proud wings. The open space faced the west, and, resting her little oval cheeks in her hands, Antona could see that the sun was doing its best to set with some sort of rightful beauty, even in this homely downtown section.

"Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles"—

Antona was speaking to herself in a reprehensible fashion that was growing on her, trying to recall some verses which Francis Logan had quoted to her one sunset time down on the Battery. She had fancied she could remember them, they were so simple and lovely.

Just then Mrs. Brown's cracked dinner bell rang.

Across the long, narrow table Francis Logan glanced at Antona with something like a lump born of a big, protective instinct rising in his throat. Every vestige of fresh country rose bloom had fled from the girl's sweet face, and in the intervals when she fancied she was not observed the young fellow's alert eye noticed that black lashes rested heavily against her cheek as would those of one who is overweary.

Antona's weariness struck home perhaps because of contrast. Francis himself was more than usually happy that night.

The big importing house where he was employed had that very morning sent a note to his desk informing him that his salary had been increased some $10 a month. His dear mother, over in Devonshire, had just written him that a relative had left her an unexpected little legacy. Altogether the world was going well with Francis Logan.

"You look pleased, Mr. Logan," observed Mrs. Brown from her accustomed seat at the head of the table. "Ah, I remember—this is your favorite soup!"

For five years now young Logan had been an inmate of Mrs. Brown's establishment without having ever changed his seat at table or his room. Naturally Mrs. Brown sought to ingratiate herself with him.

"Why, my dear," she had exclaimed once to Antona in a burst of enthusiasm, "he knows all the poets by heart. He sees only the best plays, even though it may be from gallery seats. He knows all the finest pictures up in the Metropolitan. He has what they call an 'artistic' taste too. My lands, you should hear him notice the sunset at the end of a narrow city street or a tiny flower out in the park or"—

"Yes, I know," said Antona impulsively, for once coming out of her reserve. "He's pure gold—that's what he is!"

"Huh! 'Gold?'" Mrs. Brown had retorted disdainfully. "None o' your pretty, soft yellow stuff for him. He's good, solid, practical steel, if any one asked me. Don't you forget it, Miss Wheaton. And if you could be fortunate enough to tie up to him"—

Mrs. Brown had broken off abruptly at a flash from Miss Wheaton's eye. One dared not presume too far with Miss Wheaton, in spite of the silky, flaxen hair and the childish dimples, as many of the young men in the department store had found out.

"If only they could be a little more like Mr. Logan!" Antona had more than once found herself commenting as she pinned up her colored bolts. "He is the soul of honor, and I—I don't know what I'd do without him!"

"Had a stroke of luck today, little girl." Logan waylaid Antona as she was going upstairs after the scanty saucer of raspberries, made purple with milk, had been eaten. "I want you to come out tonight and help me celebrate—if you'll do me the honor."

A little later, from the basement dining room window, Mrs. Brown, who was arranging her cloth for the next morning's breakfast, watched them go up the street together. Antona, in her simple white muslin, wore a nodding spray of pink roses at her waist. As they walked toward the west the young fellow's eyes were fastened adoringly upon her.

"Guess they'll hit it off all right," commented Mrs. Brown as she went on refilling the porcelain saltcellars.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Francis as they walked toward the cars. "We'll go out to Riverside drive and sit there for awhile till the night gets cooler; then we'll go to some big uptown restaurant and order some ice cold chicken salad."

"Oh," broke in Antona in economic defense, "I'd just as lief go to a drug store and have some nice soda."

"Now, don't you bother about the expense, little one," said Francis gayly. "As I said, I've had a rare stroke of luck today, and when we get out on one of those cool benches on the drive I'm going to tell you about it." Also he determined resolutely to himself he would tell her something else. She needed to be petted and taken care of.

The car ride to the river was long. The sun glow had faded entirely out of the west and the gray veil that spread between the night and day was already beginning to be pricked by the city's innumerable lights when finally they neared the drive and leaned over the stone wall that edged it. The Palisades on the opposite shore cast huge black shadows upon the water. Near by a yacht or two were at anchor. Silently, mysteriously, their lights came up, one by one. Over on the Jersey shore a big building which by day showed itself to be an unsightly factory now took on the majesty of a mediaeval castle.

"See the turrets and spires," said Francis, calling Antona's attention to it. "Do you know the story of the Lady of Shalott?" he added. "She lived in a grand castle—we'll pretend that's it," he nodded toward the factory—"and from the highest window she watched her lover, Sir Launcelot, going by, and she drifted down the river to find him. We'll pretend this is the river, and—dear little Lady of Shalott, will you let me be your Sir Launcelot? I love you and want you to marry me and let me take care of you. Surely, little one, you are so fragile and sweet you need to be taken care of. Will you?"

The girl's eyes as he spoke were distant. All the yellow lights on the yachts seemed to be swinging themselves together.

* * * * * * *

"Just look at my hair, Francis," Antona was saying twenty minutes later, with a shy note of laughter.

"I'm looking at it, dear," said Francis oddly, with something like a catch in his rich young voice. "And just to think I'm going to have it to look at all my life!"

"Nicknackitorian."

London shopkeepers' slang is a dialect in itself and one that is always changing. What, then, is a "nicknackitorian?" We know not the word today; but, looking recently through some old law cases dating about a hundred years back, I was puzzled to find it applied in all good faith to describe a plaintiff in the sheriff's court. On further search it turned out to be a piece of forgotten cockney slang for a dealer in bric-a-brac.

The evidence showed that this plaintiff kept a sort of old curiosity shop, in which he dispensed "mummies," poisoned arrows, the head of King Arthur's spear and a genuine manuscript of the "first play acted by Thespis and his company in a wagon!" The defendant, a woman, had actually bought and paid for some of these rarities, but she died after having commissioned the embalming of an orang outang to add to her collection, and for this her executors refused to pay. Counsel for the defense poured contempt on the mummy of the orang outang and called it a "stuffed monkey."

But the "nicknackitorian" won his case. His profession was more taking than his name.—Manchester Guardian.

An Equal Test.

It is an interesting fact that the two studies of arithmetic and geography often seem to be opposed to each other in the affections of school children. Pupils who are particularly proficient in the one are apt to be backward in the other.

A story is told of a youngster who was slow in arithmetic and whose apparent stupidity in this field was a great source of grief to his father, a clever mathematician.

One day when the father and son were walking out they passed a place where a "learned pig" was on exhibition, and the father took the boy in to see the prodigies that the animal could perform.

"Just look at that!" said the father. "Why, there's a pig that can count and add up numbers! Don't you wish you were as smart as he?"

"Ha!" answered the boy. "Just let me ask him a few questions in geography! I reckon I could beat him at that!"

Told by Sydney Smith.

The late Lord Dudley was a most absentminded man. "One day," says Sydney Smith, "he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me today; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation held out to me, but said he was engaged to meet me elsewhere. Another time in meeting me he put his arm through mine, muttering, 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' He very nearly overset my gravity once in the parish. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick as if he had been in the house of commons and, tapping the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper, 'Hear, hear!'"

Just Suits Him.

Friend—Why do you encourage these woman's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them. Husband—Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife at home to ask questions.—Fliegende Blatter.

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IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.

THOMAS LEES, Supt.

Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq., Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p. m. until 9.55 p. m.) 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p. m., 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p. m. until 9.32 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p. m., then 11.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p. m. until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p. m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p. m. until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m.) SUNDAYS—6.52 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p. m.

WILLIAM F. MALONEY, Div. Supt.

ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.

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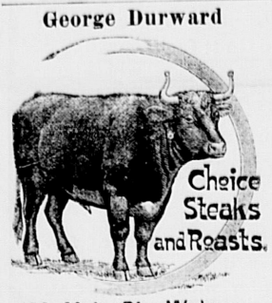
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.48, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.3 m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.48 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.40, 2.30, 3.30, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 5 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Haddon Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cahlan's shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
891	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
812	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
812	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's factory. (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.40 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.40 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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PROMPT JUSTICE.

The Magistrate Was Firm and Tried to Be Genial.

In the "History of Beverly," Mass., the following anecdote is related of a good justice of the peace in the old colonial times. On a cold night in winter a traveler called at his house for lodging. The ready hospitality of the justice was about being displayed when the traveler unluckily uttered a word which his host considered profane.

Upon this he informed his guest that he was a magistrate, pointed out the nature of the offense and explained the necessity of its being expiated by sitting an hour in the stocks.

Remonstrance was unavailing, for custom at that time allowed the magistrate to convict and punish at once, and in this case he acted as accuser, witness, jury, judge and sheriff, all in one.

Cold as it was, our worthy justice aided by his son, conducted the traveler to the place of punishment, an open place near the meeting house where the stocks were placed. Here the traveler was confined in the usual manner, the benevolent executor of the law remaining with him to beguile the time of its tedium by edifying conversation.

At the expiration of the hour he was reconducted to the house and hospitably entertained till the next morning, when the traveler departed with, let us hope, a determination to consider his words more carefully before giving them utterance in the hearing of a conscientious magistrate.

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Accepted With Thanks

The Stories She Wrote and Her Own Self as Well

By LAURA MARY ROGERS

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Miss Lilla Hibbard opened her stamp box and looked despairingly at its emptiness. Then she turned the contents of her portfolio upon the afghan and searched among the loose leaves and envelopes. Not a stamp to be found!

The search was a mere formality, for she could account for every one of the dozen stamps she had borrowed a week ago. With compressed lips she looked for inspiration around the room and out in the hall. Mr. Wilkins was coming down the stairs.

Miss Lilla caught her breath. He was the only lodger to whom she did not owe stamps. It had been a comfort to her to feel self respecting in regard to one of the lodgers, and she had told herself that it was not merely because he had never put himself in the way of her solicitations. But now—why cling to such a small remnant of pride!

"Mr. Wilkins," she called softly.

A middle aged man with an ecru mustache presented himself at the door.

"Are you—worse?" he inquired awkwardly. "Shall I call your sisters?"

"Oh, no; please don't, Mr. Wilkins," Miss Lilla rejoined fervently.

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Yes'm, certainly," Mr. Wilkins murmured, and Miss Lilla hurried on:

"I should be so much obliged if you would mail this for me. I can't ask my sisters, for I don't want them to know about it, and I haven't any stamps, and I think it will take four, two inside and two out, and I haven't any change now, but I won't forget it."

Mr. Wilkins produced a stamp book, extracted a neat row of stamps and solemnly applied them to the bulky envelope.

"And two inside?" he questioned.

"Yes, please," Miss Lilla said gayly.

Mr. Wilkins looked at her with wonder and alarm in his eyes, and before she knew it Miss Lilla had broken her resolution to be reserved and was in the middle of the explanation that the seven other lodgers already knew. In the usual order she revealed to him her secret to write, her spasmodic attempts at composition during the busy years of public school teaching and her constant efforts at literary production since she had been laid low by a stricken knee.

The recital had hitherto ended there, leaving her success to be inferred, but something in Mr. Wilkins' grave attention led her to add in a voice that was intended to be indifferent, but sounded discouraged:

"But I've never had a thing accepted. Everything comes back!"

"Oh, well, you can't expect to make it go right off," Mr. Wilkins assured her.

"How do stories sell?" he inquired. "Do they pay pretty well?"

"Oh, yes, if you can sell them," Miss Lilla replied wistfully. "Why, a story of that length ought to get $25, but, of course, it makes a difference who writes it."

There suddenly seemed to be nothing to say, and Mr. Wilkins left before Miss Lilla could elaborate her thanks.

Left alone, she turned her face to the wall in a kind of spasm of shame. Now there was not a lodger she could look in the face—and she owed forty-two stamps! Then the usual reaction came. She reflected that this was no time for scruples. The simplest calculation showed her that her sisters were running behind in the household expenses, and from ordinary observation she knew that they were starving themselves.

Just then Miss Louisa brought her an eggnog, and she fancied Miss Louise looked at her hungrily.

A week later, when Mr. Wilkins hurried up the stairs one night, he was greeted by a shout from Miss Lilla.

"Come here!" she called joyfully.

Mr. Wilkins found her propped up among her pillows, as usual, but her face was pink with excitement, her eyes glistened, and the pink ribbons were in disarray.

"Look at this!" she commanded, and she thrust under his eyes a letter. It was a brief statement that her story, "A Paltry Ring," had been accepted with thanks and that she would find inclosed a check for $30.

Mr. Wilkins sought for words, and Miss Lilla laughed merrily.

"I don't wonder you're surprised," she said, "but you should have seen us when that letter came." Then followed a detailed account of the rapturous day.

"Oh, it has encouraged me so!" Miss Lilla concluded. "I am just full of plans. I'm going to begin another story tomorrow about the French revolution. I always loved that period of history."

The next day found Miss Lilla writing feverishly except during the intervals when she summoned lodgers and returned their stamps. A few days later she waylaid Mr. Wilkins again and intrusted to him the mailing of "For Love of Francois," proudly furnishing the stamps herself.

"I ask you because I think you are a good mascot," she said girlishly. "This is quite a little longer than the other one, and I can't help feeling hopeful."

"It's all in getting a start," Mr. Wilkins said, and Miss Lilla nodded.

The second acceptance was almost a matter of course. It came ten days later, accompanied by a check for $35, and Miss Lilla showed gain in poise. It does not take long to become accustomed to success.

"I'm getting only 'accepted with thanks' now," she said happily to Mr. Wilkins, and he realized that she had got started. There was a manuscript all ready to be mailed which she consigned to Mr. Wilkins.

"I wouldn't let any one else mail it for the world," she said, and Mr. Wilkins blushed deeply.

Exactly a week later Miss Louisa panted up the stairs with the letter for Miss Lilla, and Miss Luella followed after. Miss Lilla received it almost nonchalantly, but a little shriek escaped her as a blue slip fell out.

"It's for $15," she announced. "It was a short one, you know." Then she read the letter aloud in a tone that tried to be businesslike.

"Your story, 'The Love of a Life,' is accepted with thanks."

As she finished reading "C. Burton, treasurer," she suddenly turned pale, gasped and thrust the letter under her pillow.

"Eighty dollars in less than a month!" Miss Luella was saying. "Why, Lilla will be rich pretty soon."

But Miss Louisa had been watching Miss Lilla, and she threw up the window and fanned her vigorously.

"No wonder you're faint," she said. "It's enough to take any one's breath away," and she acquiesced when Miss Lilla suggested that entire quiet would be good for her.

It was only two hours before Mr. Wilkins came, but Miss Lilla had grown old and haggard since she had dismissed her sisters. Mr. Wilkins was startled as he stood in the doorway in response to her faint call.

"Has anything happened?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," she answered hopelessly. "I got the letter."

"What letter?" Mr. Wilkins asked.

For answer Miss Lilla drew the crumbled letter from under her pillow, unfolded it and pointed to the top of the paper. Mr. Wilkins looked at the familiar words, "Horace O. Wilkins, Grain and Feed."

"Oh, that greenhorn!" he groaned. Then he looked at Miss Lilla.

"Well, what are you going to do about it now that you've found it out?"

"I don't know," Miss Lilla said desperately. "We haven't $65 in the world. We used it all for rent and things."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins. "But don't be hard on me. I couldn't help doing it, it made you so happy. And you never would have known it if Edward hadn't used that paper—and I'd got plain paper all ready for him."

"I'm glad he did," Miss Lilla said bitterly, "because now I can pay you back some time. I'll have to get well now."

A sudden light glowed in Mr. Wilkins' faded eyes. "Say, what do you suppose I did it for?" he asked almost angrily. "Course I see now it was the wrong way to go at it. But I wanted to give you what you wanted, and I contrived every way to do it. I see now that I ought to have come right out with it, same as any other man would, but you're a teacher, and I was afraid you wouldn't look at me. I didn't know how—I never had a girl—before." He added the last word boldly.

The color had returned to Miss Lilla's face, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

"And those stories are worth every cent I paid for them. I prize them more'n all of Shakespeare and—and John G. Saxe," he declared. "They show you know all about love, and you ought to understand"—

Miss Lilla interrupted him. "Do you know that I'm thirty"—

"I know you're my girl. I don't care about anything else," and Mr. Wilkins put the arm of possession around her.

When Miss Louisa and Miss Luella appeared a little later Miss Lilla clasped Mr. Wilkins' hand for safety and explained happily to the transfixed pair, "We're going to take the whole of this floor for ours."

After the situation had been fully grasped and considered in all its delightful aspects Miss Luella asked respectfully, "Are you going to keep on writing, Lilla?"

Miss Lilla's face clouded. "No," she stammered.

Then Mr. Wilkins came to the front with a new found sense of humor.

"No," he said hilariously, "she's been 'accepted with thanks.'"

Sort of a Cannibal.

An old farmer for many years got his dinner on market days at a small hotel kept by a widow. She had long suspected that he ate more than the price (1s. 6d.) warranted, so she determined to test him. She accordingly arranged matters so that there was no room for him at table, but she took him into a private room the table of which was graced by a steaming leg of mutton. He set to in good earnest, and soon nothing was left but the bones. Highly delighted with his cheap feed, on passing the bar he tendered 2 shillings for his dinner and a quart of ale.

The widow declined to take any payment on the ground of having inconvenienced him so much.

Chuckling to himself, the farmer lifted down his market basket from a hook, and, finding it rather light, he tore off the covering and shouted:

"Here, Mrs. Brown, where's my leg o' mutton?"

"Why, ye old silly," said the widow, "ye have ate your leg for your dinner!"—London Answers.

Perhaps.

"My wife is getting so she can cook."

"You are prejudiced in her favor."

"No, I am not. She gave a tramp a piece of pie last week, and he has been back for more three times."

"Perhaps he is after a hero medal."—Houston Post.

The Mean Thing.

"Why are you mad at her?"

"I met her on the car today, and she said, 'Oh, let me pay your fare!' and I said, 'Oh, you mustn't,' and she didn't."—Houston Post.

Not to Him.

Hewitt—Money talks. Jewett—I guess I have forgotten the telephone number.—New York Press.

Sometimes a man is willing to remain at the foot of the ladder for the purpose of pulling others down.

BEING SICK IN CHINA.

What Happens When a Devil Jumps Down a Patient's Throat.

It is the custom for a Chinaman to visit the barber every week to have a general overhauling. First, the head and face are shaved; second, the ears are scraped and cleansed with a small brush made of duck's hair; third, the upper and lower eyelids are scraped with a dull edged knife, all granulations being smoothed away, and then an application is made with a duck's hair brush of salt solution.

This is the reason why you will find so much blindness in China. They take no antiseptic measures whatever.

Finally the patient's back is massaged, and after paying a fee of 3 cents and no tip he leaves the shop, feeling clean outside, but now must consult his regular physician.

After going through the usual examination, which is a form of military inspection, the doctor diagnoses the case and treats it unless a devil happens to jump down the patient's throat. If this has happened the doctor can do the patient no good until he promises to set off a hundred firecrackers and to make a daily visit to the joss house. This done, he receives the usual pills for those vacated by the devil.

These pills may consist of spotted rhinoceros horns, said to be a wonderful cure for intestinal troubles. The spotted rhinoceros horns come from southern China, and in the market at Singapore a single specimen will bring $25.

Tiger bones when ground to a powder and mixed with Chinese wine make a great blood tonic which is used by all classes of Chinese in northern China. The recipe is held by a firm in Shanghai that has become very wealthy by the sale of this tonic.

Old deer horns are boiled down to make the medicinal glue which binds the fifty ingredients composing the average Chinese pills. As in these you may get anything from a pinch of gunpowder to powdered cobra tail dust it is not the fault of Wong Yik Chee if just the right kind of specific escapes the patient.

Equal in medicinal efficacy to the above are three high grade tiger remedies, the eyeball, liver and blood. As may be imagined, tiger eyeball, the genuine article, can be prescribed for only the exceedingly wealthy Chinese. Similarly the liver, when dried and reduced to a powder, is worth its weight in gold all over China. Tiger blood, when evaporated to a solid at a temperature of 110 degrees and taken as a powder, is believed by Asiatics to transform a craven into a hero.—Medical Record.

The Political Millennium.

Two Kansas farmers, one of them a Republican and the other a Democrat, were quarreling over their political beliefs. The more they argued the further apart they drifted. Finally they called in a neighbor to settle the dispute. This neighbor was a man who seldom said anything, who went about his business, was a good citizen and substantial in every way.

"Well," he replied after both had stated their sides, "my son and I have been hauling wheat nearly forty years now. There are two roads leading to the mill. One is the valley road and the other leads over the hill. But never yet has the miller asked me which road we came. He always asks, 'Is the wheat good?'"—Kansas City Journal.

Making It Plain.

The following simple and explicit directions are posted up in a hotel on the Nordfjord:

"The fire escape! Directions for use. The one end of the rope is to be fixed at the hook in the window frame, the other is to turn out of the window. The plaited snotter, which is fixed at the log of wood, is to be put under your arms, whereupon you may safely let yourself slide down. You may regulate the hurry by keeping the rope under the leg. If more persons are to be saved you have to pull up the contrary end of the rope, fix this at the hook and go on so till nobody is left."—London Punch.

Forever Dry.

There is a youngster in college who combines the poetic instinct with a keen sense of humor. He is not a close student. In fact, he regards books as instruments of torture. One of the professors picked up a text book belonging to him the other day and found on the flyleaf this bit of verse, which no doubt expressed the student's opinion of it:

Should there be another flood
For refuge hither fly,
And should the whole world be submerged
This book would still be dry.
—Philadelphia Record.

A Suspicious Silence.

Howard was only twenty months older than the baby. He had somehow come to realize that Elwood, who was creeping, was more likely to be in mischief when quiet. One day he called to his mother with a great deal of anxiety in his little voice, "Mamma, I hear Elwood keeping still."—Delineator.

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle

Ayer's

Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it
Then do as he says

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

THE SLAYER OF MARAT

Charlotte Corday and the Act That Made Her Famous.

HER PLANS FOR THE MURDER

The Way They Were Worked Out and How They Were Put Into Execution. Her Own Tragic End and the Final Act of the Brutal Headsman.

Among the instances of fanatic zeal for country and people the act of Charlotte Corday, who was born at St. Saturnin, France, July 27, 1768, and who was beheaded at Paris July 17, 1793, stands out in tragic force.

Her childhood and early youth were full of privation, although she was of a noble family. She was educated at a convent in Caen and then went to live with an aunt in the same old town of Normandy.

She had a serene and lofty beauty, was tall and graceful, and her manner was full of dignity.

She spent all her leisure in reading, and her books were always those that related to heroism and devotion to country. When the revolution broke upon France, Charlotte eagerly took up the reading of politics and public questions. When the Girondists were obliged to fly from Paris they went to Caen and began to hold meetings and form plans for future operations in Paris.

The Girondists were the true republicans and got their name from Gironde, as it was the deputies from this district that had formed the Republican party in the national assembly. The massacres had terrified them, and they had tried to stop the violent measures in the reign of terror.

Charlotte felt a very madness of enthusiasm as she listened to the fiery eloquence of these men who denounced Marat. Danton and Robespierre escaped much of the censure due for their share in the frightful work of cruelty and death. It was upon Marat that the Girondists poured their eloquence, for it was he who had pursued and ordered the death of their leaders in Paris. In the depths of her heart a purpose was formed to save her people from this monster and at any cost to herself.

Into Charlotte's life a tender and respectful love had come to add its influence in these days of strange tumult and calm purpose. She and a young man named Franquelin had been writing each other, and she had given him her portrait and told him that he might at least love that. When this lover marched away to Paris with the Girondists and the neighboring volunteers, she bade him a calm farewell, for she knew she was going to save him.

After her execution Franquelin went home to his native village in Normandy. In the tender care of his mother he gradually failed, for his heart was broken the day his love perished. When he came to die he requested that Charlotte's portrait and letters be buried with him, and his grave holds them sacredly.

Charlotte began to prepare for her journey to Paris and the tragedy she had planned. Every effort was made to hide the appearance of a concealed purpose. When she arrived at Paris she at once set about her plans to find Marat. As a preparation she went to one of the shops of the Palais Royal and bought a dagger shaped knife, paying for it 60 cents. This she hid in the folds of her dress. Her plan had been to kill Marat in the very convention, where she thought the deed would be avenged by killing her on the spot.

But Marat no longer went to the convention. He was ill with a disease that was slowly killing him, and his body was in a state of disorder and irruption that gave him an agony of suffering. He was only comfortable when in the warm water of his bath. He lived on the first floor of a house in the Rue des Cordeliers, and connected with his home were all the affairs of his journalistic work and from here all his pamphlets and journals were sent out.

After writing two letters asking for an interview, in which she would give him some important news about suspected persons, she got no reply. Then she took her way to the house, insisted that she must see him, and when forbidden entrance by Marat's wife she still urged the importance of her errand. Marat heard the sound of their voices and shouted out for a reason of the noise that bothered him. When told that it was the woman who had twice written him he bade her come in. The wife, against her will, let her pass.

Marat was in his bath, wrapped in an ink stained sheet, and was writing on a board laid across the bath. Asking her errand, he took down all the details she gave him. When he had the name of each Girondist who was at work in Caen he told her that in a week they would be brought to the guillotine. Then as she stood beside the bath she plunged the knife into his heart, and he died with a cry to his wife to come to him.

Just before her execution she wrote to the Girondists at Caen that she anticipated happiness "with Brutus in the Elysian fields" after her death, and she also wrote tender and loving farewell letters to her relatives and friends.

When she had suffered death the executioner lifted up her head by the hair and struck it a brutal blow with his fist. Just at that moment a gleam of the sun so fell upon it that there was the effect of a blush upon the dead face.—Boston Globe.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.—Drummond.

Wouldn't Hang the Jury.

An old negro named Ephraim, having been sworn on the jury in a murder trial, for some time resisted a verdict of guilty for no other apparent reason than his strong aversion to capital punishment in general. Finally the foreman explained to him that it was a question either of hanging the prisoner or hanging the jury and that it all depended on him. "Fo' gracious, sah," replied Uncle Ephraim, "on dem reasonments de pris'ner am sho' guilty."

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 17, 1909.

ARTHUR A. FOWLE, EDITOR.

It has long been the settled conviction of this community, where he is well known, that it is impossible to surprise Arthur A. Fowle under any circumstances whatever. Cool, calm and collected, to catch him off his guard, or take him unawares, was something that couldn't be done, and attempts in that direction were abandoned long ago, and never essayed again until lately. There is a vulnerable spot in everybody's harness, however, and it was demonstrated beyond a peradventure on last Wednesday that Mr. Fowle is not an exception to the rule.

On September 15, 1909, Arthur A. Fowle completed a term of 25 years as Managing Editor of the Boston *Globe* (Leader of the column of New England Dailies), and as a Managing Editor he is outranked, in years of continuous service, by only one man in the U. S., Chester S. Lord of the N. Y. *Sun*.

Last Wednesday Mr. Fowle got his first surprise all right, and it was a neat one. After dinner he was coaxed into taking a short auto drive with a friend, and on his return came the shock for which he was totally unprepared. He found the lawn of his fine new home on Francis street, this city, covered with all the Editors and Reporters of the *Globe*, a big crowd of good fellows who seemed to Arthur to be bent on doing something.

Mrs. Fowle, the wife, showed guilt.

Well, the long and short of it all was, that, in due time, in a neat address, Frank Stanyan, in behalf of the Editorial and Reportorial Departments of the *Globe*, presented Man. Ed. Fowle with a costly gold watch (duly lettered) and chain, pencil and cigar cutter, and a handsome chamber clock The shock of the surprise did not affect his organs of speech to the extent of disabling him from making a grateful and graceful speech in return for the presents, and the esteem and goodwill they represented.

Then followed an elegant luncheon served by a Boston caterer; songs by soloists and the whole party; and pleasant social intercourse.

Mrs. Fowle, a most estimable lady, was remembered with a great boquet of American Beauty Roses, for which she returned thanks.

The affair was a well deserved recognition of Mr. Fowle's personal and professional merit, and the *Globe* men did credit to themselves while honoring their Chief.

THE CHOATE HOSPITAL.

A short time ago the JOURNAL suggested that the city of Woburn ought to contribute to the support of the Choate Hospital by taxation. The following strengthens that proposition It is taken from a communication by Mr. Lewis Parkhust, President of the Winchester Hospital Association, in which he gives the reasons that induced that organization to return to Mrs. Harrington the $50,000 she gave for building and maintaining a hospital in that town. We commend it to the consideration of the Woburn Charitable Association.

Mr. Parkhurst says: "But after purchasing the land and erecting a building a still greater problem remained to be solved—and that was how was the hospital to be maintained? After visiting several hospitals and examining the reports of many, we came to the conclusion that it was the universal experience that hospitals such as was contemplated by the donor could not be selfsupporting. A hospital's income naturally comes from three sources: First, from patients; second, from endowments; and third from charitably disposed persons or institutions."

In these sources of income there is not much encouragement, at the present time, for the Woburn Association. It has no endowment; its revenue from patients cannot go very far towards supporting the Hospital; and as for popular contributions, everybody knows that they are an uncertain quantity.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The Representative situation remains about where the JOURNAL left it last week. If any changes have taken place, they have been too few and slight to demand attention.

Mr. G. F. Bean's Committee grow more confident every day, if possible, that he will easily capture the nomination for Representative next Tuesday evening. The leading Republicans, almost to a man, favor him, the Committee say.

During the week Representative Walker has been in somewhat of a quandary as to whether it would be better for him to pull out of the fight with Gray, or not; but concluded, finally, to stay in and beat Gray, if possible.

Chairman Poole of Mr. Gray's Campaign Committee came out with an appeal to voters to attend the caucuses next Tuesday evening and vote for Gray delegates to the Republican Representative convention. The appeal did but scant justice to Mr. Gray's merits, and the general belief is that it will secure him no increase of votes.

Lawyer Mendum is quiet, but some think he will not be a candidate.

THE CAUCUSES.

It will be remembered, of course, that the Republican caucuses to select delegates to the State and other conventions, including that one which possesses the largest share of local interest, namely, the Representative, are to be held in this city next Tuesday evening, Sept. 21.

To insist that every member of the party should attend them and vote would be useless, on our part, for the individuals who have the deepest interest in the results will be sure to see to it that there are no absentees or laggards at the polling booths.

We have our doubts about the loyalty to the party of the voter who has to be driven or coaxed to the polls.

All of the true, reliable Republicans in this city will, we venture to say, turn out and vote for somebody, or other, next Tuesday night.

POLITICAL DATES.

The Massachusetts State election takes place on Nov. 2.

The Republicans will hold their State convention for the nomination of candidates in Boston, on Oct. 2; and the Democrats will hold theirs in Boston on Sept. 30.

The Republicans are to hold their caucuses on Sept. 21; and the Democrats on Sept. 22.

FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

Neither Bean, Gray nor Walker has the least cause to find fault with the attitude of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee in the contest for the Representative nomination next Tuesday evening, because it is plain to be seen that the Committee have proved themselves the very personification of neutrality in the contest now going on, especially between the two gentlemen last named above.

THE POLE.

There is some talk, we observe, of settling the controversy over the discovery of the North Pole by leaving it out to three disinterested men; or, as is the older and better term, to referees.

That would be a fine way of ending the dispute, which, if not amicably settled, is bound to become the biggest war of words that ever shook this old earth from center to circumference.

☞ In view of the promises the other candidates are making of the fine things they will do for Woburn, if they are sent to the Legislature, Mr. Bean, the Republican candidate, ought to rise up and assure the people that, if they will elect him, he will try hard to get Woburn out of the Metropolitan District Park Commission, which has cost our city already about $50,000 without receiving a penny's worth of parks or boulevards in return. Although the State has shut down on any more frills and furbelows, in the shape of parks, etc., for the ornament of Greater Boston, for years to come, one of the candidates tells us that he will get a boulevard for Woburn, if the city will kindly send him, as a member, to the General Court; but just how he would do it is more than we knew. But that makes no difference, one way or another; Mr. Bean should promise to get Woburn out of the clutches of the Metropolitan Park Commissioners, which promise would nominate and elect him hands down.

☞ The alleged discovery of the North Pole, and the inevitable controversy over it between the explorers Peary and Cook and their adherents are a perfect godsend to the big city newspapers, and aren't they making the most of their opportunities? Little do they care which of the two first found the Pole, or whether the Pole has really been found, or not; the Editors express no opinions concerning it, or the controversy—"you pays your money and takes your choice"—while they rake in the duckats for publishing every scrap of "news" silly or sensible, that they can rake and scrape together for their columns. The discovery of the Pole, death of Harriman, and some other things, have given the great city dailies some "fat takes," as the printers say, in the last fortnight.

☞ Speaker I. Walker of the House and Mr. George F. Bean of this city, the Republican candidate, are graduates of Brown University, and ever since their college days have been very close personal friends. Perhaps, Mr. Bean will allow us, also, to state that he is President of the Brown University Alumni Association, of which Speaker Walker is Vice President, and will be chosen its President at the next election. We do not hear that Mr. Bean is banking on the above facts to aid him to secure the Republican nomination for Representative next Tuesday evening.

☞ Last Tuesday night the Boston Chamber of Commerce gave President Taft the sendoff of his life. Tables were spread at the banquet for 1300 people and there was no end of the good eating and drinking with which they were loaded. The feast was followed by a great deal of fine, patriotic oratory. Some Woburn Republicans were seen in the crowd. On Wednesday President Taft started from Boston on his 17,500-mile Western trip, which, everybody hopes, he may greatly enjoy, and, in due time reach his home in Washington safe and sound.

☞ Captain Stearns Cushing of Norwood wants to be a member of Gov. Draper's Council next year, so, to strengthen his campaign, he invited the Mass. Press Association, or the S. P. A., we disremember which, to go down to his place last Monday and indulge in their periodical jamboree. Of course, all the Scribes went down to Norwood, (carfare, 10 cents), for who ever heard of a lot of Country Editors declining a free lunch? Captain Cushing filled them clear up to the muzzle with ham sandwiches and new cider, and a jollier, or more boisterous, crowd than those Editors were it would be hard to find.

☞ The New England (September) number of a magazine called "Advertistng and Selling," the monthly product of a prominent New York City publishing house, and ably Edited by Mr. George French, who, for a few months in the Spring of 1880, was one of the proprietors of the Woburn JOURNAL, ought to commend itself strongly to the farmers, manufacturers, and men of all other occupations resident of, and interested in the prosperity of their native heath.

☞ The Democratic City Committee held a meeting one evening last week in the Central House parlor for the purpose of finding, by comparison of notes, where they are at. Contrary to everybody's expectation, they are seriously thinking of putting a candidate for the Legislature into the field. With a firstclass candidate and shrewd management success would not be a forlorn hope, by any means.

☞ The Brockton Horse and Cattle Show and Agricultural Fair, which a great many Woburn people annually attend and very much enjoy, is to open on Oct. 5, and the managers say it is going to be the capsheaf.

Stop that Pedaling



ELECTRICITY RUNS THIS MACHINE

All she does is to guide the seam—no backache—no fatigue—but two days' sewing done in a day by just attaching an electric motor

Let Electricity Run Your Sewing Machine One Stitch or a Million

THE Electric Motor on the machine starts or stops instantly by gentle pressure of the foot.
Uses less than the current for one Electric Light and it connects to the nearest lamp socket.
No experience needed to operate.
Price—all complete, all attached, from $14.75 up.

THE
Edison Electric Illuminating Co.
'Phone, Oxford 3300 Collect 39 Boylston St., Boston

☞ Tha Republican 20th Representative District convention is to be held at the Republican Headquarters in Woburn on Friday evening, Oct. 8. According to a standing arrangement Woburn and North Reading are to have the candidates, the nomination of them to be made next Tuesday evening. The convention will be composed of delegates from Woburn, Burlington, Wilmington, Reading and North Reading.

☞ If he comes back for his fourth term from the Seventh Middlesex District, which now looks more than probable, Senator James W. Grimes of Reading will have joined the Benedicts of that body, having just been married at 43.—*Boston Globe.*

Senator Grimes, a most excellent gentleman, as everybody knows, in justice to himself and the fair maiden should have performed that trick years ago. But "better late than never."

☞ Speaking of Senator Crosby of this district the Boston *Journal* says: He is just back from his vacation in Maine to find no one anxious to fight him for his second term from the Sixth Middlesex District. Crosby should be Chairman of Ways and Means next year, as the ranking man left on that hard-worked Committee.

☞ This week, too, has been prolific in anniversaries of important historical events: Sept. 13, Quebec taken in 1759. On Sept. 14, President McKinley died, 1901. Sept. 15, Slavery abolished in Mexico. Cornerstone of Boston Public Library laid Sept. 17, 1855. Dutch surrendered Java to British Sept. 18, 1811.

☞ At the annual encampment of the Order at Tacoma, Washington, on Sept. 10, Colonel Gihon of Wakefield, this State, was elected Commander-in-Chief of the United Spanish War Veterans, and a better choice could not have been made. Col. Gihon is all right.

☞ The Middlesex County Republican Convention is to be held at 10.30 o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1909, in Institute Hall, East Cambridge.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

National Bank—Statement.
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.
Edison Co.—Sewing Machine.
Arthur W. Blake—Probate Notice.

— Last Tuesday was a typical September day.

— Read Smith & Varney's odds and ends Sale in another column.

— B. & M. Station Agent Parkin and wife have returned from their summer outing at Salem Willows.

— Attend the Republican caucuses next Tuesday night; but never mind about the Democratic ones.

— The St. Charles Parochial school opened last Monday morning with a larger attendance than ever before.

— At an election held last Sunday, Mr. Daniel J. Canty was chosen President of the St. Charles Holy Name Society.

— The K. of C. B. B. team of this city are to play against the Malden Athletics a game, the first in a series of three, on Library Park tomorrow.

— According to the new timetable of the B. & N. St. Railway, the cars between Woburn and Lowell will run only once an hour on the Billerica line.

— Bear in mind, good housekeepers, that the price of flour is lower at Fred Stanley's Boston Branch. The very best brands are kept there and the very lowest prices prevail.

— It will be truly lamentable if the High School athletes fail to organize a football team for this fall's outdoor amusement and improvement of their physical condition—a real pity!

— On Saturday, Sept. 11, 1909, the engagement of Mr. Paul Willard Norton of Woburn, Mass., and Miss Kathleen Tuttle of York, Penn'a, was announced in the home town of the prospective bride. Congratulations!

— Mr. William Littlefield, a Lynn capitalist, who built the electric light and power plant on Lake avenue in this city some years ago, born and bred on Merryland Ridge in Wells, Maine, and his wife Rachel and Mrs. Jen Greenleaf, have been auto touring the White Mountains this week, putting up at firstclass hotels, and having a great time all by themselves.

— The Italian who manufactured and exhibited the fine set of fireworks at Winchester on two recent evenings is a resident of Woburn—a late immigrant from "Sunny Italy." For exhibits of fireworks in his native land he holds highly prized medals.

— Dead leaves are beginning to accumulate in the gutters, their fall being hastened, mebby, by the cold east wind that has prevailed nearly every day since September came in But the gutters will soon show more of them, for the frosts are not far away.

— Mr. George W. Copp of 177 Burlington street, W. S., has any amount of tomatoes of the finest quality in just the right condition for canning, and he sells them at reasonable figures. No better tomatoes are raised in Woburn than those Mr. Copp if now offering for canning.

— The dancing season is to open on Oct. 1, in this city, with a Cotillon Party by John J. Hern's popular Orchestra. Hern and his players are kept busy all through the gay and festive season of the year; and, we understand, they are likely to be busier than ever this fall and winter.

— A pair of South Boston fellows, 15 and 16 years old, were fined in the District Court last Monday morning for stealing apples in Winchester on Sunday. Three or four others escaped from the officers. The lads ought to have been sent to jail, for fruit thieving is nearly as mean as sheep stealing.

— Rev. Frank Poole Johnson, whose call from the Church of the Nativity in Cincinnatti to become its Rector was mentioned in these columns last week, says it will have to be a very strong and direct leading to induce him to leave St. Paul's in Boston. He went to Cincinnatti last Monday evening.

— A petition was granted by the City Council last evening to the Union Packing Co. of New Jersey, for a license to slaughter cattle, sheep and swine on the abandoned glue factory lot. It is said the Co. will spend $60,000 to put the place into shape for business. Their capital is $850,000. Council did right.

— It rained powerfully and continuously from Friday noon to Saturday at 7 A. M., a period of 19 hours, which ought to fill up the bogs, impart volume to the springs, and set the brooks and streams, and the raging Aberjona, to flowing more swiftly and copiously than has been their wont of late, if anything could.

— Miss Mary Grimes, daughter of the able and popular Editor of the *Times* of this city, returned a few days ago to her educational tasks at Indianapolis, Indiana. She occupies a high and responsible position as teacher in the High School in that large, live Western city, in the discharge of the duties of which Miss Grimes is eminently successful.

— Edgar W. Ela of this city had a brilliant display of dahlias at the meeting of the New England Dahlia Society in Agricultural Hall, Boston, last Friday. His exhibit consisted of more than 1,000 blooms, and was the finest at the Show, which was a splendid one. Mr. Ela is one of the most extensive cultivators of dahlias in this State, and his acres of them are a sight worth going miles to behold.

— Harold E. Soles, Henry S. Hopper and Walter Bailey have been appointed a committee to report a list of candidates for the officers of the Daniel March Baraca Class to be chosen at the annual election to be held in the vestry of First Church on the evening of Oct. 5. At this annual meeting, also, a plan of campaign for fall and winter work of 1909-10 will be discussed and adopted, probably.

— If Mayor Bond should consent to accept a re-election, the fact ought to be announced in season to prevent mistakes and misunderstandings. We don't want to pick out a candidate for Mayor and "leg" for him, on the supposition that Mr. Bond will not run for the office again this fall, and then, at the 11th hour, have him change his mind and conclude to take another term. That it is the desire of a large majority of people that Mayor Bond should try it another year admits of no doubt; but the voters will want to know what his decision actually is before the campaign opens.

— W. R. C. 84 are to hold a food sale in the Central House cafe tomorrow afternoon. On the list of good things are pies, cake, beans, candy, doughnuts, plain and twisted, and rye- and Indian bread.

— It is predicted, with seeming confidence, by some Boston prophets that the price of butter will go up to 50 cents a pound around here this winter Well, thank the Lord, butter is one of those articles of food that can be dispensed with just as well as not. And, then, there is oleomargarine, you know.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer attended the funeral of Henry Blackwell, the great humanitarian, who died a few days ago at an advanced age, which was held at the late home of the deceassd in Boston, at 2.30 o'clock last Saturday afternoon, Sept. 11. For many years Mr. Blackwell had been a good friend of Miss Hosmer, and as coworkers in the cause of Woman Suffrage, they had long been personal associates.

— Mr. Luke Warren Fowle is the largest individual taxpaper in this city His tax for 1909 is $2456.01, a pretty stiff figure, but his real estate in the best business section of Main street is very valuable; and, besides, he was, for many years, senior member of the firm of Fowle, Hibbard & Co. of Boston, which had a large and profitable trade in farm products. He has the reputation of being a wealthy man, and his taxes seem to prove it.

— It is strange, but true, that hayfever makes its appearance and sets its victims to coughing and sneezing, immediately after the first blooms of the goldenrod are discovered along the sides of country highways and lanes We suppose that is the reason why people subject to haytever seek localities where the goldenrod does not grow It is the season, too, of the sumac, the scarlet trimmings of whose autumn robes are so pleasing to the eye.

— Elisha W. Cobb, of Beggs & Cobb, Inc., has been appointed delegate to the Massachusetts State Board of Trade from the New England Shoe and Leather Association, to succeed Harry H. Baldwin, whose term expires Oct. 1.—*Boston Transcript* Mr. Beggs, named above, is one of the most prominent and highly esteemed citizens of Woburn. The firm, whose great plant is just over the Winchester town line, are the largest individual leather manufacturers in America.

— The New England Monument Co., successor to Mr. John J. Hern, granite and marble workers, artistic designers and chiselers, many of whose fine productions are seen in Woodbrook cemetery in this city, have a plenty of business on hand. They have recently contracted to furnish a 4-piece granite sarcophagus for the Melrose cemetery; two for the Wyman-Gordon family and Cutler-Cotton families; another for the Clark-Tilton family of North Woburn and others. The Co. have a good deal of work on hand of the highest grade

— Mr. James Callahan, ex-Gateman at the Church avenue B. & M. crossing, has been confined to his home on Jefferson Court for a year or so by illness, and fears he may never get down town again. But his relatives and friends do not share his fears; they have but little doubt that "Uncle Jim" will be busy manipulating those railroad gates again before Christmas, physically as sound as a nut. He was exceedingly well liked by the good people living close around the crossing, who have missed him during his protracted absence from the little gatehouse.

— Last Friday, Sept. 10, Mr. Henry F. Bulfinch left his happy home at Milford, N. H., long enough to enable him to give Woburn a few hours of his presence, and himself the pleasure of meeting and shaking hands with some of his numerous oldtime friends. He was formerly a respected resident of this city, and likes to come down from the Granite Hills once in awhile and take a look at his old home on Pleasant street, and greet his former neighbors and acquaintances. Henry has prospered since settling in New Hampshire, and is taking life easy and sensibly.

— Mr. and Mrs. F. Putney left Woburn last Wednesday for their home in Georgia. They had been visiting here a few weeks, having a pleasant time among relatives and friends, and Mrs. Putney would have been glad to have prolonged her stay awhile longer; but Mr. Putney's business called for his return to their home; and then, again, winter is approaching Old First church and its societies, and her former neighbors and acquaintances, would have been glad to keep Mrs. Putney here longer; but she would accompany her husband, fearing, perhaps, if he should start off alone for the "Sunny South," he might get lost on the way.

— Mr. Luther Fowle, who is, we believe, the son of Rev. James L. Fowle, the First Congregational church's Missionary in Cesarea, and a nephew of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle, gave an interesting account at First church last Sunday evening of the forcible entry of the army of the Reform Party in Turkey, into Constantinople, some months ago. He was living in that city and was a witness of the stirring events which were enacted there at that time. Mr. Fowle, also, gave a vivid story of the massacre of Christians by the Turks which he saw in the country, 500 miles long, that he traveled over while the horrible barbarities were going on.

— Of course, Woburn claims Herbert Lincoln Clark as its own son, for he was born here 42 years ago last Sunday, and his mother was a native of Woburn. His father is the once famous Organist, William H. Clarke, whose present home is just over the Woburn line in Reading. Herbert L., who lives near his parents, is said to be the greatest cornetist in the world, and is the soloist in John Philip Sousa's Band, which gave a concert in the Boston Theatre last Sunday night, from an account of which in a Boston paper we clip the following: "The other was a cornet solo, "Showers of Gold," written and performed by Herbert L. Clark, flatteringly known in all parts of America and Europe. It draw such applause that Mr. Clark was obliged to give an encore, "The Carnival of Venice," later joining in the sextet from "Lucia."

— The Board of Public Works have selected and will buy the Hudson street site for the South End playground,

— This season of the year always presents manifold inducements calculated to draw the urban dweller and worker from his home and desk to the free and open country, and among them there is no one that pulls at his heart-strings stronger, or makes him long more earnestly to get out into the fields and pastures and woodlands, than the old cidermill close by the orchard, which is just now turning out the rich honeyed applejuice that we boys loved dearly to suck though straws from the full barrel which stood temptingly by. The lopsided, wideopen mill, with lazy Old Dobbin the motive power, followed by her juvenile driver and pup; the cidermaker and his pipe, and baskets of Baldwins ready for the hopper; a stream of delicious liquor, sweeter than the nectar of the gods; and the boys, with straws at the bunghole—these made a scene worthy the brush of the painter. But only the countrybred boy or man can appreciate such a picture.

LOCAL NOTES.

— Not many Woburn people attended the great Taft banquet in Boston last Tuesday evening.

— Mr. William Beggs, the Tanner, attended the Taft banquet in Boston last Tuesday evening.

— The school registration last Tuesday was 3035, 127 in excess of last year, and the largest since 1904-5, which was 3146.

— The National Band are to give a concert on the Common this evening. The rain prevented its being given a week ago.

— The City Council held their first regular postvacation meeting last evening. The proceedings were received too late for the JOURNAL.

— Miss Helen McDermott, daughter of Chief of Police Charles F. McDermott, a graduate of the Lowell Normal School, Class '08, is teaching school at Contoocook, N. H.

— The High School Athletic Association are to hold a meeting this evening, at which it will be determined whether they have a football team this fall, or not.

— It is understood that Mr. Fred J. Rice is soon to resign from the Board of Assessors, where he has done good work for several years, and that numerous men are hot after the berth.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer was a delegare from the New England Woman's Press Association to the funeral of Dr. Henry B. Blackwell, Editor of the *Woman's Journal*, last Saturday, Sept. 11.

— The Beach Carnival given by the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church last Monday afternoon and evening was well attended and a complete success. The fine program was admirably executed.

— The well known and universally esteemed motorman on the Boston & Northern Street Railway, James W. Flynn, died at the Choate hospital last Monday night aged 48 years. He was a great favorite with the patrons and employees of the Company.

— Dr. Norton of the First Church with Mrs. Norton, returned from his summer outing yesterday. Regular services, were resumed in the church, after an interval of union services, last Sunday. On Friday evening of this week the pastor speaks at the Preparatory service, and preaches morning and evening on Sunday.

— It is reported that a Grange is to be organized in this city at a meeting to be held in S. of V. Hall next Monday evening, over which Representative Fred P. Walker is to preside. There are 217 farmers in Woburn according to the report of the Assessors for 1909, which is a sufficient number to draw from for a good sized Grange, and to keep it going in good shape.

— Col. William H. Oakes of the 5th Inf. Reg't., M. V. M., started the programme for the rifle competitive shoot by members of his command at the Wakefield Range last Wednesday morning. The Military organization forthe ment Capt. Thomas McCarthy of Co. G (Woburn) was appointed Chief Range Officer. Major John M. Portal of Woburn is Master of the Range.

— Last Wednesday 300 children—100 girls and 200 boys—were confirmed at St. Charles church by Bishop Joseph A. Anderson of Boston, assisted by Rev. J. J. Keegan, Rector of St. Charles church, and Rev. Francis G. Russell and Rev. Walter A. Fegen. The children were prepared for the solemn ceremonies by the sisters of Notre Dame, and made a beautiful appearance.

Classified Advertisements.

The large number of classified advertisements ordered for publication in the *Boston Evening Trauscript*, especially on Wednesday and Saturday, prompts them to express their appreciation of the good will of so many advertisers, and at the same time to ask the favor that they send their copy as early as possible, so that their announcements may be given the proper position and attention and by so doing insure them good results.

Montvale.

Last Wednesday 36 children of St. Joseph's church at Montvale, Rev. P. J. Biggins, Rector, were confirmed by Bishop Joseph Anderson of Boston. After the ceremonies the holy communion was administered to them.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

BELIEVE IN THE FATES.

Greek Peasants and the Rule of the Moral Over Children.

The peasantry of Greece firmly believe that the future of every child is determined by the three fates, known by the name of the Moral. In the popular mind this trio of fates are supposed to be three old and wrinkled women whose habitation is a mountain cave. They come simultaneously to a house where a new baby has made its appearance, says the London Globe.

When they are expected all furniture is set aside so that their aged and tottering feet may not be hindered, and refreshments in the shape of honey cakes, bread and wine are placed ready for these important though invisible guests. Money, too, is placed for them as a bribe to get their favor for the baby, so that his future may be one long, sweet song, the superstition being that all things good and bad are in the giving of the fates.

On no account must the child's beauty be alluded to when the Moral are present, as this will certainly make its good looks disappear. Marks on a baby's skin are looked upon as sent by these harbingers of weal or woe.

Ill luck is supposed to be the lot of the children who cut their upper teeth first. There are one or two African tribes who so firmly believe this that they are said to kill all babies but those whose lower teeth appear first. Another race of people in the dark continent see all the signs of bad fortune in twins, and so they avoid it by slaying all of them.

A Seamstress

would like a few more engagements in September at Repairing and Refitting. Address L. M THURSTON, Reading, Mass.

MR. BUSINESS MAN!

Would you deliberately expose your wife or child to sickness by sending either of them out to deliver a message on a raw, stormy night?

Would you care to go yourself?

THINK A MINUTE!

Your wife, or some member of your family, is obliged to do this very thing,—perhaps go way in town on some domestic errand nearly every day,—unless there is a telephone in the house to do it for them.

If you have not a telephone, don't you think you owe one to your wife and family as a safeguard to their health?

The cost is but a few cents a day.

Confer with our LOCAL MANAGER.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Since his arrival in Boston a week ago, traveling in a palace car, and lunching with a large party at hotel Touraine, Peter the famous chimpanzee, created more talk than anybody, with the possible exception of the explorers Peary and Cook. In fact he is more wonderful than any of these, as he is demonstrating the truth of a theory that has been the subject of controversy between scientists for many years. Peter bears out all that Darwin claimed about the origin of man. Here we have a chimpanzee who rides, eats, drinks, sleeps and does everything the same as a human being. At Keith's his performances have been simply startling.

THE BOSTON.

Muriel Terry, who has scored an exceptional individual hit as Volunteer Cadet Marosi in "The Gay Hussars" at the Boston Theatre, will be starred by Henry W. Savage next season in a new operetta called "Prince Willie," in which the little comedienne will play title role. Miss Terry made her first public appearance singing in English at the Broadway premiere of "The Gay Hussars" She is the daughter of Col. Charles Terry of the British Army, who is stationed with his regiment at Lahore, India, where Miss Terry was born. Seven years ago she won a scholarship from Bedford, Eng., to the Royal College of Music in London, where she took up vocal culture and the study of the violin. While at this institution she won the Muriel Foster prize, which is presented to the best dramatic actress among the students.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Timely as a play of Arctic life, comes "The Spoilers," a drama of the frozen North, to the Castle Square next week. The North Pole, and the regions adjacent, are so much in the public eye at the present moment, that Mr. Craig shows his wisdom in securing this drama for presentation by his stock company, and whatever the right of the claims of the rival explorers, "The Spoilers" will be certain to offer an attractive series or pictures and incidents. It is a dramatization of Rex Beach's novel of the same name, and its scenes take us far into the heart of Alaska, and among her mining camps and tumultuous mining life. The plot concerns a valuable piece of property in the Nome district and a conspiracy to wrest it from the rightful owners, and at the Castle Square there will be plenty of local atmosphere and much that picturesquely shows the curious and primitive life of those regions.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, September 1, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$184,871.61
Overdrafts secured and unsecured		50.50
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand		25,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		8,075.00
Bonds, securities, etc		11,046.68
Due from approved reserve agents		20,596.47
Checks and other cash items		9.18
Notes of other National Banks		3,865.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		455.02
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	28,109.90	
Legal tender notes	8,150.00	36,259.90
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		5,000.00
Total		$373,429.31

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	33,286.69
National Bank notes outstanding	99,990.00
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	25,263.28
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	9,482.58
Dividends unpaid	320.00
Individual deposits subject to check	383,215.26
Demand certificates of deposit	2,107.50
Total	$373,429.31

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

I, EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of September, 1909.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN W. JOHNSON,
JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
L. W. THOMPSON,
Directors.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

Mrs. A. S.
Mr. F. P. **LEWIS** Pianoforte Theory, Organ

Consult, Unit. Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

Address, Winchester, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. McCall, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Bernard J. Golden, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, no executor being named in said will:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of September, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, fourteen days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

F. M. ESTY, Ass't Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Abbie Hart late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nellie F. S. Miller who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County Middlesex, on the twenty first day of September, A. D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirty-first day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Glasses for Repairs by Mail.

If we haven't your prescription, send us the lenses. We can usually make new Glasses by testing the broken pieces. The work is prompt; the best; at satisfactory prices. Do not send the Case.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave Cambridge
Boston.

For Sale at a Bargain.

Estate No. 1 Highland street, Woburn, house 9 rooms and bath, hardwood floors, hot water heat, all modern improvements, lawn tennis court, 26,834 feet of land on three streets, chance seldom offered to secure a beautiful home at a bargain. See owner Allen Bros. Stamp and Stencil manufacturers, 55 Cornhill, Boston, or E. Prior, 349 Main St., Woburn

FLOUR

— IS —

LOWER

AT THE

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses! **Boom Woburn!**

I have **14,080** square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road **FOR SALE.** Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.46 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

FOR SALE.

To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 23 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached; about ¼ acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy. Apply to F. BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office



For Sale by
McLaughlin & Dennison
DRUGGISTS
WOBURN, MASS.

"SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are **$1.00, $1.25, $2.50.** Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

McLaughlin & Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Board of Registrars

Will be in session at the office of the City Clerk, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

SATURDAY EVENING, Sept. 18, 1909

AT 7 O'CLOCK

to receive applications for registration, as required by Section 36, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 8, 1909.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by A. Everett Brown to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated November 7th, 1906, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 3293, Folio 103, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the mortgaged premises, on

SATURDAY, the ninth day of October, A. D. 1909,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises not heretofore released and still remaining subject to said mortgage, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded and described as follows, namely:—

Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of Salem street at a stake and at land now or late of Richardson, from thence the line runs northeasterly by land last named about one hundred and fifty (150) feet to land now or formerly of Annabel C. Brown; thence turning, the line runs southeasterly by said land now or formerly of said Annabel C. Brown, about thirty-seven (37) feet to land released from the operation of said mortgage by deed dated July 11th, 1907, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 3515, Page 378; thence turning the line runs southerly by land last named eighty and 25-100 (80 25) feet to a stake; thence continuing a little west of south by said last named land, fifty (50) feet to said Salem street; thence turning, the line runs westerly by said with said Salem street about sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning.

Being the land described in said mortgage deed, except such portion as has been heretofore released from the operation thereof by a certain release dated July 11th, 1907, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3515, Page 378, and all of the land that still remains subject to said mortgage.

Said premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes, assessments and outstanding tax titles thereon, if any.

One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars to be paid in cash by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee, by John C. Buck, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., September 11th, 1909. 17-24-1

CARD.

Mr. Samuel W. Mendum, Counsellor-at-Law, announces that he has removed his Boston offices to the Kimball Building, 18 Tremont street, Rooms 310 and 311. Tel. Fort Hill 2381.

Hours at Woburn offices, 8 to 9 A. M. daily, and Saturday evenings, 7.30 to 9.

Residence: 16 Arlington Road. Tel. Wob. 272-1.

WINCHESTER.

Judge George S. Littlefield represented the *Star* at the outing of the Mass. P. Association at Norwood last Monday.

The Democratic caucus is to be held in Town Hall on Sept. 22, at 7.45 o'clock in the evening. Let everybody turn out to it.

Lewis Parkhurst, President of the Hospital Corporation, gives good reasons for returning to Mrs. Harrington her donation for a hospital.

The H. S. Athletic Association will hold an adjourned meeting next Monday. They are puzzled to find money enough to carry on their work, and are trying to plan out some way of getting some.

A larger number of scholars are attending the High School than ever before. Extra room has been provided for the excess. Telephones have been installed in all of our school buildings.

I am expecting to hear some one of our leading citizens, Mr. Tuck, for instance, say that Congressman McCall ought to be instructed to appeal to Congress for an appropriation to improve the navigation of Aberjona River.

Samuel J. Elder doesn't need Presidential indorsement but it is good to hear Mr. Taft say: "I don't know a man in the world I would rather beat than you, Sam, because you play honest."
—*Boston Journal*

Lewis Parkhurst, Esq., attended the huge Taft banquet in Boston last Tuesday evening, and had the time of his life, to use a common expression. How Uncle Sam Twombly would have enjoyed being there!

Though there were 2150 pupils enrolled in the Winchester schools last Wednesday as compared with about 2000 in 1908, the increase had little effect, because the buildings are roomy, the High school, in particular, which was erected three years ago, having accommodations for all regular increases for ten years.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

At Winchester,, Sept. 12, by Rev. F. E. Rogers, Matthew Murray of Woburn and Bessie Melaugh of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 7, Geo. W. Hanson, aged 83 years, 6 months, 14 days.

In this city, Sept. 17, James W. Flynn, aged 48 years, 3 months, 3 days.

In this city, Sept. 12, Florence Robie, aged 17 years, 2 months, 26 days.

In this city, Sept. 14, Sarah Pelham, aged 87 years.

In this city, Sept. 13, Margaret Foley, aged 64 years.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Byron R. Harmon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ARTHUR W. BLAKE, Adm.
231 Willow Ave., Somerville, Mass.
September 15, 1909. 17-24-1

WANTED

A TABLE GIRL and for SECOND WORK. Call at the JOURNAL Office.

FRAUD BY TELEGRAPH

Bold Swindles Perpetrated by Use of the Wire.

THE WAY A BANK WAS FOOLED

A Lot of Nerve and a Little Telegram That Was Properly Delivered by One of the Company's Messenger Boys Made a Winning Combination.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will accept as gospel truth the contents of a telegram when it comes from the hands of a messenger boy. They buy and sell, pay out large sums of money, start on long journeys and do countless other things upon the suggestion of the little yellow or white paper slips with their condensed messages without in the least questioning their authenticity. This is an interesting fact, upon which hinges an enormous amount of the country's business, and it is also a fact upon which hinge some of the cleverest and boldest frauds in criminal records.

A lot of nerve and a little telegram was a combination that made possible a smooth swindle on a Des Moines bank. A well dressed man, apparently a business man of large affairs, called at the paying teller's window with a draft or check on an Omaha bank and asked if the Omaha bank had telegraphed notice that the draft was good. He got "no" for an answer and then informed the teller that such a telegram might be expected at any moment. Soon afterward the telegram arrived, delivered by a messenger boy, appearing to have come from the Omaha bank and authorizing the Des Moines bank to pay the draft. When the stranger appeared again he was given the $500. When the Des Moines bank people took up the matter by wire with the Omaha bank it found that the latter institution had not sent the telegram, and then it was discovered that the whole transaction was a fraud.

But how could the swindlers send a telegram from Omaha bearing the bank's name? They did it in this manner: An accomplice of the Des Moines man stepped to a telephone booth in Omaha and called the telegraph office. "This is the —— bank," he said. "Send a messenger at once to get a telegram for Des Moines." Then this accomplice hurried to the entrance of the Omaha bank to meet the messenger and there handed him the message for Des Moines. The telegraph company had no reason to believe otherwise than that the bank had actually signed the message, and it transmitted it. The Des Moines bank also accepted the telegram as genuine because it bore every mark of genuineness, and it paid out the money to the swindlers, who timed their fraud so that they got out of reach of the law on trains that left immediately after their game had been worked.

In two smaller western towns a similar game was worked, only for seven or eight times the amount. An alleged horse buyer appeared in one of the towns and made purchase of a carload of fine animals to be delivered and paid for at a later day, preceding which he made the acquaintance of the officers of one of the banks. On the day fixed for the delivery of the horses the alleged buyer deposited in the bank a draft for a large amount drawn on a bank in another town a hundred miles away. At the same time the bank received a telegram purporting to come from the distant bank authorizing the payment of this draft. The bank believed the telegram, paid out the money and then discovered that the telegram was fraudulent. It had not been sent by the second bank, but by a confederate of the alleged horse buyer. Later developments disclosed that this accomplice had called up the telegraph office in the distant town by telephone. "This is ——, cashier of the —— bank," he said. "Please send this telegram for me." Then he gave the message authorizing the first bank to pay the bogus draft, and this message the telegraph company sent without suspecting that it was fraudulent.

Some years ago an eastern man was induced to invest in worthless mining stock on the basis of a fraudulent telegram purporting to come from an expert he had sent out to investigate the mining property, but which was in reality sent in a manner similar to the above by a confederate. This eastern man's faith in telegrams cost him something more than $10,000.

The story of a fraud with an amusing side comes from across the water, with a London man of rather convivial habits as the victim. This man was forgetful and used to leave at home his office and safe keys. He also had a practice of leaving the city surreptitiously for a day now and then for a convivial time with friends, all unknown to his wife. One day this business man went on one of his periodical jaunts, and a rogue who knew his habits ventured to send this telegram to his wife: "Please send my keys. Love. Freddy." In due course of time the keys were delivered at the office door, and the rogue was there to receive them. He ransacked the whole office at his leisure, safe and all. Late that night the business man came home and was teased by his wife for his forgetfulness. This was news to him but he kept his counsel. The next morning he discovered that his office had been robbed.—B. K. Mann in Pittsburg Dispatch.

The affections are like lightning. You cannot tell where they will strike until they have fallen.—Lacordaire.

Kumiss.

Kumiss is a valuable beverage for use in the sickroom. Heat one quart of milk to 75 degrees F., add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one tablespoonful of lukewarm water. Fill sterilized bottles to within one and one-half inches of the top. Cork and shake. Place the bottles inverted where they may remain at a temperature of 70 degrees F. for ten hours, then put in the icebox or a cold place and let stand forty-eight hours, shaking occasionally to prevent the cream from clogging the mouth of the bottle. It is refreshing and nourishing.—Woman's Home Companion.

Firm Friends.

"Friendship, boys and girls," said a member of a provincial education committee, "is a thing to be cultivated and practiced by all of us. Read and ponder the stories of the great friendships of sacred and profane history. Take them for your models—David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias and Scylla and Charybdis!"—London Telegraph.

THE DEER'S HORNS.

They Present All the Phenomena of Animal and Vegetable Growth.

Why and how is the deer so peculiarly unlike any other of the bovine race, the horn differing so materially from all the horned cattle in its composition, growth, maturity and decline? It presents all the phenomena of animal and vegetable growth. It sprouts from the brain without any prolongation of the frontal bone. It rises and breaks through the sinews and takes root on the bone, growing the same as a vegetable. It is nourished by and secretes albumen upon the surface and disposes of the fibrin the same as an animal.

It is clothed with a skin and hairy coat very different from those on the rest of the body. This covering and hair possess a property unknown in other animal bodies—that of being a styptic to stanch its own blood when wounded. It carries marks of the age on the buck by putting out an extra branch each year, which shows an additional power each year to produce them. And this power does not exist in the female. So this difference is more distinctly marked than in any other class of animals. Again, the horn possesses properties unknown in any other animal matter. It is entirely inodorous, capable of resisting putrefaction and almost impervious to the effects of the atmosphere.

And still water at 300 degrees F. will dissolve these horns readily, even though they are not soluble in alcohol and resist the action of acids and alkalis. It is the only vegeto animal substance that we know of that does not perpetuate itself by procreation.

The male and the female are sustained by the same nutrition and elements, and only the male produces horns. This phenomenon is quite as much of a curiosity as the absence of the horn in the buck after shedding.—Exchange.

SAT IN THE SENATE.

An Outsider Who Innocently Made Himself at Home.

The American people once elected a tailor to the presidency, and doubtless many manipulators of the shears and goose have sat in the seats of the mighty by election, but only once did a tailor make himself at home on the floor of the United States senate when he had no constituency to represent.

The tailor was Hermann Moritz Riedel of Philadelphia, who visited Washington in April, 1868, to attend the exciting scenes during the impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson, a fellow craftsman. And this is the account of how he witnessed these proceedings as published in the Washington Republican of that day:

"A good looking Teutonic friend of ours a day or two since made an earnest appeal to our Muggins for a ticket to the senate to listen to what was going forward at the impeachment trial. Muggins, as is his wont, in the kindness of his soul consented to furnish Teuton with the talismanic pasteboard which effects the open sesame to the senate chamber and also assured our friend that he would accompany him to the gallery and find him an eligible seat. Muggins and Teuton started to work their way in, but Muggins was detained outside of the door for a few moments, and our German friend went on and passed the vigilant sentinels at the outer door and went directly to the entrance of the senate chamber and was admitted by the gentlemanly ushers under the belief probably that he was a member of congress and passed through the vestibule and took his seat in the first vacant chair and there remained during the entire session in the confident belief that he was entitled to the seat."

The descendants of Hermann Riedel are living in Washington now. The tailor, who was a "top notcher" at his trade, according to all accounts, died in 1877, having declined a pension after serving as a marine during the civil war.—Washington Post.

WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

Some Whose Work Compels Them to Dispense With Draperies.

The idea of a woman in trousers seems to be the most horrible that the modern civilized mind can conjure up, but there are parts of the world where women wear these garments as a matter of course, and the heavens have not yet fallen. They even contrive to look charming in them, too, as in one of the cantons of Switzerland, where the bifurcated garment is worn on dress occasions as well as for work. Not even at the altar are the trousers discarded. The bride wears white ones, with a white bodice and white flowers in her hair, and many a bride in a court train is less shy and sweet. In spite of their trousers, which are necessitated by the work they do in the fields, these women do not ride astride, but use a sidesaddle just like the woman who is trammeled by skirts.

The trousers of Switzerland are loose, baggy affairs, sometimes almost as cumbersome as skirts, but the peasant maids of the Austrian Tyrol wear short, close fitting small clothes, which cannot impede their movements in any way and which are not particularly becoming. The socks do not meet the trousers and the knee is left bare, like a highlander's. The upper part of the costume has some feminine touches, and over the trousers is a short drapery, which may be the remains of a skirt. These women work in the fields and stables and are compelled by their life to dispense with superfluous draperies.

French and Belgian fisherwomen wear trousers. They wade through the water, pushing their nets before them, and the heavy waves would soon sweep them off their feet if they wore skirts. Even without them they are obliged to go out in little parties for mutual protection.

In China, where they do most things differently from the rest of the world, the women wear trousers and the men do not disdain skirts. The women also smoke. In Turkey, before Paris fashions invaded the harem, trousers were worn by the women, while the cigarette is an indispensable part of their lives.—New York Tribune.

George IV.'s Hoardings.

One of the most inveterate hoarders on record was George IV. Not only was he averse to destroying books and papers, but he preserved everything that could possibly be kept. When he died all the suits of clothes he had worn for twenty years were discovered and sold by public auction. His executors also found secreted in various desks, drawers and cupboards numerous purses and pocketbooks crammed full of money to the extent, it is said, of £20,000, together with more sentimental treasures in the form of locks of hair from the tresses of forgotten beauties of the court.—London Graphic.

SHY LONDONERS.

A Trait That Brands Them as Unsociable and Abrupt.

What a complicated thing is the character of the Londoner! Out of pure shyness he becomes disagreeably abrupt; out of pure fear of intrusion he becomes unsociable. A number of unacquainted men in the same tramway car will never think of entering into conversation as they would anywhere else in the world. Silently they leave the car as they entered it. And yet it does not seem natural to me that they should not prefer to converse. But they are afraid to intrude; besides, they have not been "introduced."

"Proper" introduction is one of the characteristics of the Londoner. In Germany when a man enters a private room containing people he does not know or if he sits down at a table outside a restaurant—in fact, whenever he comes into touch with a stranger—he will make his bow and announce his name. He will introduce himself. Then both will chat like old acquaintances. But it is ten to one that neither of them caught the mumbled name of the other, nor did they care. To both of them their meeting has been an episode to be forgotten the very next second. And it not infrequently happens that a man will turn to some friend, asking: "Did you see me talk to that man? Who is he? He mentioned his name, but I did not quite catch it."

Now, in England to walk into a room where there is a private gathering and to go around from one to another introducing yourself would, as I see, be called bad manners. The Englishman wants to be introduced by a third person, and it seems that the third person will introduce the other two only if he thinks they would actually like to know each other. Then, however, the name is not only mumbled or mentioned, but grappled with. The two men at once impress that name upon their minds, associate the person with the name and forget neither the one nor the other. An introduction in London does not seem an episode to me to be over and done with the next second, but always the beginning of an actual friendship. And where friendship is not likely to ensue an introduction is left aside.—London Mail.

CHEVY CHASE.

The Old Rodgers Mansion and the Famous Washington Club.

Doubtless few of the many thousands of persons who have read of Chevy Chase have any idea of the interesting history attached to the clubhouse and surroundings. Part of the old colonial structure as it stands today was erected in 1747 and from that time until a few years ago remained in the Rodgers family. In the war of 1812, when the British were advancing on Washington, the army and navy records were taken from the White House and secreted in the cellar of the Rodgers mansion, where they were kept for several days.

The Rodgers family has been famous in the American navy, no fewer than seven having served as admirals. The estate consisted of something like 200 acres, and as the beautifying of the property was always a hobby of its owners it is not surprising that unusual taste should have been shown in laying it out. It is a fact that there are 105 varieties of trees and bushes to be found within a stone's throw of the clubhouse. Not far from the present fourth green there was once a sunken garden, but this is scarcely more than a memory now.

The Chevy Chase club took possession in 1888 and at first rented the property from the Rodgers estate, but later the club purchased 200 acres. Several horse shows have been conducted on the property, and some years back the regular old fashioned county fairs were popular there. The membership consists of persons prominent in Washington socially. It is only half an hour's ride from the treasury to the door of the clubhouse.—Exchange.

True Thrift.

"When visiting a certain town in the north of England," says a medical man, "I was told of an extraordinary incident wherein the main figure, an economical housewife, exhibited under trying circumstances a trait quite characteristic of her. It seems that she had by mistake taken a quantity of poison—mercurial poison—the antidote for which, as all should know, comprises the whites of eggs. When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious: 'Mary, Mary! Save the yolks for the puddings!'"—London Tit-Bits.

Scientific.

"Mary Ellen, why is it you are always smashing your gold eyeglasses and the steel ones stick on your nose as though glued there?"

"Can't you guess why?"

"Not unless it's a sign that riches are fleeting and the poor you have always with you."

"Not at all. There is nothing allegorical about it. The reason is just scientific. It's my magnetic attraction, that's all."—New York Sun.

Used to Them.

The Plain One—And weren't you a bit nervous when he proposed to you? The Pretty One—Oh, dear, no! Proposals used to make me nervous, but not any more.—Exchange.

A Slander.

"I see that royal blood has been discovered in an old American family."

"Don't believe it. Some gossip is always making a slam at our old families."—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Fault of His.

"Why, Johnny! Your little sister is shelling two quarts of peas to your one."

"Well, I told the durn little chump about it, but it didn't do no good."—Cleveland Leader.

Poor Taste.

Little Edna (reading)—Say, mamma, what is a lack of artistic taste? Mamma—It is the feeling, my dear, that prompts a baldheaded man with red whiskers to wear a black wig.—Chicago News.

A cottage, if goodness be there, will hold as much happiness as a palace.—Hamilton.

Disappointment.

Head Waiter—What's the matter with that dyspeptic looking old chap over there at the fourth table?

Assistant—He's got a grouch. He was getting all ready to make a kick about that cantaloupe, and he found it was a good one."—Chicago Tribune.

ESTABLISHED 188?

S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
..BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

-INSURANCE-

Savings Bank Block, Woburn
Telephone 77
Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

Have The Best! It Costs No More!

We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.



Black Cat Brand
Chicago-Kenosha Hosiery Company
Kenosha, Wis.

Black Cat HOSIERY

For School and Play

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.
WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over, which remain with the Bank one month or longer.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Attractive Styles for Gentlemen's Wear

Are Now Ready for Your Inspection.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn

C. E. SMITH,

Real Estate and Insurance.

I represent the Fireman's Fund Ins. Co. of San Francisco, Calif.
Houses For Sale. Rents Collected. Repairs on Estates, etc.

439 MAIN STREET.

ODDS and ENDS SALE!

Our window is full of REAL BARGAINS. We are going to dispose of these goods to make room for our new Fall line, which will be larger and better this year than ever before.

Smith & Varney,
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

The Ventriloquist

He Eased Mary's Conscience and Made George Happy

By TEMPLE BAILEY

Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

It was just a little village street show—a shabby, gray haired ventriloquist sitting between two blank faced dolls that turned their heads and jerked their wide mouths and cracked stale jokes for the edification of the crowd that had gathered.

When the program was finished the old man passed around some thin pamphlets.

"Only a dime!" he cackled. "Just one dime to learn how to make the dolls talk."

"Only one dime!" echoed the woolly haired doll, which lay limply on top of a small trunk.

"Ten cents," murmured Irish Paddy from within the trunk.

But in spite of much spirited dialogue only five books were sold. Then as the crowd drifted away the little man packed his silent dolls into the trunk, swung it by a strap over his shoulder and tramped down the village street.

He turned in at a little store on the very edge of town. It was a remarkably neat little store, and at the back was a table with a clean white cloth. The old man asked for rolls and milk, which he ate at the table. He also bought a can of sardines, some crackers and cheese to take away with him. When he had paid for these there was no more money in his old pocketbook, but he smiled to himself happily as he ate his lunch and listened to the talk of the fresh faced little woman in charge and of the neighbor who had run in for a moment.

"When are you going to marry George?" the neighbor teased.

The fresh faced woman blushed. "I shall never marry again. Henry was such a good husband."

"You can't live on memories of goodness," said the neighbor bluntly.

"No," the little woman agreed, "but Henry would turn in his grave if I should look at anybody else."

"Huh!" the neighbor sniffed. "I guess you've looked all right!"

Again the widow blushed. "I can't help it if George will come here," she said.

"You'd better take him or let him go."

"I know. I believe I could like him, but Henry—oh, Mrs. Perkins, Henry would come back and haunt me if I married George Mills."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the incredulous Mrs. Perkins. "As if I'd let a thing like that come between me and happiness!"

"Well, Henry was jealous, and he used to say, 'Mary, if you ever marry anybody else I'll come and haunt you.'"

"Henry ought to get over such things when he's been in heaven as long as this."

"Do you think so?" the widow questioned wistfully. "It seems as if Henry would always be just Henry even in heaven."

The neighbor nodded. "That's so. Henry was certainly set in his ways."

"You see, that's what I'm afraid of," the little widow stated. "I suppose it is silly, but I always did have a fear of spirits, and Henry knew it."

Back in the dim store the ventriloquist chuckled. But they had forgotten him. And when he finally shambled out they were still talking of Henry and his heaven born possibilities.

Once out in the street the old man studied the signs, and "George Mills, Butcher," was the one toward which he made his way.

Within the shop the counters were bare. At the meat block the butcher himself was slicing bacon.

"Hello," he said as the ventriloquist sidled in. "You are the man who was making the dolls talk?"

"Yes."

"I don't see how you do it." George straightened up. "I couldn't even see you move your lips."

"That's nothing," the other stated.

"Well, it's great," said George.

"Yes," the old man admitted, "but it doesn't line my pockets with gold."

"Kind of precarious?"

"Yes." The old man hesitated, then blurted out, "I wonder if you'd like to have me help you—with a lady, a widow."

"Mrs. Bassett?" The young man's tone was eager.

"Well, her husband's name was Henry." And the ventriloquist repeated the conversation he had heard.

"I always knew Henry was a selfish dog," George flared.

"If you thought it was worth $5 I might help you out," the little man ventured.

"How?"

The ventriloquist outlined his plan, and when he had finished George cried eagerly, "I will give you ten if you will make it go!"

"Did he have a deep voice or a thin one?"

"He had a piping voice," George stated savagely, "like this"—

"Well, I want to do it right." And the ventriloquist picked up his trunk and went on his way.

Late that afternoon George Mills stopped in and asked Mrs. Bassett to take a walk to Marvin's grove.

The widow shook her head pensively. "I can't," she said. "The neighbors are beginning to talk."

"Marry me and shut their mouths," said George ardently.

"Oh, no; I can't marry you, George, and I mustn't go with you any more!"

George looked blank. "Oh, but see here," he said, "you've just got to go tonight."

"I don't see why you are so anxious," she yielded.

"Because—oh, look here, Mary, let it be our last walk if you will!"

Marvin's grove was a place of dim, beautiful greenness, and in its depths a great gray bowlder thrust up a rugged shoulder. It was to this bowlder that George guided Mary Bassett, and they sat down with their backs against the stone.

"Mary," he said, "tell me why you won't marry me."

"If I only knew that Henry wouldn't mind," she said, weeping. "You know how good he was to me, George."

"But surely he would want you to be happy," he said.

Mary sighed. "If I only knew. If I could have some sign."

Behind the bowlder was the faint rustle of dry leaves. It might have been the movement of a rabbit or of a tortoise or of a squirrel seeking nuts. But George knew that it was none of these. He gave a significant cough. Then, as if borne by the breeze from nowhere, came a thin, piping voice:

"Mary!"

The widow clutched at her lover's sleeve. "George," she cried gaspingly, "did you hear that?"

"What?" asked George.

"That voice—Henry's voice."

"Nonsense!" But the young butcher's face was white. There was a silence in which they stood, pale faced, listening.

"Mary, Mary—take him—be happy."

As the words died away Mary gasped, "It is Henry!"

"He is telling you to be happy. Will you, Mary?"

She looked at him with startled brown eyes. "I'm so frightened, George."

He drew her within the circle of his arm. "Nothing can hurt you here. Say 'Yes,' Mary." And as she hesitated came the benediction.

"Bless you!"

And at that Mary yielded, with her head against George's shoulder, but listening for any further remarks from Henry.

None came, and at last her lover led her from the wood. But he stopped by the roadway. "Wait until I go and get my hat," he said, and presently he came back with it.

He had left something in its place, however, and when the woods were still, except for the twilight call of the birds, a little old man stole around the edge of the big gray stone and picked up the crisp greenback.

Then he went back to his hiding place and ate a supper of crackers and cheese and sardines in the company of black faced Sambo and Irish Pat.

When He Went Away.

"I take it," he said to the man who got on the depot car with a suit case, "that you are going to the country."

"I am, sir," was the stiff reply.

"You have everything with you you will need?"

"Of course."

"Shirts, socks and toothbrush?"

"Certainly."

"Nightshirt, toilet soap and handkerchief?"

"Do you think me a child, sir?" was asked.

"Of course not, but men are so absentminded, you see. Did you put in an extra pair of cuffs?"

"I did, sir. You and others may be careless, but I want you to know that I'm not. I have been three days packing this suit case."

"Um. You might need a needle and thread."

"I have them."

"And some buttons."

"They are here."

"But there must have been something forgotten," persisted the other.

"Nothing whatever," was the decided answer.

"For instance, your key. You have it, have you?"

The man sprang up and began feeling in his pockets and looking around and after a moment called out:

"Here—somebody stop this old car! I've left the key to my suit case on the mantel at home!"—Washington Herald.

Cash of the Ancients.

The little brass cash, the Chinese coins, are the lineal descendants, in unbroken order, of the brouze ax of remote Celestial ancestors. From the regular hatchet to the modern coin one can trace a distinct if somewhat broken succession, so that it is impossible to say where the one leaves off and the other begins. Here is how this curious pedigree first worked itself out: In early times, before coin was invented, barter was usually conducted between producer and consumer with metal implements, as it still is in central Africa at the present day. At first the Chinese in that unsophisticated age were content to use real hatchets for this commercial purpose, but after a time, with the profound mercantile instinct of their race, it occurred to some of them that when a man wanted half a hatchet's worth of goods he might as well pay for them with half a hatchet. Still, as it would be a pity to spoil a good working implement by cutting it in two, the worthy Ah Sin ingeniously compromised the matter by making thin hatchets of the usual size and shape, but far too slender for practical usage. By so doing he invented coin, and, what is more, he invented it far earlier than the claimants to that proud distinction, the Lydians, whose electrum staters were first struck in the seventh century B. C.—Cornhill Magazine.

JAPAN A LAND OF COLOR.

Farms of Two or Three Acres Divided Into Many Tiny Fields.

Land is so scarce in Japan and the people so numerous that a farm rarely consists of more than an acre or two. These little farms are divided up into tiny fields. During the season of the year in which we made our journey one of these fields was filled with sprouting barley, light green in color; another field, perhaps the next, with vetch, a lavender colored, cloverlike fodder; a neighboring field with a dark green grass from the seed of which a lamp oil is manufactured; another with the pale yellow flowers of the mustard, and scattered here and there fields filled with what looked like a variety of lily, some white, some red, some yellow, but all equally brilliant.

Then to get the complete picture you must imagine patches of flowering azaleas dotting the roadside; towering, round topped camellia trees breaking the sky line with frequent splashes of bright green; usually in the shade of these trees houses with white plastered walls and red tiled roofs; about the more pretentious of these houses white plastered walls, above which appeared a profusion of palms, roses and strange native flowers, and in the doorways of the garden walls kimono clad Japanese girls, the kimonos as many and as gayly colored as the garden that framed them.

I have traveled in but one other country that is so gayly colored, and that was some few years ago, when, in the company of a number of other youngsters and an evil smelling magic lantern, I used to make frequent visits to the Land of Primary Colors.—George MacAdam in Outing Magazine.

Beltane.

In the highlands of Scotland and in Ireland May 1 was called Beltane. This was the name of an ancient pagan festival, traces of which have survived to this day. The name is still used for May day in Gaelic Scotland. It is said that the Druids on that day used to make two fires with great incantations and drive their cattle between them as a safeguard against disease.

TOWER OF LONDON.

The Perfect System by Which Its Treasures Are Guarded.

The Tower of London has the most perfect system of burglar alarms that has yet been devised.

From Scotland Yard, from the governor's headquarters and from other places known only to a few responsible officials the whole Tower can be closed electrically within a few seconds. Even the ponderous gates at the middle tower, which weigh some tons and through which visitors pass, swing to automatically, and the escape of every one within is instantly barred. At the same time an alarm bell rings to warn wardens, police and soldiers.

In particular the precautions in the apartment containing the crown jewels are of a most scientifically elaborate kind. One of the beefeaters on duty in the room has merely to press a button, whereupon the heavy door closes, the alarm bell below rings, the other gates slam to and lock, and every person within the tower is instantly cut off from the outer world.

"The man who can get away with any of the crown jewels deserves them," observed a Tower official. "From where I am standing I could close every important door and gate in the Tower in as short a time as it takes to utter these words."

It was mainly to insure the safety of the crown jewels that the system was installed.

No order had been issued for the closing of the Tower on a recent Saturday when, greatly to their alarm, the visitors found doors locked, bolted and barred against them for about ten minutes, preventing any one leaving the Tower.

"The Tower simply closed—that is all," remarked an official. "Who caused it to do so we do not know. It might have been Scotland Yard, where the pressing of a button would imprison every soul within the Tower until the police gave the signal for their release, or it might have been the governor, anxious to learn whether we were all at our posts. At any rate, it was none of the minor officials.

"In fact, who closed the Tower and why is a secret known only to the highest authorities. There was no alarm, no attempt to seize the crown jewels."—London Mail.

MADE THE MOST OF IT.

Clever Tactics When William Quit Using Tobacco.

An excerpt from Doris' letter: "And, oh, Will, if you weren't the dearest boy! You often told me that you would do anything in the world for me, and now you write for my sake you've quit smoking. I'll have to wait until I see you to tell you what a dear I think you are."

From Janis: "You write that out of consideration for me you have stopped smoking for good. That was just lovely of you, William, and you may depend that I greatly appreciate it."

From Phyllis: "Billy, boy, it's just ripping! You're the dandy kid! Just to think that you would swear off using the weed just for me! It was mighty dear of you, Billy, and it makes me all the more keen for you."

From Marjorie: "To think that you've quit smoking, William! I was so surprised! Of course I always knew that you care for me, but to think that, as you say, you've made this sacrifice on my account—why, it's positively noble of you!"

From his mother: "Will, my son, this proves your love for me. Father is inclosing a check to show that he appreciates the fact that you think enough of your parents to give up smoking for them."

From his doctor: "Your letter advising me that you have obeyed my orders and stopped the use of tobacco is at hand. As I said, your compliance * * *."—Puck.

Back Numbers.

"William," said Mrs. Van Gelder to the man of all work, "I want you to clean out that large closet in the hall just outside the parlor. Burn all the old newspapers, waste paper and any other rubbish you may find there."

After a short time she met William in the hall carrying in his arms a huge pile of sheet music, the property of her eldest daughter.

"What are you going to do with Mabel's music?" she asked.

"Why, burn it, sure, as you told me to. It was in the closet there with the other rubbish."

"But I didn't mean the music. Put it back at once."

Noting his mistress' displeasure, William inquired in surprise:

"Why, hasn't she played it all?"

Peeling a Snake.

It is difficult to skin a dead snake, and the skin is often spoiled in the course of the operation, while, on the other hand, it is a simple matter to skin a live snake, and the skin thus gained is worth much more. Dead snakes bring from 2 to 5 cents, according to their size, and live ones from 25 cents to $1. One of the largest snake skin companies has factories in Sumatra. When a snake is received from a hunter it is seized adroitly by an operator, one hand squeezing the neck and the other holding the tail. It is then attached by the neck to the trunk of a palm tree, an assistant holding it by the tail. With the point of a knife the operator cuts the skin just below the head and, pulling with all his strength, peels it from the writhing reptile in the same way that a woman peels a pair of gloves from her hand.—Popular Mechanics.

Two Points of View.

"Good morning, Jones!"

"Good morning, Brown! Any news today?"

"Why, yes. You know my brother who works at the bank? Well, he went to business the other day and found £1,000 on the counter. And what do you think he did? Stole the money and tripped off to Canada. And when the news reached my father it broke the old man's heart."

"That's funny! You know, my brother works at a bank, too, and when he went to business the other morning he found £1,000. And what do you think he did?"

"What—stole it?"

"No; took it straight to the manager's office. And when the news reached my father, do you know, it broke the old man's heart!"—London Telegraph.

Streams of Light.

One night we were in a dense crowd watching a parade when during one of those unaccountable lulls which so often occur in large crowds a little fellow who was perched high up on his father's shoulder shouted: "Oh, papa, you ought to see! Way in the street they are just squirting light all over the people."—Delineator.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson XII.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 19, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Acts xix, 20—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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LESSON I.—Paul's second missionary journey—Antioch to Philippi—Acts xvi, 6-15. Golden Text, Acts xvi, 9, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." The lessons of this quarter cover Paul's second and third missionary tours and illustrate the things that even to this day may befall the Spirit filled and Spirit sent servants of the Lord. Souls will be saved, companies of believers gathered, but there must be faithful and persistent seed sowing, patient waiting and absolute surrender to the Spirit's control and guidance.

LESSON II.—The Philippian Jailer, Acts xvi, 25-40. Golden Text, Acts xvi, 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house." A most unlikely convert, at a most unlikely time, in a most unlikely place, but thus God works, not as we would think or expect, but as He sees best, asking us to be willing to suffer with and for Him, who bore so much for us, and praise Him through it all. If only souls may be saved by seeing His power and believing in Him.

LESSON III.—Paul at Thessalonica and Berea, Acts xvii, 1-15. Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 11, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." Everywhere God works by His Spirit, through His word as Jesus is preached. The Spirit uses only His word as the means by which He accomplishes the will of God. The written word tells of the living word, and by the word God is revealed, even as the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel by the word of the Lord (I Sam. iii, 21).

LESSON IV.—Paul at Athens, Acts xvii, 22-34. Golden Text, John iv, 24. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth." The great adversary is content to let men worship any kind of a god and as many gods as they please if he can only keep them from knowing the one true God, the only Creator, Redeemer and Judge of all mankind.

LESSON V.—Close of Paul's second missionary journey, Acts xviii, 1-22. Golden Text, John xvi, 33, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." God always has a "Be not afraid" for every one who is fearful, whether it be Abram or Isaiah or John or Paul or you, dear reader, whoever you are, if only you are a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

LESSON VI.—Paul's instructions to the Thessalonians, I Thess. v, 12-24. Golden Text, I Thess. v, 15, "See that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good. In this probable first letter which he wrote we have a fair sample of all His instructions. Saved by the grace of God through the gospel of His Son, to serve Him and to wait for His Son from heaven, walking worthy of God while we wait for His kingdom.

LESSON VII.—Paul at Ephesus on his third missionary journey, Acts xix, 8-20. Golden Text, Acts xix, 17, "The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified." This is the story of Paul's three years at Ephesus when through Him all who dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, and to make manifest the pre-eminence of that name over the evil one and all evil spirits God caused special miracles to be wrought through Paul.

LESSON VIII.—The riot at Ephesus, Acts xix, 23-30, 35-41. Golden Text, II Cor. xii, 9, "He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." When the name of the Lord Jesus is magnified and the word of God grows and prevails the adversary will surely show his wrath; hence this riot in the name of Diana of the Ephesians whom all Asia and the world worshipeth.

LESSON IX.—Paul on Christian love, I Cor. xiii, 1-13. Golden Text, I Cor. xiii, 13, "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love." Consider how much that is outwardly good and praised by men may be in the sight of God as nothing. That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God" (Luke xvi, 15). The love of God, which is the greatest thing we ever heard of, must be known and believed and the Son of God received before any service can be acceptable to Him.

LESSON X.—Paul's farewell to the Ephesians. Acts xx 2-38. Golden Text, Phil. iv, 13, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." Having been to Europe and being now on his way to Jerusalem, he utters these farewell words. He magnified the gospel of the grace of God, the word of God, and on man's part faith and repentance.

LESSON XI.—Close of Paul's third missionary journey, Acts xxi, 1-17. Golden Text, Acts xxi, 14, "The will of the Lord be done." Services at Tyre, Ptolemais and Caesarea mark the close of this third great journey in the name of the Lord Jesus, but the special thing to be noted seems to be his being forbidden by the Holy Ghost to go to Jerusalem (21, 24), and yet his determination to go, thinking, no doubt, that it was simply the kindness of the brethren and their desire that he should not suffer unnecessarily.

A Mean Friend.

"All the dust flies up my nose."

"Well, Cholly, maybe the city will pay you to parade the streets. Perhaps, instead of sweeping, it would be better to clean them by a vacuum process."—Kansas City Journal.

All the Difference.

"My wife is very bad," said a man at the Bloomsbury county court.

"You mean she is very ill. I hope she is not bad," replied the magistrate sympathetically.—London Telegraph.

Delight of Varied Labor.

None but the fully occupied can appreciate the delight of suspended or, rather, of varied labor. It is toil that creates holidays. There is no royal road—yes, that is the royal road to them. Life cannot be made up of recreations. They must be garden spots in well farmed lands.—Mrs. Gilbert-Ann Taylor.

If a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it possible to thee.—Marcus Aurelius.

ON THE ROOF.

He Didn't Want to Seize the Opportunity, but She Did.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

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"We've time enough yet to take a look at the city from the top of the Securities building. It's worth seeing, you know."

Prudence should have vetoed the suggestion. For the longer half of the blissful afternoon Viola had been aware that Raymond's eyes were saying more than they should and that their mute eloquence was singularly sweet and satisfying. Considering the fact that she was as good as engaged to another man, discretion counseled flight. A voice within, an authoritative voice, cried out that at the best the day would soon be over and urged her to make the most of it.

Viola compromised. "Mr. Raymond suggests our getting a view of the city from the top of one of the skyscrapers," she said, turning to her out of town guests. "If you are not too tired"— And her heart leaped at the promptness of their protests.

She walked beside Raymond silently, glad that he, too, seemed to have nothing to say. She was frightened to find herself clinging so fiercely to the joy of that afternoon together. He had come upon them quite by accident, but Viola knew that but for her he would have lifted his hat and gone his way. The gladness that leaped to her eyes at the sight of him, the tremor in her voice as she spoke his name, had been his undoing—and hers. They had lunched and taken a drive along the boulevards. Viola's country cousins had had the time of their lives. And now the western sky was red, and the time for saying goodby was near.

They stood looking down upon the city. Raymond, as in duty bound, pointed out the objects of interest. The country cousins hung upon his words and declared that they would not have missed the sight for anything. As for Viola, she had no eyes for the crawling streets between the steep cliffs of brick and stone nor for the crawling creatures far below. Brazenly she feasted her eyes upon him.

He turned suddenly and looked into her eyes, and his own caught fire. A moment later they were standing together in an angle of the roof, sheltered from the view of their companions. The noise of the city below them seemed far away.

Raymond broke the spell by a downward gesture. "I wish it were all mine."

"You mean the whole town? What greediness!" she laughed.

"So that I could give it all to you."

"Thank you, but I'm not ambitious to be a plutocrat. Of course one must have the things one is used to. Poverty is the worst of all."

"Is it?" His eyes challenged hers.

"Oh, don't! You make it so hard for me!"

"You make it hard for yourself when you fight against your heart."

"Oh, you don't understand, Phil. It isn't as if I had only myself to think of."

"Do you ever give a thought to me?"

She put her hands over her ears in sudden tremor. If she listened longer she was lost. "I must go," she said hurriedly. "I've stayed longer than I should, but it was so pleasant." She turned in a panic and fled across the roof, and he followed slowly. When he overtook her her eyes were dilated.

"They're gone!" she gasped.

"Who?"

"Why, Leonard and Bessie. What could have induced them to go without us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But they will be waiting for us below without doubt."

He tried the door, rattled the knob sharply and met questioning her gaze with a blank stare. "We're locked up here," he exclaimed. Then as Viola laughed hysterically he added in haste: "Don't be frightened. It will be very easy to attract some one's attention."

Half an hour later, flushed and dripping with perspiration as a result of his fruitless exertion, he acknowledged his mistake. "Your cousins must have thought we had gone down before them. But after they get home and we fail to make our appearance it will of course occur to somebody that we're still up here. And the only thing to do is to resign ourselves to wait with what patience we can muster."

She looked at him reproachfully, but he did not meet her eyes. He sat some distance from her, staring moodily at the roof. Furtively Viola put back her veil and smoothed her hair. Apparently her appearance was to him a matter of complete indifference. He never turned his eyes.

Her sense of resentment found voice at last. "Are you going to sit here in absolute silence? Haven't you any thing to say?"

"I have plenty to say, but I can't say it without taking advantage of the situation."

A long silence; then Raymond felt the slipping of a small hand down his sleeve. "I rather think, Phil," said a tremulous voice, "that I want you to take advantage of the situation."

Help was long in coming. As the darkness fell Viola drew closer, and her hand stole into his of its own accord.

It was a night without a star, and for that reason it was the more startling when suddenly a blinding illumination lit up the space where they sat. Viola shrieked and hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"Only a searchlight, dearest. Rather startling on this pitch black night, wasn't it?"

Viola blushed in his arms. "Phil, do you suppose anybody—saw?"

The young man smiled. "Perhaps," he acknowledged. "In fact, little girl, I rather hope somebody did."

Fifteen or twenty minutes later the sound of approaching footsteps told them that release was at hand. Raymond shouted. There was a sound of a key turning in the lock. A grinning policeman and the watchman of the building confronted them. Explanations were exchanged. The elevator had stopped running at 6 o'clock, and the two young people descended the endless flights of stairs as blithely as if they were walking on air.

Viola's home was in an uproar. The story brought by the country cousins had aroused grave suspicions, which Viola's mother explained as she clung to her daughter.

"It couldn't have happened at a more unfortunate time. To begin with, Mr. Pickering was annoyed. He makes such a hobby of punctuality, you know. And then when Leonard and Bessie came in"—

She raised her head from Viola's shoulder and looked sharply at young man who had escorted her daughter home. Raymond bore her scrutiny in silence. It was Viola who prompted her impatiently.

"Go on, mamma. When Leonard and Bessie came in"—

"It was, of course, entirely absurd," declared Viola's mother persistently, addressing herself to Raymond, "but one must make allowances for a lover's natural jealousy. When Leonard and Bessie said that you had been with them all afternoon and that you and Viola had suddenly disappeared the poor man jumped to the conclusion that you had—eloped."

There was an impressive silence, which Viola improved by removing her hat.

"Of course we must explain at once," Viola's mother continued. "Would it be better for you to phone him, Viola, or will you send him a note? Perhaps you had better phone him and say you are sending the note. You see, it is important that the matter should be cleared up without delay."

"I don't know that it's worth while to make explanations, mamma," she said. "It is true I didn't have any intention of eloping; but, just the same, I'm going to marry Phil."

What Wearied Him.

A friend once asked an aged man what caused him to complain so often at eventide of pain and weariness. "Alas," replied he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Well, well," commented his friend, "you are busy indeed! But I didn't know that you had anything to do with a menagerie. How, then, do you make that out?"

"Why," continued the old man, "listen. Two falcons are my eyes, which I must guard diligently; the two hares are my feet, which I must keep from walking in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my hands, which I must train to work, that I may provide for myself and those dependent on me as well as for a needy friend occasionally; the serpent is my tongue, which I must keep ever bridled lest it speak unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have a continual fight lest evil things come out of it, and the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."

Had the Effect.

"Yes," she said in answer to something he had said, "the old songs are very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Beautiful hardly describes them. They are—they are—well, compared with them the songs of today are trash, the veriest trash."

"I agree with you, yet the old songs sometimes contain sentiments that one cannot wholly approve."

"I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an illustration. There is John Howard Payne's 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?"

"Why not?" he asked warmly. "Why not?"

"Because," she said, glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of 11—"because there is a line in that song which says 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?"

Then he coughed a hollow cough and arose and went silently out into the night.

She Is So Sensitive.

"I wish some persons weren't so all fired sensitive and ready to see an insult when none is intended," remarked the man with the troubled look, looking for sympathy. "Now, last night I got myself into an awkward fix just trying to be agreeable and to please everybody. I went to see a young lady I think a great deal of—yes, I do think a great deal of her, but I wish she would be more sensible. Girl friend of hers was there, and it was her first visit since she'd sent a crazy looking, good for nothing decorated cup and saucer with scalloped edges as a birthday gift.

"'When I was out shopping,' the girl friend explained, 'and saw that cup and saucer I just thought of you, Marguerite.'

"'How? Hand painted, isn't it?'

"Now, the recipient's complexion is natural, as any one can see, and there was no reason for her to be so chilly toward me the rest of the evening. Hang such sensitiveness!"—New York Telegram.

After the Show.

A well dressed man, said to be an Englishman, has been arrested in Montmartre, Paris, on a charge of tendering bad half sovereigns for dinners and entertainments, which reminds us of the story about the touring company which has been doing very bad business in "the smalls." While the proprietor and sole responsible manager was standing outside the temporary theater (the Corn Exchange) a very small boy with a very large melon arrived and proposed to barter the fruit for a seat in the gallery. The bargain was duly concluded, and the scene now changes to the interior of the theater after the performance. "Boy," says the manager severely, "that melon was rotten." "That's all right," returns the youthful critic; "so was yer show."—London Globe.

Difference in Time.

When it is noon at any given place it is similarly noon at all other points having the same longitudinal meridian, and the sun is in its zenith where meridian and equator intersect.

For business convenience every fifteen degrees of longitude evenly divided from Greenwich has the same time, being the distance that the earth travels in one hour. In the United States we have eastern, central, mountain and Pacific time. Thus when it is noon at New York it is 11 a. m. at Chicago, central time; 10 a. m. at Denver, mountain time, and 9 a. m. at San Francisco, Pacific time.—New York American.

As Represented.

Irate Stranger—Look here! I thought you told me that dog I bought from you had a good many fine points. He looks like he has been shot full of arrows.

Mountaineer Pete—Those be the fine points, stranger. He tackled a porcupine the day before you bought him.—Los Angeles Times.

One Foot In the Grave.

"You see that strapping robust man? When I saw him last night he had one foot in the grave."

"Extraordinary! Who is he?"

"He is playing the gravedigger in 'Hamlet' at the local theater."

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

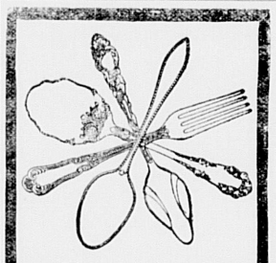
Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11 02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5 22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

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ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent



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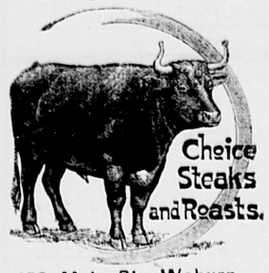
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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1905.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.00, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.30, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.00 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
26	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
29	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Winow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
311	Barlington Stree, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.) signals.

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TESTING THE TEACHER.

A Curious Old School Report Made In Boston In 1722.

In the town records of the city of Boston there is a curious passage which records how a schoolmaster was examined and what happened. The manner in which the visit of inspection is recorded makes one incline to the view that the unlucky schoolmaster may not have had fair play, although if he was really inefficient he may be said to have been judged by his peers.

In the record for the 22d of May, 1722, it is set forth that:

"Coll Pen Townsend, Jeremiah Allen Esqr. & John Edwards together with the Select men, Vissitted the wrighting School at the Southerly End of Boston on Thursday the 24th apll 1722, and Examined the Scholars under mr Anues Angers tuition as to their proficiency in Reading writing Seyphering & the masters ability of teaching & Instructing youth his rules & methods therefore And are of Opinion That it will be no Service to the Town to Continue mr anger in that Employ."

Whereupon it was voted that the said Mr. Anues Anger should not continue master of the "Said South school."

It is true that nothing is said of the methods of spelling inculcated at the "wrighting School," and it is also possible that a clerk rather than the committee was responsible for the errors of the record, but there is certainly something absurd in the passage as it stands.—Exchange.

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Through The Little Blue Door

The Dedication That Marion Wrote For the New Book

By VIRGINIA BLAIR

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A high gray wall skirted the house across the way, and entrance was made through a blue door with a brass knocker. We had lived in our own little cottage for three weeks and had seen no one go out or in.

"There must be some other entrance," Julia said.

"But there isn't," I declared positively.

"And they can't be away," said Julia, "because we can see lights in the tower window."

"Yes," I said, "and the rural delivery carrier unlocks the box and takes out the mail every morning, so there must be some one who writes the letters."

"Well, I'll ask him," said Julia promptly.

But the mail man knew nothing. "I just take out the letters," he said, "and put the mail in, but I never see a soul."

"How are the letters addressed? Surely you must know whether a man or a woman is shut up there."

"No'm," the man protested stolidly; "the letters just say 'Marion Fuller'—neither 'Miss' nor 'Madam' nor 'Mr.'"

"Of course it's a woman," I said when the carrier had gone.

"Why?" Julia asked.

"Because a man would have to cook for himself, and all that"—

"And no man who could help it would want that name. Think of a man named Marion."

"I'm thinking of one named Jack," I said regretfully. "If he were only here, Julia."

Then Julia turned on me wrathfully. "That's always the way," she said. "No matter what I try to say you always come back to Jack. You engaged people always harp on one string."

Silence reigned for a moment, and then to break the ice I began, "I'm going to watch the blue door after dark."

"How can you watch anything after dark?"

"It's moonlight," I reminded her, "and I could certainly see the outline of any one who came out."

That night as I sat on the porch I sniffed. "Julia," I said solemnly, "do I smell onions?"

Julia's aristocratic nose was elevated. "Onions it is," she said.

"They are in a delicious combination with something," I said. "It is the nearest thing to a fish chowder that I have known since the days of shore dinners."

"Chowder?" Julia demanded. "Where would they get their fish?"

"Cath 'em," I said briefly. "Any one who would drop a line from that stone wall on the other side could fish in the river."

"Then you think?" Julia questioned.

"I think that if it is the fragrance of fish chowder that is being wafted toward us on the evening air the tenant behind the blue door is a man."

And even as I spoke the blue door opened, and a young man came forth carrying a steaming dish.

"Well, of all things," said Julia under her breath.

The young man came up the steps. "I am your next door neighbor," he announced, "and I thought that this chowder might be my introduction. It is a most exclusive recipe, which I have shared with only one friend Jack Carson."

I sat up straight. "Jack Carson?" I exclaimed. "Why, he is—he is"—

"The man you are engaged to—exactly," said the young man with the chowder. "This morning I had a letter from him saying that you were somewhere in the neighborhood. I knew from the description that you were the young ladies next door, and I felt that his letter and this chowder would constitute a sufficient introduction, and so I have presented myself," and he handed me Jack's letter, with a bow.

And while I read it I heard Julia say, "So you are Marion Fuller?"

"Yes."

"I thought it was a girl," Julia murmured, dimpling and sparkling. "The name is so—so feminine."

"But now that you have seen me?" he questioned.

"I shall not think of you—at all," she said.

"Stay me with chowder," he pleaded. "Comfort me with"— He held the dish out toward me. "You'll accept it, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," I said promptly, "and you shall tell me how you came to make a Robinson Crusoe of yourself behind the blue door."

I led the way to our little dining room.

"Our coffee is ready," I said, "and Julia made the rolls with her own fair hands."

The chowder was delicious, and the big man at the head of the table served it with a lavish hand.

That was the beginning of our good fellowship, but it was three weeks before Marion confessed why he had shut himself up behind the blue door, and in those weeks he had fallen hopelessly in love with Julia.

"But why," she insisted one night as we all sat in the moonlight, "did you shut yourself up behind the blue door?"

"I was writing a book, and I wanted to be absolutely alone. The publishers had insisted that I finish it by October."

"And this," said Julia, "is the last of August."

She stood up and leaned against the porch rail. "And a man who can write books spends his time making chowder and frivoling with young ladies."

"But," he excused eagerly, "I couldn't write after you came. I could see you from the tower, and you distracted my thoughts so that I couldn't put down a line. At last, in despair, I moved downstairs and went to work. But I couldn't write there. I—I kept wondering what you were doing. And then I began to plan ways and means of getting acquainted, and then Jack's letter came."

All this he said to Julia.

"It's ridiculous," Julia said, "to fritter away your time this way. Go and write your book."

"But I want to be with you."

"Do you think," said Julia inflexibly, "that I am going to be the cause of the world's losing a masterpiece? I have a perfect contempt for a man who will neglect his work for a woman."

"So that is it?" he said slowly, and as he stood up they measured glances. "Well, I shall lock the blue door, and no matter what happens I won't open it until you ask me."

And when the key had turned in the latch Julia said, somewhat forlornly, "Now we will have peace."

"You'll miss him," I prophesied. "You'll miss him."

One week passed, and two, and not a sound or sight of our neighbor.

But one night there was no light in the tower, and Julia said, "If anything should be the matter!"

"He could telephone," I assured her.

"There isn't a phone," she said.

When four more nights had passed and no light flashed from the tower Julia couldn't stand it.

"I've got to go over there," she said.

"But you can't," I protested.

"I shall climb over the wall," said Julia firmly, "and you've got to help me."

I was getting a little worried, and when it was late enough so that there were no people passing on the road we carried our stepladder over and set it against the wall.

Julia climbed up and looked over. "There is an apple tree on the other side," she said, "and we can step down on the branches."

Silently we crept through the bushes and over the neglected lawn. It was very ghostly in the darkness, and not a light burned in the house.

"I'm going to call," whispered Julia, and her voice rang out clearly, "Marion!"

"Somewhere in the distance an answer came back feebly, 'Julia!'"

We followed the sound of the voice and found him on a couch in the kitchen.

"I've had some kind of fever," he said, trying to smile, when we had struck a light.

Julia dropped on her knees beside him. "I knew something had happened."

When we had sent to town for the doctor and nurse and he was made comfortable Julia and I crept in.

"And the book?" Julia whispered.

"It is finished, and it is dedicated to you. I should like," he continued, "to write the dedication 'to my wife.'" A twinkle came into his eyes. "May I, Julia?"

And when Julia, blushing, had promised we went home together through the little blue door.

Intelligence of Insects.

The mental processes of the horse and the dog are those of man in much lower degree, in the view of Professor N. A. Harvey of Michigan, but the intelligence of insects must be of very different kind. The double nerve cord and ganglia differ both in structure and position from the brain and spinal cord of man. Insects' eyes are immovable and compound and perceive motion and color, but not form. Ants, bees, wasps and other insects have not hearing. Taste and smell cannot be identical with those senses in man, and feeling is a perception through touch hairs instead of the skin. But insects have very acute senses that we do not possess. A cecropia moth can perceive a female a mile or more away, although a man could not detect it under the same conditions at a distance of more than six inches, and ants, bees and wasps seem to have other senses located, like this, in the antennae. Differing from man in general structure, with shorter lives and different living, the insects have intelligence that, though of a high order, is not easy for us to understand.—New York World.

Scotch Breakfasts.

Dr. Redgill, in Susan Ferrier's "Destiny," dwells on Scotch breakfasts with gusto. After proclaiming that Scotland in general is "a perfect mass of rubbish" and the cookery not fit for dogs, he adds: "But the breakfasts! That's what redeems the land, and every county has its own peculiar excellence. In Argyllshire you have the Lochfine herring—fat, luscious and delicious, just out of the water, falling to pieces with its own richness, melting away like butter in your mouth. In Aberdeenshire you have the finnan haddock, with a flavor all its own, vastly relishing, just salt enough to be piquant without parching you up with thirst. In Perthshire there is the Tay salmon, kippered, crisp and juicy—a very magnificent morsel. In other places you have the exquisite mutton of the country made into hams of a most delicious flavor.

Dangers of Handwriting.

A young man is bringing an action against a graphologist in Paris for substantial damages. A pretty heiress, to whom he was engaged to be married, showed a specimen of his handwriting to the graphologist and asked for information. This is the reply she got: "If you should meet the man who wrote these lines upon your way through life avoid him. He is an egotist and a fool, has a bad temper and a despicable nature. The existence of the woman who has the misfortune to marry him will be a Calvary." The marriage has been broken off; hence the action.

Her Usual Remark.

"What did Mame say when her father gave her that new gold watch?" asked one gladsome girl.

"Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time."—Exchange.

THE CASSOWARY.

A Peculiar Bird That Fishes With Its Feathers.

Habits of the cormorant and of the fish hawk are generally known. Their methods of taking fish are very much like those of birds of prey. But the cassowary fishes according to a method of its own. A well known naturalist witnessed its operations on a river in the island of New Britain.

He saw a cassowary come down to the water's edge and stand for some minutes apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was about three feet deep and, partially squatting down, spread its wings out, submerging them, the feathers being spread and ruffled.

The bird remained motionless and kept its eyes closed as if in sleep. It remained in this position for a quarter of an hour, when, suddenly closing its wings and straightening its feathers, it stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times, whereupon a quantity of small fishes fell out of its wings and from amid its feathers. These the bird immediately picked up and swallowed.

The fishes had evidently mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed that grows in the water along the banks of the rivers in this island and which much resembles the feathers of the cassowary. The smaller fishes hide in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey on them.—Exchange.

THE MOON.

Its Visual Size No Greater When It Is High Than When It Is Low.

The artist has to choose between scientific truth and "convention" when he sets out to paint the moon. A three-penny piece fixed at a distance of six feet from the eye (say at the end of a horizontal six foot pole, the other end of which is made to press the lower edge of the eye socket) will just cover the disk of either the sun or the moon hanging in the sky. It is an absolute fact that this is true whether the moon (or the sun) be high in the sky or low down near the horizon.

The real "visual size" of the moon's disk is no greater when it is low than when it is high. No one who reads what I have just written will believe me. Every one thinks that he knows that the disk of the harvest moon or of the setting sun occupies a larger space in the sky when low than when high. This is due to a judgment or mental process and is an erroneous one. The eye is not at fault, but the curiously untrustworthy mind is.

What, then, is the painter to do? He yields to prejudice and often paints the low moon or low sun of a size which compared with scientific fact is ridiculously exaggerated.—Sir E. Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

Her Choice.

They were sisters-in-law and reasonably well disposed toward each other. One was the mother of George, aged six months, and the other was the mother of Marian, aged six months and four days. It was impossible that a slight parental rivalry should be altogether concealed.

"Marian does not seem to grow very fast," said the mother of George, with a suggestion of commiseration in her tones. "George is much taller"—height being measured in inches).

"Perhaps he is," replied the mother of Marian coldly, "but Marian weighs more."

"Oh, well," responded the sister-in-law, with a smile of high bred superiority, "of course I should not wish George to be gross."—Exchange.

A Frank Estimate.

To many persons who are not actors the stage seems a delightful and fascinating place. In a book called "The Actress" Louise Closser Hale, herself an actress, tells some of her experiences with girls who envy her her profession. One day one of them from behind a counter in a shop said, "I should have went on the stage."

"She evidently wanted to talk, and I strove to be interested," says Miss Hale.

"But see how tired I am," I said to her. "I have to work very hard as it is, and I had to work much harder to gain what little recognition I have had."

"Oh, yes," she responded, complacently gazing at herself in a mirror. "But, you see, I have talent."

Plenty of Jaw.

Two cockney "ladies" were discussing each other publicly. One said something about the other's "jaw," or "jore." "Garn," answered her opponent, "you've got enough jaw for two sets of teeth, you 'ave."

Theory and Practice.

Geraldine—A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Gerald—I have never been able to make you believe it when I brought you flowers.—New York Press.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride.

Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A TELEGRAPH JOKER.

He Knew What the Crowd Wanted and Delivered the Goods.

ELECTION RETURNS TO SUIT.

Swung States and National Chairmen Into Line In His Reports and Gave the Boys of the Mining Camp the Time of Their Lives.

A funny incident happened on the night of the national election of 1896 in a little camp tucked away in the mountains of southwestern Colorado, where the only means of quick communication with the world were a single uncertain telegraph wire and a single more uncertain telegraph operator. Naturally only the merest scraps of election news reached the camp, but before the certain news of McKinley's election could have been got the uncertain operator had fallen a victim to his favorite vice and, further, had fallen beneath the table.

The only other person who knew anything about telegraphy was "Shorty," the local wit and humorist, who volunteered to write out the election returns as they clicked off from the telegraph instrument. Political sentiment was aflame for Bryan. News of his election was not only sought, but demanded, for the average American miner is as sanguine concerning the uncertainties of politics as he is concerning the uncertainties of mining. The volunteer telegrapher was noted for an obliging disposition. He was the "genial" of the camp.

The "boys" had placed stores of giant powder at various points. They had cleaned and oiled their six shooters and refilled their cartridge belts. Bonfires were ready to be lighted on the hillsides, and natural enthusiasm had been stimulated at the Metropole, the Cosmopolitan, the Fashion, the Trocadero and less pretentiously named oases in the desert of mining camp existence—in fact, every preliminary to the grandest celebration the San Juan country ever had known.

Shorty was not the man to neglect an opportunity like that. The first bulletin he handed to the waiting crowd stated that New York and Indiana were in doubt and it looked like a close election, with the chances favoring Bryan. That whetted the crowd's keen appetite for returns to razor edge. The second bulletin sent their spirits up with a leap, "Bryan has carried Kansas, and the Democrats are claiming Iowa."

"Whoopee!" from the crowd.

Shorty bent his ear to the clicking sounder and inscribed "Bulletin No. 3—Illinois joins the Bryan column with 50,000 majority. Indiana certain. New York very close."

When the deafening chorus had died down a young member of the party asked the leader, "Hadn't we better begin to set off the giant?"

Before the leader could answer Shorty reproved him by word and look. "Don't go off half cocked," he said. "It's always best to wait until you are sure. You can't be too conservative in a case like this."

After a long pause, in which the crowd displayed much impatience, the imperturbable and conservative Shorty transcribed bulletin No. 4, but before passing it out he said:

"Now, boys, don't do anything rash. Wait for the actual returns."

Bulletin No. 4 read, "Senator Jones claims Ohio and Pennsylvania for Bryan."

Under ordinary circumstances a doubt might have been expressed concerning the probability of such states reversing their political records, but the crowd was convinced of an impending landslide for their favorite and yelled with delight. "Now we are beginning to get the news," remarked Shorty when the cheering ceased, and he began to write bulletin No. 5 as follows:

"New York gives Bryan 100,000 plurality; Indiana, 40,000. Returns from Wisconsin and Minnesota indicate large Democratic gains."

The crowd heard only the first sentence. Shouting, cheering, yelling, screaming, it broke for the street.

"Hold on!" called Shorty. "Here's another."

Bulletin No. 6, "Quay concedes Pennsylvania to Bryan."

Another fragment broke from the crowd and ran down the street shouting the news. The new operator's pencil was traveling rapidly over the paper, while his friends and fellow citizens crowded closely upon him and read as he wrote bulletin No. 7, "Mark Hanna has locked up Republican headquarters and gone home."

The roar of the crowd was drowned by the roar of exploding giant powder. Buildings shook, windows rattled, accompanied by the crash of broken glass. The celebration was on, and Shorty McIntyre was alone.

The celebration lasted for two days. The morning after election the regular operator had recovered sufficiently to transcribe messages announcing McKinley's victory. Those who were sober enough to understand them didn't believe them. After several warnings of what would happen to him if he didn't quit "trying to fool people" the operator desisted and joined in the general jubilation. Not until the arrival of the Denver papers on the second day did that camp awake to a realization of the outcome of the election, and then there was not sufficient energy left to vent even indignation upon Shorty, much less to take revenge. On the third day the volunteer operator was more popular than ever, for all admitted he had given them the time of their lives.—New York Post.

The Old Mistake.

"De man dat answers a gold brick circular," said Uncle Eben, "makes de old mistake. Instead o' tellin' Satan to git behind 'im, he thinks he kin git ahead o' Satan."—Washington Star.

On Oath.

The Court—You will swear that the prisoner stole your umbrella? The Plaintiff—Your honor, I will swear that he stole the umbrella I was carrying.—Cleveland Leader.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1909

WELL, WHAT OF IT?

Ten years ago, Woburn was a prosperous leather manufacturing centre, rivaling in certain lines the success of any other town or city engaged in that industry. The American Hide and Leather Company, otherwise known as "the leather trust," induced a number of the manufacturers to enter its fold, and from that time the decadence began and the city has been at a standstill. The business once so flourishing has been transferred to other places, and a comparison of the population at the end of the decade with what it was at the beginning will satisfy anyone as to the cause of the trouble. What the control by a trust would be to the places where the making of shoes is the principal industry may be predicted by the fate of Woburn.—*Lynn Item.*

To be sure, the American Hide and Leather Co., or Trust, gave Woburn a black eye, but the city was not knocked out by a longchalk. It is still a live, wideawake town. True, the making of leather here is hardly anything at all compared to the volume of business done by the tanneries 15 years ago, before the trust swooped down on us, and for a quarter of a century prior to that date; but the city has held its own in population, assessed value of property, school attendance, and in every other respect; and, besides that, our people cherish the belief, and have reasonable grounds for it, that a revival of business and return of former prosperous conditions are close at hand. Why not? Woburn is one of the best cities of the second class in the State. Its proximity to Boston; its perfect equipment with every possible modern improvement; the beauty of its location; its educational advantages; the character of its inhabitants; —these, and other equally important things, make Woburn one of the most desirable business and residential cities in the vicinity of New England's Metropolis.

And, yet, there are people in this city, some of them in responsible positions, who by their everlasting faultfinding and criticising, and snarling over nearly everything that is done by city authorities and private citizens, or left undone, are accomplishing more every day to hinder the material progress of Woburn than all other influences put together.

IT IS BEAN.

At the Republican Ward caucuses held in this city last Tuesday evening Hon. George F. Bean, the candidate of the Republican organization for Representative to the Legislature, carried 5 of the 7 Wards, and secured 16 of the 21 delegates to the Republican Representative convention to be held at the Republican Headquarters in this city on Friday evening, Oct. 8. His nomination was assured from the very opening of the campaign.

Mr. Bean's competitors were Representative Fred F. Walker of Burlington, and W. D. Gray of Ward 4. The former won in Ward 7; and the latter in Ward 6.

The caucuses were the largest and most active that the Republicans have ever held in Woburn.

The success of Mr. Bean is exceedingly gratifying to the Republican party in this city and his host of personal friends.

Now let us all unite and work valliantly for Mr. Bean's election on Nov. 2, 1909.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Massachusetts are to hold their State Convention in Boston one week from tomorrow, Oct. 2, the work of which was cut out and basted by the Central Committee several weeks ago.

The present State Officers are to be renominated, and a platform of some kind will be constructed and adopted, one of the principal planks of which will, probably, be an endorsement of the new tariff.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON.

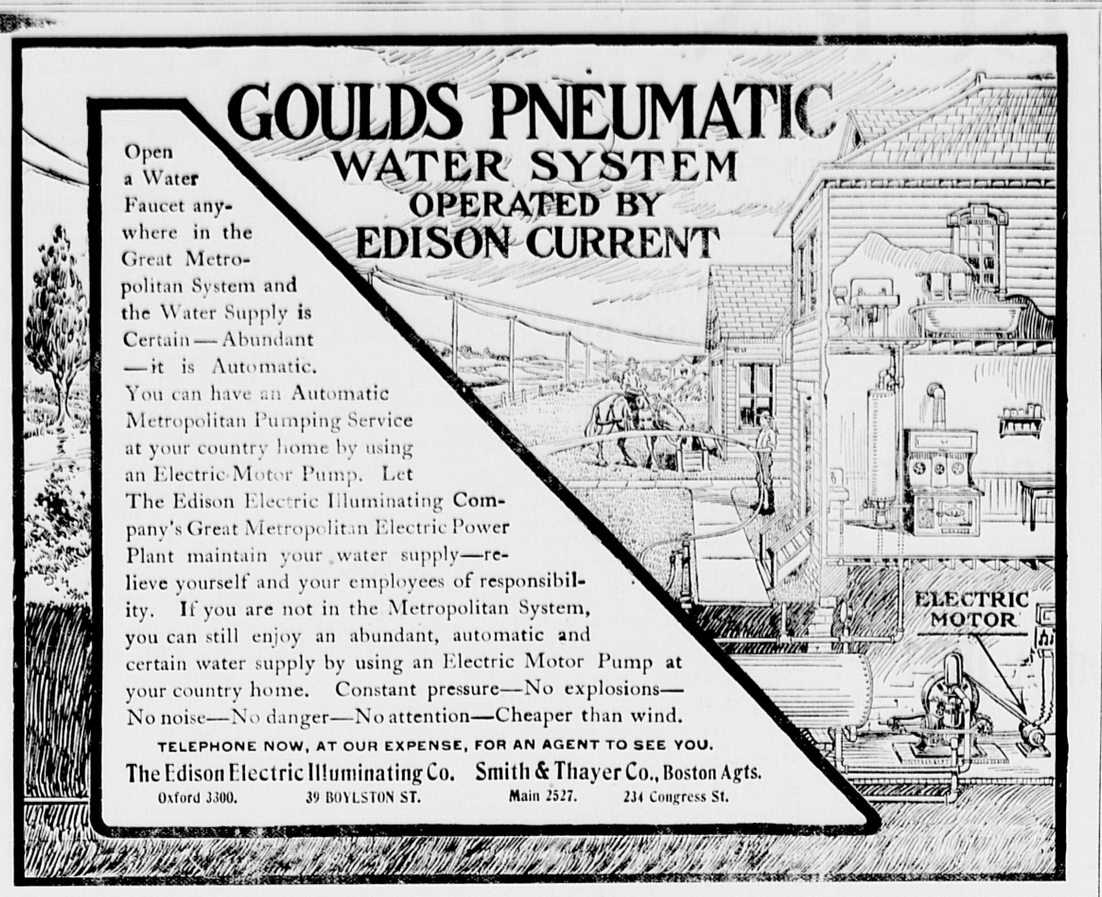
John A. Johnson, Governor of Minnesota, died at Rochester, the Capital, at an early hour on Tuesday morning, Sept. 21, 1909. He was a native of that State, born, in extreme poverty, of Swede parents, at St. Peters in 1861.

Although an active Democrat, he was elected to the office of Governor three times. He was one of the strongest and best men in public life. His death will be widely and deeply felt as a State and National loss.

☞ The North pole controversy goes bravely on. In our humble opinion, no subject was less worthy of being quarreled over than its alleged discovery. What is the Pole good for, anyhow? Of course, it will prove a bonanza to Peary and Cook for they will write and sell books about it without end. But to most folks what reading could possibly be dryer than books describing journeys to, and arrivals at, the Northpole? However, Peary and Cook have hosts of friends who will fight the battles of the rival discoverers to the last bat's end, no matter how tired the public may become of it.

☞ It must needs be that there is a great deal of lying being done by both the Peary and Cook parties to the controversy, for no two of either of the gangs appear to agree on essential points. Even members of the same party fail to tell their stories alike; then the newspaper reporters mix matters up in such a bad fashion; and there are so many volunteer witnesses, who are rank partisans of one side or the other, with their conflicting yarns, that the true story of the discovery is impossible to obtain.

☞ These are some of the anniversaries of the present week: Sept. 20, Battle of Chickamauga, 1863; 21, Sir Walter Scott died 1832; 22, Mormonism founded, 1827; 25, Marc Hanna born, 1837; 5, 25, Montreal taken, 1775.



DIDN'T TRY TO GET VOTES.

To their credit be it said that Bean and the Republican Campaign Committee, on the start, conceded Ward 6 to Gray, and Ward 7 to Walker, and agreed to make no effort to secure votes in them. This resolve was strictly observed and was the only reason why Bean did not carry those Wards and get every one of the 21 delegates, instead of 16 of them.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Walter Turner who now own and occupy the Wm. Henshaw home, recently came across an interesting receipted bill issued by Hobbs & Lewis on March 18, 1859. This paper was then known as the *Geneseo Republic and Henry County News*, and published by Messrs. Hobbs & Lewis. The former gentleman is still engaged in newspaper work at Woburn, Mass. The printery was at that time located on the third floor of the Perry & Ainsworth block on Main street, now the Geneseo Collegiate building. The present proprietor of the *Republic* was at that time the Foreman of the printshop and remembers the struggle of printing the billheads, envelopes, cards, and in fact every thing printed in the shop on a handpress large enough to also accomodate a large fullsheet poster.—*Geneseo (Ill.) Republic.*

The *Republic* was founded in 1856: Geo. A. Hobbs became its Editor in 1858, or 51 years ago; its Foreman, alluded to above, was Mr. Adam Lieberknecht; he has been joint or sole owner of the *Republic* continuously since 1863, a term of 46 years. He and Hobbs were its proprietors from 1863 to 1877, when the latter sold his interest in the paper to his partner.

☞ Hon. E. E. Thompson wrote and published a firstrate letter in favor of the nomination of Mr. Bean last Tuesday evening. He is a fairminded man, and what he has to say in such matters counts.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. W. Johnson—Citation.
B. J. Golden—Probate Notice.

— Autumn leaves are falling fast, and winter is at hand.

— There were killing frosts down in Maine a fortnight ago.

— The food sale by W. R. C. 84 last Saturday was a great success.

— Arthur Fowle doesn't have to depend on the town clock any more for the time of day.

— They say that present signs insure a big wedding crop during October. Shouldn't wonder.

— Hern's Orchestra has been awareed the contract to furnish music for Co. G dances this season.

— "People vs Politicians" didn't win "to any alarmen' extent," as Artemas Ward used to say, eh?

— The Independents of Winchester gave the Towandas of Woburn a severe threshing at Winchester last Saturday.

— The almanacs say that the fall began day before yesterday, Sept. 22; but it won't do to believe all they say about things.

— Reading, Winchester and Stoneham have furnished considerable many drunks for the District Court to pass judgment on this week.

— Mrs. Dr. J. H. Conway of Philadelphia is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James W. McDonald and other relatives and friends in Woburn and Boston.

— Buckman & Kean, whose patent leather factory burned to the ground last Sunday, announce that they will rebuild the plant in a short time.

— Small spots of the "sear and yellow" are beginning to appear among the trees, but chiefly among the foliage of those in a sickly condition, or of a weak constitution.

— Perhaps regular meetings of the Woman's Club are not to be resumed until early in October. In the meantime the silence of the Club is getting to be almost oppressive.

— Smith & Varney, jewelers and silversmiths, a brace of estimable young gentlemen, by the way, are selling off the odds and ends of their desirable stock of all kinds of gold and silver goods, clocks, watches, rings, brooches, bracelets, etc., at greatly reduced prices in order to make room for a bigger stock than ever of fall goods.

— The days and nights are now about of the same length. The former will continue to grow shorter and the latter longer until Dec. 20 or 21, when the case will be reversed.

— You remember how much we heard about "Exaggerated Ego" in the Thaw trial, don't you? Well, judging from the manifesto he published the other day, that term would seem to fit Fred Davis's case pretty well.

— Last Saturday 5 trolleycar loads of Lynn people went through here en route for the picnic grounds in Billerica, and made noise enough as they passed along to arouse the whole neighborhood.

— Dr. Stuart autoed from Woburn to Portland, Me., 100 miles, in 5 hours, or 20 miles an hour. He was on his way to Eastport, Me., anciently and more familiarly known as the "Jumpingoff place."

— Hon A. S. Wood of Warren avenue has abandoned his plan to visit relatives in the West this fall, and decided to wait until next Spring to do so. His affairs do not admit of his leaving home just yet.

— Mr. Fred P. Brooks, the former respected Woburn druggist, has one of the largest and finest drugstores in the flourishing town of Norwood, 15 miles from Boston, and is doing an excellent business. He deserves it.

— At 7 o'clock last Monday morning, Sept. 20, the prevailing temperature in this section of country was only 42 above zero. It has been an unusually cold September, especially nights. A warm October is expected

— That was a strong list of endorsers that Mr. Bean's Campaign Committee published last Monday. There were 100 of them, and they constituted the real backbone of the Republican party of this city.

— The rule among landlords is to start up the heating apparatus in the buildings they rent on Oct. 1, and extinguish the fires on April 1, but generally speaking they operate it right the other way, and manage to freeze their tenants at both ends of the route.

— At the meeting of the City Council on Thursday evening, Sept. 16, the petition of the Union Packing and Refrigerating Co. for permission to slaughter beeves, etc., at East Woburn was granted without a dissenting vote. No other business of importance was transacted.

— The political workers were just more than busy last Sunday. To obtain the "Farmers' vote" in Ward 7 aroused the most activity; but the harvest was not abundant. The voters all over the city knew just what they wanted, and how to get it at the caucuses.

— A barn on the Flagg estate on Garden street, owned by Dr. Frank Flagg of Maynard, and the place being occupied by Alexander Porter, was destroyed by fire last Saturday evening, together with two valuable horses, and a cow, 20 tons of hay and farming tools. The loss on the barn was $2,000.

— Generally speaking the disagreeable "Boston East Wind" prevails only in the Spring of the year; but it has been different this season. Not only did it rage and freeze people from March to June, but it has been rampant almost every day for six weeks past, driving people to the verge of starting up their furnaces and other heaters.

— A meeting was held in 161 G. A. R. Hall last Monday evening at which it was decided to hold another on the evening of Oct. 15, and organize a Farmers' Grange in this city. There was a good attendance of interested people who were addressed by Mr. C. D. Richardson of West Brookfield, who is a member of the State Grange, and Representative Walker. It was voted to organize a Grange at once.

— A few days ago we read in the Boston papers: "peaches are at their height," but didn't know for sure whether it was so or not until the piles of them at Angelo Crovo's store came into view, then we knew it was true. Let alone the heaps of full baskets to be seen at Crovo's, the quality of the fruit is away above par, prices lower than ever; and it keeps Angelo and his team busy all the time to supply the demand for them.

— Prompt and efficient work of the firemen saved the machineshop of Buel & Roberts, C. A. Nichols's rug factory and W. H. Curtis's mop factory in Buel's Court from destruction by fire at 7 o'clock last Tuesday evening. The damage was in the neighborhood of $1,500. Mr. C. A. Nichols escaped loss of his factory, and is now doing business again.

— Whether, or not, the schools ought to be let out earlier each day to let the scholars go and pick barberries is a matter which the JOURNAL prefers not to meddle with. It is said there are two sides to every question, and in this case it would be hard to choose which side to take. Perhaps, it would not be quite the thing to dismiss the schools earlier than the schedule hour; but should the barberies be allowed to rot on the bushes?

— It is fair to presume that the fact is not generally understood, but ought to be, that the present moon, which made its first appearance on Sept. 14, and fulls on Sept. 29, is the Harvest Moon, so named centuries ago because it comes nearest to the English harvest season. Next month's night luminary will be the Hunter's Moon, the orgin of which cognomen must be apparent to every sensible and well informed individual.

— Commissioner Kelley of the B. P. W. fought bravely against the choice of the Hudson street site for the Southend Playground, and ought to have won out, but failed to do so. We say Kelley ought to have won his case, and the reason for our opinion is that nearly all of the Southend people wanted the Nichol's lot, and their wishes should have prevailed. The JOURNAL does not know which site is the best, and cares less.

— It is reported that George Durward, the marketman, and Arthur N. Fezette, the Central Square grocer, are to open a grocery and provision store at 907 Main street, N. W., in the building recently vacated by William G. Fuller as a bakeshop. They will continue their present business as usual and conduct the North Woburn stand as a branch for the purpose of better accomodating their numerous customers in that section of the city.

— On June 12, 1909, James W. Marrinan, Jr., 15 years old, son of Mr. James Marrinan of Winn street, saved 6 year old Joseph O'Brien from being run over by a B. & M. train while watching a game of ball on Library Park, for which heroic feat he has received from the Mass. Humane Society a bronze medal and the Button of the Society, which he now proudly wears. And no wonder he is proud of it, nor that the parents share his pride.

— The Union Packing and Refrigerating Company, who have been granted license to establish and carry on cattle slaughtering works on the abandoned glueworks at East Woburn, will begin building and other operations there at an early date. Manager Skelton assured the Woburn City Council that the Company, whose capital is $680,000, will expend $60,000 to put their purchase for a plant in shape for business. Medford and one or two other squeamish places refused to license the Company.

— Mrs. Helen C. Hanson of Uxbridge, widow of the late James I. Hanson, the beloved Master of the Woburn High School for so many years, loves Woburn, her former happy home and its schools. So, a few days ago, Miss Hovey, Principal of the Hanson School, named for the old Master, received a fine portrait of U. S. Senator, Charles Sumner, the great Abolitionist, a friend of Master Hanson, purchased by him years ago to adorn his own home. Miss Hovey has it hung on the walls of the Hanson School.

— The Autumn Equinox arrived on schedule time, Sept. 22, but the Line Gale which should have come with it, was not at all in evidence hereaway. It has been a queer season, anyhow. Hardly anything meteorological has come about according to the established rules and regulations as laid down in the almanacs. By good rights, there should have been a Line Gale here last Tuesday and Wednesday; but there was nothing of the kind, nor any signs of the heavy N. E. wind and rainstorm due on that date. There was probably a screw loose somewhere; or else the machine slipped a cog.

— Remember that Mr. C. A. Nichols's carpet cleaning establishment in Buel's Court is in full operation.

— A committee is at work preparing the way for the proposed Woburn Choral Society, and it is planned to call a general meeting in a few days.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— It is nice to come into the house these days and inhale the rich odors as they arise from the kettles in which ketchup and spicy sauces and piccalilli are brewing for next winter's use, and note the rows of canned fruit and tomatoes displayed on the tables handyby, and the preserves and good things the thrifty housewife is preparing for family consumption when the cold weather comes and appetites are at their best. Just now the barberry bushes are being stripped of their scarlet fruit which is sweetly preserved for future use, and some people profess to admire it. It is pleasant, we repeat, to come in out of the frosty fall air and smell and see these appetizing preparations for next winter.

— Early last Sunday morning the patent leather factory of Buckman & Kean, located at Buttonend, was totally destroyed by fire, inflicting a loss of about $25,000, with an insurance on building and stock of only $10,000. It was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary, for whose discovery and apprehension steps are to be taken. The plant was orlginally the Fowle belt knife factory, its five buildings covering nearly an acre of ground. Buckman & Kean are among the largest manufacturers of patent leather in this city, and have done a flourishing and profitable business. They are smart, energetic young men, and will, it is understood, rebuild their factory at once

— We understand that the public mind was greatly relieved and pacified on learning that the High School A. A., or a name something like that, had by a considerable majority, decided to organize a football team for this fall's work, right away, meaning, in a few days. Quite a respectable minority of juvenile athletes wanted to keep right on with baseball until the snow flies; but they were outvoted, and it is to be the regular fall game—football! We did not hear how Mr. James Skinner, the liberal and enthusiastic patron of the baseball team, stood on the question; but the boys will continue to swear (not literally) by him, anyway. Yes, Sir, it is to be football, and, most likely, Submaster Brock is happy.

Mrs. Marion A. McBride, who died at her home in Arlington Heights last week, was a member of the Rumford Historical Society of Woburn, of which Judge Edward F. Johnson is President, and Mr. Lewis Waldo Thompson one of its most liberal supporters, and of many other associations organized for the benefit of society. She was a Reformer, not of the offensive class; a philanthropist; an organizer; a woman of rare intellectual endowments; widely known and highly respected as a journalist and magazine writer. She organized several Press Associations while a special contributor to leading Boston and New York papers, among them the National, Massachusetts, Suburban, and others.

A DELIGHTFUL OUTING.

The annual outing of Bunker Hill Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held on Thursday, Sept 16, at the Coggeshall Camp and Studio at Lanesville on the rocky shore of Cape Ann. A large party of the Chapter members, accompanied by a few gentlemen, left the North Union Station on an early train, arriving at the Camp in the early forenoon.

An elegant lunch was served in the commodious dininghall, and the day was delightfully spent on the rocky shores and in the studio, on the walls of which were hung many beautiful watercolors, the work of the artist, Mr. John I. Coggeshall.

Several Woburn ladies are members of Bunker Hill Chapter, and among those who participated in the outing were Mesdames Arthur E Gage, Elias S. Tabor, Annie E. Strout, and Geo. H Newcomb.

The party returned home by way of Rockport and Gloucester, having enjoyed a most delightful day.—REGENT.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

For two weeks, Peter, the man monkey, has been the most talked about being in New England; in fact it is doubtful whether any attraction that ever come to the theatre has caused more comment than this wonderful Siminian who has been giving exhibitions at Keith's. Peter has become popular with all classes and in a number of cases the demand for seats has been so great that thousands have been turned away, in fact on Saturday evening more people came to the theatre and went away again than got in to see the performance. Not only is Peter proving a strong attraction, but the character of the vaudeville itself is far above the average. It is made up entirely of headline acts, many of them new to Boston.

THE PARK.

Vacation's end and the return to Boston finds all the theatres open again. To make a first choice was difficult, indeed; so, I let myself out of the difficulty by hieing me to the Park Theatre, to see "A Gentleman from Mississippi." The reason for my choice was that I had seen it already—not once, but twice—in New York, where it ran right through the heat of summer in piling up its honest year's record in the Bijou Theatre, and some weeks ago in Chicago, where a second splendid company has been playing in it ever since last April. Why did I go again, you may ask. Well, to be frank, it was because of the girls—there are five of them, all beautiful creatures, with gowns that will make you gasp, as they did me. Also, I think, it was because of Douglas Fairbanks, who is, far and away, the handsomest, the spryest, and most graceful, the nattiest, and the cleverest young man now on the American stage.

THE BOSTON.

Only eight more performances of "The Gay Hussars" will be given at the Boston Theatre as Mr. Henry W. Savage's production of this operetta begins the final week of its local engagement Monday night. It has scored a tremendous success in Boston, and Mr. Henry F. Savage, who produced it, has introduced to Boston theatregoers a number of new faces among the clever players with whom the piece is cast. The chief successes of the piece have been scored by Mr. Bobby North, Miss Anna Bussett, Miss Muriel Terry and Miss Florence Reid and much of the success of "The Gay Hussars" musically and dramatically is due to these artists. Monday evening, October 4, comes the brilliantly spectacular show "The Three Twins" to the Boston Theatre. Seats go on sale next Thursday at 9 o'clock.

CASTLE SQUARE.

It is an interesting play of New England rural life that Mr. Craig and his stock company will give next week at the Castle Square Theatre. All those qualities which have made "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," and many others so popular, are equally apparent in "Our New Minister," which has not been seen in Boston for a period of nearly ten years. Its plot involves the story of a wayward boy who returns in manhood to his old home to find his youthful acquaintances avoiding him because he has been in prison, and only the minister of the village and a few friends lending him a helping hand towards right-living. The story of "Our New Minister" thus offers all possible opportunity for contrast of scene and character, and its three acts have in them the mingled humor and emotion that invariably helps to make a play entertaining.

Boston Food Fair.

There is only one great World's Food Fair and Home Furnishing Exposition held in Boston and that is the one under the auspices of the Massachusetts Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers Association, in the celebrated Mechanics Building on Huntington Avenue. For years this building has been noted all over New England as the home of these Expositions. Food Fairs of vast magnitude and Mechanics Building are synonymous phrases. The Fair of this year will be under the same auspices as last year—that of the above named organization of which David Gerow of Lowell is President, A. C. Dowse, Secretary; A. T. Faunce, Treasurer and Henry W. Mansfield, Walter K. Hutchinson and W. C. Walker, directors—and the management of Messrs. C. H. Green and E. J. Rowe who so successfully conducted the World's Food Fairs in Mechanics Buildings the past two years and 25 other great expositions in various States of the Union. Plan to take at least one day in which to visit the World's Greatest Food Fair and Home Furnishing Exposition, to be held in Mechanics Building, Huntington Avenue, Boston, beginning at 10 A. M. Monday, the 27th instant.

Elisha F. Hayward.

The subject of this notice, Mr. Elisha F. Hayward, died at his home, No. 4 Fairmount street, this city, on Tuesday night, Sept. 21-22, 1909, from heart failure, a disease to which he had been subject for several years. He left a wife and brother, Rufus C. Hayward of Lawrence street, to mourn his passing away in the prime of life.

He was born in Sidney, Maine, in 1856; came to Woburn, with his parents, in 1860, and has made his home here ever since.

For many years he was Business Manager for the firm of J. M. Ellis & Co., contractors; Treasurer of the Peabody Granite Co., in which Ellis & Buswell were stockholders. He was City Treasurer a few years ago, and a member of the Woburn Board of Public Works for a long time, in which office he served the city well.

He was also member of Board of Registrars of Voters 9 years.

Mr. Hayward was a man of strict integrity; square in all his dealings; a man of rare judgment, and eminently kindhearted and charitable.

The funeral is to be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon, to be conducted by Undertakers Tripp, and superintended by Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F.

All employees in the Netherlands who are boarding with their employers are entitled to medical treatment for at least six weeks.

MR. BUSINESS MAN!

Would you deliberately expose your wife or child to sickness by sending either of them out to deliver a message on a raw, stormy night?

Would you care to go yourself?

THINK A MINUTE!

Your wife, or some member of your family, is obliged to do this very thing,—perhaps go way in town on some domestic errand nearly every day,—unless there is a telephone in the house to do it for them.

If you have not a telephone, don't you think you owe one to your wife and family as a safeguard to their health?

The cost is but a few cents a day.

Confer with our LOCAL MANAGER.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.



Nothing is too good for my girl! Act I of "A Gentleman from Mississippi." Park Theatre, Boston.

Republican Caucuses.

These were held last Tuesday evening, Sept. 21, and largely attended. Hon. George F. Bean swept the board, carrying 5 of the 7 Wards, and securing 16 of the 21 delegates. Rep. Walker carried Ward 7 and got one delegate; W. D. Gray carried Ward 6 and got four delegates. The following are the delegates:

State—Elwyn G. Preston, John C. Andrews, Soren T. Madsen, William Beggs, Frederick A. Flint, William E. Blodgett, Francis A. Partridge, Martin L. King, Carl Carlberg, B. Frank Kimball, Sumner A. Gould.

County—Harold P. Johnson, Edwin K. Porter, John C. Andrews, Soren T. Madsen, Harry H. West, William J. Hammond, Edward E. Thompson, Horace H. Conn, William E. Turner, Arthur H. Linscott, Henry M. Eames, James S. Given.

Senatorial—W. Frederick Davis, Samuel W. Mendum, Clarence W. Stetson, Charles H. Haggett, Frank E. Wetherell, Marcus H. Cotton, William G. Stretton, John H. Sweetser, Thomas J. Wright, Samuel Highley, Henry Barrett, Frank Menchin.

Councillor—Alvah S. Wood, Edwin F. Wyer, George W. Smith, Percy T. Strout, Francis A. Buckman, Fort Staples, John W. Fox, Walter E. Hartshorne, Charles A. White, William W. Hill, Arthur U. Dickson, John C. N. Parker.

Representative—Elwyn G. Preston, Fred J. Brown, William W. Crosby, Luke W. Fowle, John S. Jaquith, J. Edward Caldwell, Charles M. Strout, William Beggs, Marcus H. Cotton, Harry H. West, William A. Prior, Edward D. Hart, William G. Stretton, William H. Slater, George A. Logan, Fred W. Shattuck, Parker T. Poole, Thomas S. Shannon, Frank L. Arnold, Frank B. French, Frank Menchin.

Ward Committee—Ward 1—W. F. Davis, Harry A. Fellows, Rufus C. Hayward, Samuel W. Mendum, Benjamin H. Nichols.

Ward 2—Herbert S. Riley, Charles C. Rosenquist, Charles H. Cadwell, Willard K. Fowle, John C. Andrews.

Ward 3—Charles H. Harrington, Frank E. Wetherell, Marcus H. Cotton, William J. Hammond, Harry H. West.

Ward 4—J. Fred Leslie, William G. Stretton, John M. Wallace, Charles Rinquist, John H. Sweetser.

Ward 5—George F. Hosmer, Fred W. Shattuck, Martin L. King, Charles A. White, Alexander T. Walker.

Ward 7—George W. Copp, George H. Foster, James S. Given, Frank Menchin, Henry L. Andrews.

Real Estate Transfers.

Through the office of C. E. Smith, papers have been passed for the transfer of the estate of L. W. Thompson, located at 81 Green street, consisting of seven room house and about 8,000 feet land, the new owner is M. Strohm, who will improve and occupy.

Through the same office agreements have been signed for the transfer of the estate of George Swan, located at 37 Green street, consisting of eight room house, and about 8,000 feet of land. The new owner will be Thomas R. Kean, who buys for occupancy.

Also agreements have been signed for the transfer of the Louisa A. Vinal property, 33 Franklin street, consisting of a single eight room house, with about 13,000 feet land. The purchaser is Richard J. Spencer who will improve for a home.

Agreements have also been signed for the transfer of the estate of Mrs. Jennie P. Brown, 35 Franklin street, consisting of single eight room house and stable, and about 9,000 feet land. The purchaser is William Kenley, who buys for occupancy.

A Seamstress

would like a few more engagements in September at Repairing and Refitting. Address L. M. THURSTON, Reading, Mass.

"LOVEWELL'S FIGHT."

Woburn, Mass., Sept. 17, 1909.
Editor of "Woburn JOURNAL:"—

Can any balladloving antiquarian in Woburn inform me as to a subject which I have neither time nor opportunity to investigate?

In 1725 Captain Lovewell of Dunstable, this State, leading a force of thirty-four men, fought eighty Indians near a pond in Pequawket. Concerning this engagement there exist two old ballads named "Lovewell's Fight," one contemporary, and one of later date. In this last occurs the following stanza:

"Seth Wyman, who in Woburn lived,
(A marksman he of courage true,)
Shot the first Indian whom they saw,
Sheer thro' his heart the bullet flew."

Is anyone able to state briefly the identity, date, and descendants of the warrior thus referred to?

Yours truly,
C. A. Herrick.

[Paugus was Chief of the Pequawket tribe of Indians whose home was on the shores of Lovewell Pond in the present town of Fryeburg, Maine, and was killed by Seth Wyman of Woburn, the first Indian to fall in the "Lovewell Fight," on May 8, 1725. Miss Charlotte W. Wyman of 605 Main street, this city, Secretary of the Lovewell Association, perhaps, or Massachusetts Society of Colonial Wars, would, probably, furnish our correspondent with the information he seeks respecting Seth Wyman and the "Lovewell Fight." Or, he might successfully appeal to Librarian Cutter of the Woburn Public Library for facts. I have the Seth Wyman "poem," of which the above is the first of four verses, which Mr. Herrick is privileged to copy, if he desires to do so.—
EDITOR OF JOURNAL.

W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will resume its regular meetings; first meeting on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock in usual place, Cong'l. church parlor. A full report of the Middlesex Co. Convention held at So. Acton 22nd inst. will be read at this meeting.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

When you send your Glasses by Mail for repairs, please

Do No Send The Case

Simply pack the Glasses in the cotton; tie up, but do not seal the box, and put no writing on it.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
Boston.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge.

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AT THE

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone. 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

FOR SALE.

To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 23 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached; about ¼ acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy.

Apply to F. BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.



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DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

"SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are **$1.00, $1.25, $2 50.** Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

McLaughlin & Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

Mrs. A. S. Mr. F. P. **LEWIS** Pianoforte Theory, Organ

Consult, Unit. Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.
Address, Winchester, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by A. Everett Brown to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated November 7th, 1906, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 3268, Folio 103, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the mortgaged premises, on

SATURDAY, the ninth day of October, A. D. 1909,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises not heretofore released and still remaining subject to said mortgage, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded and described as follows, namely:—

Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on the northerly side of Salem street at a stake and at land now or late of Richardson, from thence the line runs northeasterly by land last named about one hundred and fifty (150) feet to land now or formerly of Annabel C. Brown; thence turning, the line runs southeasterly by said land now or formerly of said Annabel C. Brown, about thirty-seven (37) feet to land released from the operation of said mortgage by deed dated July 11th, 1907, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 3315, Page 378; thence turning the line runs southerly by land last named eighty and 25-100 (80.25) feet to a stake; thence continuing a little west of south by said last named land, fifty (50) feet to said Salem street; thence turning, the line runs westerly by and with said Salem street about sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning.

Being the land described in said mortgage deed, except such portion as has been heretofore released from the operation thereof by a certain release dated July 11th, 1907, recorded with said Deeds, Book 3315, Page 378, and all of the land that still remains subject to said mortgage.

Said premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes, assessments and outstanding tax titles thereon, if any.

One Hundred ($100.00) Dollars to be paid in cash by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

WOBURN CO OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee, by John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., September 11th, 1909. 17-24-1

CARD.

Mr. Samuel W. Mendum, Counsellor-at-Law, announces that he has removed his Boston offices to the Kimball Building, 18 Tremont street, Rooms 310 and 311. Tel. Fort Hill 2381.

Hours at Woburn offices, 8 to 9 A. M. daily, and Saturday evenings, 7.30 to 9.

Residence: 16 Arlington Road. Tel. Wob. 272-1.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Byron R. Harmon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ARTHUR W. BLAKE, Adm.
231 Willow Ave., Somerville, Mass.
September 15, 1909. 17-24-1

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

WINCHESTER.

The Fall Championship of the Country Club is to be contested on Sept. 28. Entries close on Sept. 27.

Chief McIntosh says he will prosecute all apple thieves right up to the handle. Boys who haven't their eyes peeled will catch it.

Judge Littlefield says he had a royal good time at the outing of the Mass. P. Ass'n. at Norwood last week. He represented the *Star*.

Last week Monday the H. S. A. Association elected for officers for the ensuing year: President, Theodore Main, '10; Vice Pres., Kenneth Grant, '10; Secretary, Robert Leland; Treasurer, Alfred Dover.

The venerable and highly esteemed Samuel W. Twombly, ex-Representative observed, in a quiet way, the 66th anniversary of his wedding day on Sept. 14, in the house he has occupied all those years.

W. Tuck, Esq. is still hammering away on that hospital affair just as though it had not been fully and finally settled. But, I suppose, there is no law against his hammering away, and it must be borne with what little patience that can be commanded.

Winchester is not entirely free from kickers, although, for the life of me I can't see what they can possibly find to kick about. The Assessors, poor souls! come in for a good share of the faultfinding just now, but it is likely to be something else soon.

On the land that George C. Ogden has recently bought on Main street he is about to build 35 houses, each one of which is to cost not less than $10,000. That looks like business, don't it? It looks, too, as though Winchester is growing in population and wealth faster than any other place in the vicinity of Boston. It is a capital town for real estate investments, a fact which outside capitalists seem to be realizing.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In Reading, Mass., Sept. 21, by Rev. W. C. Myers, Mr. Elmer V. Cannon of Boston and Miss Myrtle Florence Jones of 269 Montvale Avenue, Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 19, Colin Sutherland, aged 66 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Emeline L. Rice, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William A. Sherburne who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, with-ut giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourteenth day of October, A.D., 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Mary A. McCall, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

BERNARD J. GOLDEN, Adm.
279 Montvale Ave.
September 23, 1909.

EARTHQUAKES.

Great Shocks Almost Always Followed by After Shocks.

Although seismologists have not yet succeeded in finding out any means of definitely predicting the occurrence of an earthquake, they are very hopeful of finally arriving at this desired goal, and already they can discern danger by the pulsations which are always gently agitating the surface of the earth. A sudden cessation of these heart beats is a danger signal, extreme stillness invariably preceding an earthquake, whereas constant tremors are a good sign.

A great earthquake is almost always followed by weaker ones, and when it is violent and destructive the number of minor shocks following it may amount to hundreds or even thousands and continue for several months or years.

The occurrence of after shocks is quite natural and necessary for the settling down into stable equilibrium of the disturbed tract at the origin of disturbance, each of these shocks removing an unstable or weak point underneath.

Further, as a very great shock would remove a correspondingly great underground instability it is probable that such a shock would not for a long time be followed by another of a magnitude comparable to its own in the same or a neighboring district.

When, however, the initial shock is not very great it may be followed by another like it, but even in this case the position of the origin of the second shock would usually be quite distinct from that of the first.—Wide World Magazine.

A CAMEL STORY.

Foiled In Its Revenge, the Animal Committed Suicide.

Some years ago it chanced that a valuable camel working in an old mill in Africa was severely beaten by its driver, who, perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away. The camel, perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten.

One night after a lapse of several months the man, who slept on a raised platform in the mill, while, as is customary, the camel was stalled in a corner, happening to remain awake, observed by the bright moonlight that when all was quiet the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly and, stealing over toward a spot where a bundle of clothes and a burnoose, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight and tearing them most viciously with its teeth.

Satisfied that its revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice and perceiving the mistake it had made the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme that it dashed its head against the wall and died on the spot.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Lavender.

How many of those who delight in the odor of fresh sweet lavender ever think how the plant came by its soothing name? Back he must go in imagination to the clean old Romans and their cult of the bath. Lavender found high favor with them to perfume their baths, and it was they who called it lavandula, the root of the name being the Latin lavare—to wash. In olden days, too, lavender leaves were an important ingredient in the making of precious spikenard ointment. Although we regard lavender as so peculiarly English a plant, owing to its extensive cultivation in the home counties and its associations with our English homes and gardens, it was not, as a matter of fact, introduced to this country until the sixteenth century, when it came from France with the Huguenot settlers. The Romans did not apparently bring it to us when they gave us our fine roads.—Westminster Gazette.

"An Old Sheep."

A Bengali clerk who had been transferred at his own request from my office to another government office in Calcutta was anxious to return and wrote to me personally on the subject. Although not a Christian himself, he was evidently acquainted with the familiar lines of Bonar's hymn:

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold.

This is how he applied them to his own case, "It is true I have wandered from the fold—that is, the director general's office—but I trust that your honor will be merciful and receive back an old sheep."—"Stray Stories From India," by Sir Arthur Fanshawe, in Blackwood's Magazine.

A Frank Woman.

A woman gave another woman her photograph, and the recipient, instead of saying, "I will treasure it always," refused to accept it. "It means only one more thing to be dusted," she said. "If I have it out on the table it becomes a nuisance, and if I put it out of sight you will be offended. Moreover, every day that passes it will become a little more old fashioned and a little more of a caricature. I won't have it."—Atchison Globe.

Much Rather.

"She says she'd rather waltz than eat."

"Well, she'll find plenty of men who would rather sign a dance program than a dinner check."—Exchange.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.—Ford.

Wanted Harmony.

Soda Fountain Attendant—What flavor, please? Silly Young Thing—Have you anything in pink to match this gown?—Harper's Weekly.

WANTED—SUCCESS MAGAZINE wants an energetic and responsible man or woman in Woburn to collect for renewals and solicit new subscriptions during fall or spare time. Experience unnecessary. Any one can start among friends and acquaintances and build up a paying and permanent business without capital. Complete outfit and instructions *free*. Address, "VON," Success Magazine, Room 103, Success Magazine Building, New York City, N. Y.

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LONDON APARTMENTS

Renting a Furnished Flat in the English Metropolis.

THE TRICKS OF THE AGENT.

At First Everything Is Pleasant, but After the Place Is Taken the Woes of the Tenant Begin With the Advent of the Inventory Man.

To the uninitiated American the rent of a furnished flat in London seems a very simple and remarkably inexpensive matter. Every one is extremely polite, and your path is made easy. But no sooner have you closed the door of your new quarters than you are beset by the bogy of "extras." While you are taking a contented glance at the new domicile, congratulating yourself on the bargain and thinking how much more a similar place would cost you in New York, your musings are interrupted by the arrival of the man with the inventory. His business is to make an inventory of every blessed thing your flat contains, from a four post bed to a kitchen spoon.

At first you are vastly amused over the listing of such apparently insignificant items as "a lincrusta Walton frieze," the number of tiles in the fireplace, the bolts on the windows, the locks on the doors, a description of the handles on the dressing chest and the number of screws therein, but when you have been dragged through every room, going over these—to us—absurd details, you plunge from rage to despair and finally collapse when your tormentor at last departs. For this entertainment you have paid from half a guinea (about $2.60) upward, according to the rent of your flat.

But the real power of the inventory is only felt when you take your departure. You may be morally certain that the only damage you have done has been to break one or two teacups, for which you are quite prepared to pay an extortionate sum without a murmur. You may be sure of this, but presently you will receive a bill all neatly written out and covering several pages of foolscap and entitled "Dilapidations."

You will find that in every room the walls have been "chipped," the enamel on the bathtub "slightly marred," a monogram on a napkin ring "scratched," several saucepans "damaged," a knife handle "bent," a number of plates "cracked," and so on. I am quoting from a list of "dilapidations" presented to friends of mine who had occupied a flat for two months, during which time, after strenuous cleaning efforts, they left the premises in much better condition than when they went in. The bill amounted to £1 18s. 9d., roughly about $9.68.

Here there is no such fact recognized as ordinary wear and tear on furniture.

For the lease, which is here called "agreement," you have to pay from 10 shillings up to 3 guineas and more, according to rent. Then the government stamp affixed thereto, without which the document is not legal, costs you from half a crown (62 cents) to a guinea or more, again according to rent.

You may have taken your flat by "the month," but when your agreement is sent you find out it is for every four weeks! You will probably phone the agent calling his attention to the error, and he will inform you it is correct that way.

In renting an unfurnished flat, the shortest term for which is three years, you discover that the electric light fixtures are not included in the rental. Protest unavailing, you buy them yourself and pay for their installation. You must rent also your own gas cooking stove. You fancy the fenders for the fireplaces must have been overlooked, but not so; you must buy them yourself! As you have been so accustomed to a continuous supply of hot water, it never occurred to you to inquire into the subject. You find you can obtain it only by keeping a continuous fire in your kitchen range.

As the penetrating, clammy gray horror of an English winter draws on you begin to appreciate what it means to be minus steam heat. Your only defense are the coal fires, romantic in story, but totally inadequate to defy this marrow reaching, damp cold of London. Bathroom and halls remain at arctic temperature, for the grate fires do not radiate beyond a few feet, so you may sit close and burn or retire to a corner and freeze.

After having learned through painful experience the futility of struggle against English ways and methods it is amusing to watch the explosive American, who in hotel office, at railway station and on steamships holds forth as to the various things he will not submit to. He is usually listened to with a certain exasperating deference at which the British underling is a past master. But nothing is changed, and he has to submit, and the sooner the lesson is learned the more comfortable he will be.

The impenetrable stolidity of the average Briton is not to be disturbed, and the longer one remains in this country the more definitely one learns that the English people have a pretty substantial idea of commercialism and that you are paying for the lesson.—London Cor. New York American.

THE BLUE WHALE.

A Monster Skeleton That Is Eighty-seven Feet In Length.

What is claimed as the largest animal in the world is represented by a colossal skeleton in the museum of Christchurch, New Zealand, says the London Globe. This is the remains of a large specimen of the blue whale stranded on the coast of that country. This whale is probably the largest of all living animals. The length of the skeleton is eighty-seven feet, and the head alone is twenty-one feet. The weight of the bones is estimated at nine tons. This gigantic whale gets its name of blue whale from the dark bluish gray of its upper surface. The tinge of yellow on its lower part has led to the name "sulphur bottom," by which it is known on the western side of the Atlantic. It is otherwise known as Sibbald's rorqual (Balenoptera sibbaldii).

The chief food of this gigantic animal is a small marine crustacean (Thysanopoda inermis), known to the whales as "kril." Another species of the same shrimplike group has been obtained in thousands from the stomachs of mackerel caught on the Cornish coast. The nearly related opossum shrimps found in enormous numbers in the Greenland seas form the chief food of the common whale. Some of the thysanopodae are phosphorescent and contribute to the luminosity of the sea.

THE MAN IN THE STAGE.

A Tragedy of the Olden Days In New York City.

A good many years ago, long before skyscrapers and rapid transit were thought of and New York was just a big growing town, they used to tell a story that was ghastly enough to curdle the blood of the most skeptical and to keep people of nervous temperament awake of nights.

The tale went that of a summer night a husband and wife, returning home from the theater, entered a Fifth avenue stage far downtown and for many blocks were the only occupants. A little above Fourteenth street, however, the stage came to an abrupt stop, the door was opened, and three young men entered. One of the three had evidently been drinking heavily, for his companions were obliged to help him to his seat. The door was closed behind them, and the stage continued its journey northward.

About ten blocks farther on one of the young men rose and, bidding his friends good night, stopped the stage and alighted. A few minutes later the second of the three said, "Well, good night, Dick," pulled the strap, stepped to the sidewalk and walked off through one of the side streets. There remained in the stage only the husband and wife and the young man who was obviously under the influence of liquor and who sat in a crouching attitude in a corner of the stage under the dim flickering lamp.

After a time the husband noticed that the young man's head seemed to be drooping as if in sleep, and, fearing that he might be borne beyond his destination, he rose, tapped him on the shoulder and called attention to the number of the street they had just passed. There was no response, and the husband repeated his words, leaning over as he did so. Then he suddenly straightened up, turned to his wife and said quickly, "We will get out here."

She began to protest, but he simply repeated the words, pulled the strap and helped her to alight. As they stood under the corner lamppost she turned questioningly and asked him why he insisted on their getting out of the bus so far below their destination.

"Because," he replied, "that young man's throat was cut from ear to ear."

HORSESHOE LUCK.

An Old Myth That Goes Back to the Greeks and Their Sea God.

Of all the emblems for good fortune the horseshoe stands among the first. Everybody knows it is unlucky to pass a horseshoe on the road without picking it up. It is a luck emblem of the greatest power. We are indebted for this statement to old tales centuries in age that have descended from father to son, from mother to daughter, through the years.

The old myths repay research. The luck of the horseshoe has a most respectable beginning. It is traced to the religion of the old Greeks and their sea god, Poseidon, who was identical with the Roman sea god Neptune.

To Poseidon horses were sacred, and to him they were sacrificed. Poseidon was believed to have created the first horse when he struck the ground with his trident and a horse sprang from the hole, which afterward became a spring. The sea god was the lord of springs. To him all springs were ascribed. In the shape of a horse he sometimes wandered by the shores of his ocean domain, and where he struck his hoofs deeply there the waters gushed out and permanent springs were found. This is the reason why horseshoes are reckoned lucky. Going to the root of the matter, one sees a nature myth as the root principle. From the sea all rain comes, and to the sea all springs owe primal origin, and to the rain and the fresh waters, sea derived, we owe all fertility on earth.

The old Greeks therefore worshiped Poseidon as the fortune giver through his springs. They gave him horses, his precious beasts, and they adored the footprints of horses when they found them, for they might be the very footprints of the god himself.

When the horses came to be shod the transition of the luck emblem from the footprint itself to the shoe mark, practically the same thing, was easy.

Pegasus, the winged horse, from whose hoofs the water springs gushed copiously when he came to earth, has been credited with the origin of the horseshoe luck.

The horseshoe was a specific against earthquakes. It would keep a house safe from harm by earth shaking. Again one perceives the sea myth—Poseidon was the shaker of the earth.—Team Owners' Gazette.

Obeying the Autocrat.

That fine old New Englander, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, laid down the rule that the law of the road entitles a man to two looks at every pretty woman. This fair and proper limit provokes no complaint in Kansas City, and it is not commonly exceeded, though we would have to go far afield to find a locality with more women worth looking at than are seen on the streets of Kansas City every day.—Kansas City Times.

Had All the Others.

"Were you ever in love?" asked the sweet young thing.

"No," replied the bachelor, "but you can't mention any other fashionable disease that I haven't had."—Detroit Free Press.

JAPAN'S PAGODAS.

They Are Built to Resist the Shock of an Earthquake.

A remarkable fact in Japan is that pagodas built hundreds of years ago embody the principle of the modern seismograph, which is to minimize the effect of earthquake motion by the combination of an inverted pendulum with an ordinary pendulum, or, in other words, by the union of a stable and an unstable structure to produce a neutral stability, which renders the whole building least sensible to earthquake shock.

In the hollow well of every five storied pagoda a heavy mass of timber is suspended freely, like an exaggerated tongue, from the top right to the ground, but not in contact with it, and at the shock of an earthquake this large pendulum slowly swings and the structure sways and then settles back safely upon its base.

This is also the principle followed in the construction of all bell towers throughout Japan, where the bell acts as pendulum, and the roof, supported by posts, forms an inverted pendulum, as in the seismograph.

When an earthquake occurs a pagoda or a bell tower may be rotated or displaced, but it cannot be overturned as a whole.—Wide World Magazine.

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Scarecrows

The Last One Saved the Corn and Won a Bride

By GEORGE R. WARDEN

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The woman who sat on the doorsteps of her little house, situated in the midst of about three acres of land, was crippled with rheumatism, and though she had a white rag tied to the end of a crutch and was waving it at half a dozen crows sitting on the fence they seemed to regard her with contempt. Presently they dropped down into the field and began to scratch. The rag was waved and the woman shouted, and a voice at her gate asked:

"Is anything wrong with you?"

A girl of eighteen had left the big farmhouse on the hill, half a mile away, for a walk, and as she neared the cottage the shouts of the woman and the cawing of the crows had attracted her attention.

"Yes, there's lots wrong," replied the woman. "The crows are scratching up the sweet corn I planted last week."

The girl entered the gate and picked up a stick and advanced upon the crows with a "S-h-o-o!" and they took to flight. Then she sat down beside the woman.

"I'm from Jasper's," said the girl. "Mrs. Jasper is my sister, and I am there on a visit. I passed here yesterday and was wondering who lived here."

"It's me that has lived here all alone for the last five years, child. I'm a widow. The rheumatism came on me two years ago and now I can hardly walk. The crows have scratched up most all I've planted this spring. I'm waiting for Farmer Johnson to come along and set up a scarecrow for me."

"But I can help you. You stuff old clothes with straw and make them look like a man."

"Bless you, dear! It will be the saving of my corn. You'll find trousers and coat and hat hanging up in the shed. I got them out the other day."

An hour later the "scare" was set up on the corn ground, and there were dismal lamentations from the crows as they sought other fields. They had bluffed and robbed a poor rheumatic widow, but when it came to a man with his hat cocked on one ear and a stick in his hands to represent a gun they realized that times had changed.

That was May Kelly's first visit to the Widow Hempstead, but after that scarcely a day passed that she did not run in with a gift of some sort and to see that the scarecrow was attending to business. One afternoon as the couple sat on the step and the girl was telling the woman of her home in the city a tramp came along the road. He may not have been hungry enough for food, but he did want a new outfit of clothing. He caught sight of the scarecrow, and his hopes rose. He was no crow to be fooled with a straw stuffed man. He saw the women, but he climbed the fence and shouldered the "scare" and walked away with it.

"Let that alone! You shan't take it!" called the girl.

"Beg pardon, ladies," replied the tramp, with a bow and a scrape, "but you do not understand the situation. I am invited to attend a wedding in the next town, and I've got to have a suit to wear. This isn't as good a one as I could wish for, but I'll have to make it do."

"It's stealing, and you can be arrested," threatened the girl.

"And if I'm to be arrested I must have a suit that is decent to go before the judge. I ain't bragging on my looks right this minute, but if you see me half an hour later you'll take me for a broker going to business."

"And now the crows!" sighed the widow as the tramp walked off.

"And the 'scare' was such a beautiful object!" added the girl. "When we sat here looking at him I almost felt that he could talk to us. You've got another old hat and a ragged blanket in the shed, but I'll have to bring something from the house."

Half an hour passed when a crow was sighted. The absence of the "scare" had been noticed. The one crow became five—ten—twenty. They sat on the fence and held a caucus. They determined to despoil that widow of her last grain of corn. Miss May threw sticks and stones, but of course they laughed at her. All crows laugh when they see a girl throwing. The widow found a rag and waved it to save the country, but the crows winked at it. Ragtime had passed with them. They were ready to drop to earth and begin scratching when the girl cried out:

"Don't shoo any more. I'll scare the life out of them!"

In another minute she had the old hat on and the ragged quilt around her and was running across the field. With a grand chorus of frightened caws the crows rose up and sailed away and then began circling round to see if it was the real thing or only a bluff. To convince them the girl took a pose, and she was such a comical object that the widow forgot all her sorrows in laughter. The new "scare" had been in position about ten minutes when a young man with a gun on his shoulder came out of the woods beyond the field and headed for the house. The "scare's" back was toward him. The widow saw, but dared not call out.

The young man would have passed the object forty feet to his left, but after a glance at it his curiosity was excited. He had seen scarecrows before, but never one like that. It seemed to waver now and then, instead of being tied fast to a stake. Presently Miss May heard the footsteps of a man.

"Here, you! What do you want?" called the widow from the doorway.

The young man wanted to investigate that scarecrow. He walked right up to the object and laid a hand on it. The brown eyes of the object looked straight into his.

"By George!" gasped the young man as he fell back.

"Well, you've done it!" replied the girl as she flung away hat and quilt and faced him with burning cheeks.

"A thousand pardons! I had no idea—no idea."

"Then why didn't you go along and mind your business? I didn't ask you to come."

"Of course not, and I'm so sorry, and I beg so many thousand pardons. Really now, but I'll go at once."

"No, you won't! I was playing scarecrow here to keep the birds from the corn. You had to come along and discover me and humiliate me. Now play scarecrow yourself for an hour! It's for the poor widow there in the door."

"I'll—I'll—by George, I'll do it! Only serve me right. I'll stand here for an hour by the watch, and then I shall expect to receive your forgiveness."

"I—I didn't quite mean what I said," stammered Miss May as she saw that he was about to take her at her word.

"But I'm willing—quite willing. I will excuse you for an hour, please."

Miss May went to the house and sat on the doorstep with the widow. She wanted to be angry, but the humor of the situation prevented. She wanted to think the young man very impertinent, but really he was a fine looking fellow and a gentleman, and he was out there playing scarecrow under her eyes. The widow laughed and the girl giggled, and the "scare's" punishment was cut fifteen minutes short by a hand being waved to him. As he came to the steps an informal introduction took place. Then Mr. Mortimer, with his superior ingenuity, managed to rig up an object warranted to keep all crows forty rods from a cornfield or no pay.

Next day Miss May had to come down to bring the widow some tea and pie, and Mr. Mortimer had to see how his scarecrow was working. Then, as the girl failed to appear next day, Mr. Mortimer had to call at the Jasper farmhouse to inquire for her. Then widows and scarecrows and loving hearts and the good old summer time got all mixed up, and the last report from the widow was:

"Yes, sir, that last scarecrow saved the corn, and if you don't believe those young people have fallen dead in love with each other and are going to be married next year you just wait and look at the society papers."

Women Who Hate Men.

From time to time strange instances crop up of women who not merely remain unmarried of their own free will, but carry their antipathy to the opposite sex to most peculiar lengths.

Thus one of these is utterly resolved to have nothing whatever to do with men on any pretext. All her food is bought of women, and consequently meat never appears on her table, since there is no female butcher in her neighborhood.

Not long since a handsome legacy was refused simply because it came from a man, while instances are known of women who make it their boast that they have neither spoken to nor allowed one of the opposite sex to cross their thresholds for a quarter of a century and upward.

But probably the bitterest man hater of modern days was an Austrian lady who at the time of her death was engaged in perfecting an elaborate plan for the ultimate extinction of the male sex.—London Globe.

Sightseeing.

It was an American tourist at the door of Warwick castle who was bent on seeing the place and pending the arrival of a guide was busily studying his guidebook. When the doorkeeper made his appearance the American asked in a quick, businesslike tone:

"Have you that famous vase still?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And the table that cost so much money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have you still that likeness of Charles I. by Van Dyck?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the doorkeeper. "They are all here. Won't you come in and see them?"

"No, thanks," replied the American. "I will take them all as per catalogue. I have got to see Coventry today, and I want to visit Stratford-on-Avon and sleep in Leamington tonight, and I guess I'll have to be in Sheffield tomorrow morning on business. Good morning."—Exchange.

Prepared to Suffer.

A road weary traveler plodding northward from Mountain Home, Ark., came to a crossroad barber shop. The temptation to risk a shave was strong. In fact, it was so strong that the tramper decided to take a chance.

"Of course it's going to be awful," he philosophized. "He'll scrape my poor face till I shriek and then rub in his aromatic liniment until I weep in agony. But this beard"—

He entered. The barber was an expert. His razor was sharp and didn't pull. Neither did he deluge his victim with an excess of bay rum. When the shave was finished the barber asked, "Shall I shave your neck?"

But the traveler, recently from the city, was not to be denied. Why tramp if there are no hardships to relate?

"No," he replied: "scrape it the same as you did my face."—Kansas City Star.

SCIENTIFIC FEEDING.

Health as a Primary Factor In Intelligent Living.

Health and success are so largely dependent upon balance, upon symmetry of development, physical and mental harmony, that we should do everything possible to secure that physical poise which also means mental and moral poise. A large part of our ills come from one sided development, caused by overstimulating some tissue cells and starving others—overfeeding and underfeeding. Scientific feeding, therefore, is of vast importance.

Overeating and improper eating are among the curses of the world. Think of the people who put all sorts of incompatibles into their stomachs at the same time and then use all sorts of nostrums to get rid of their bad effects.

One of the most pathetic sights in the world is that of a human being struggling hard to carry out his ambition, yet handicapping himself by his ignorance of physical laws.

What a pathetic figure Carlyle cut in the world—a one sided giant who might have been a symmetrical power, possessor of a colossal brain largely controlled by a dyspeptic stomach! He was cross and crabbed and did just the things that he did not want to do, things that he knew it would be better not to do, but he was the victim of starved nerves, of exhausted brain cells largely for want of common sense feeding.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Careful Sandy.

Meenister—And why didn't ye come to the kirk last Sawbath? Sandy—I had nowt but a shillin' in my claes. That's ower muckle siller to pit in th' contribution box all at ain time.—London Tit-Bits.

Mistaken.

"He says he's your friend for life; says you lent him $50."

"So I did. But he's not my friend for life. I propose to ask him for it next pay day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 26, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. x, 23-33. Memory Verse, 24—Golden Text, Rom. xv, 2—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This epistle is divided into several sections, beginning with the words "Now, concerning," or "Now, as touching" (vii, 1; viii, 1; xii, 1; xvi, 1), and our lesson is in the portion which begins with viii, 1, "Now, as touching things offered unto idols." While recognizing that our idol is nothing and that meat commendeth us not to God, yet he says, "If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth lest I make my brother to offend" (viii, 13). Whatever he did or refrained from doing it was for the gospel's sake lest the gospel of Christ should be hindered and that he might by all means save some (ix, 12, 22, 23). Referring to some events in the history of Israel, he says that all these things happened to them for our examples and admonition, and he reminds us that God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able (x, 11-13). He would have us know that all our life is either unto God or the devil and that, while we may lawfully do certain things, we must not come under the power of anything or any one but the Lord alone (vi, 12; x, 23).

God having made us so rich in Christ that all things are ours, things present and things to come (iii, 21-23), we are not here to seek anything for ourselves, but only the welfare of others that they, too, may be saved and have the same riches in Christ and then go out to seek others (x, 33). Love seeketh not her own, and He who was God manifest in the flesh never lived to please Himself nor to seek His own will or glory in anything (xiii, 5; Rom. xv, 3; John v, 30; vi, 38; viii, 50). Paul had to write to the Philippians, "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's," "Many walk, of whom I have told you often and now tell you even weeping that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things" (Phil. ii, 21; iii, 18, 19).

The twice repeated saying in verses 26, 28, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," is from the psalm which speaks of those with clean hands and pure hearts who seek the God of Jacob and open wide the gates to the King of Glory. When He is on the throne of our hearts we will not be heard asking silly questions about what we may eat or not eat, nor will we bow down to any idols within or without, but the one supreme thought will always be to please Him, to honor Him, to magnify Him, so that others may want to know Him to whom we have by His grace become so devoted. When we become thus spirit filled, drunken with the new wine of the kingdom, filled with joy and peace by believing, some will be drawn away from the beastly drunkenness of earthly things to the love that is better than wine, for which so many souls are longing all unconsciously. Is it not because the poor worldling sees nothing in professing Christians that can begin to compare with his "pleasures of sin for a season" that he holds on to his evil ways? The God of this world, under whose control the children of disobedience live, says to his blinded ones concerning the church people, so called: "Look at them. They go to church and sing and pray on Sunday, and the rest of the week they come to us in order to be happy. I'll do better for you than their God. Come my way all the time. Let us eat and drink and be merry, for there is no lake of fire nor place of torment. No men of learning believe the Bible any more, and Jesus was only a good man who did wondrously while he lived, but He is gone, and there are no more like Him."

Does this sound familiar? Is it all about you? Do you hear it on every side? Then let it be a proof to you that the whole world lieth in the wicked one, the father of lies, a murderer from the beginning, for whom the everlasting fire has been prepared, and turn from him and all his lies to Him who gave Himself for our sins that He might deliver us from the wrath to come and from this present evil age (I Thess. i, 10; Gal. i, 4), and if you do not see many lives that commend Him to others let yours be one by His grace that shall tell for Him every day and everywhere, a life that even in eating and drinking as well as in all other things shall glorify God (verse 31) and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour (Tit. ii, 10).

The phrase "giving none offense" in verse 32 takes us to II Cor. vi, 3, "giving no offense in anything that the ministry be not blamed," and back to Rom. xiv, 13, "Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more, but judge this rather that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." People are either being pointed heavenward or stumbling hellward by our everyday life. Let us from this time live wholly unto the Lord. Dispensational truth is most helpful in this matter and is suggested by verse 32, which reminds us that now, in this age, the church of God is being gathered from Jews and gentiles, and to this end we should live the life of which we have been speaking; then at the beginning of the next age all Israel shall be saved and then all the nations.

The Whistle Tankard.

A rare form of drinking vessel is in the possession of the corporation of Hull. This is a whistle tankard which belonged to Anthony Lambert, mayor of Hull in 1669. This fine specimen of old English silverware is fitted with a whistle, which comes into play when the tankard is empty and is evidently meant to be used as a signal for more liquor. It is said that only one other whistle tankard is to be found in England, so temperate is England now!—London Chronicle.

A Good Alarm Clock.

Husband—Why don't you have the cook shut the kitchen door? One can smell the breakfast cooking all over the house. Wife—We leave it open on purpose. The smell is all that gets the family up.—Judge.

No Terminal Facilities.

"They say Harold Codlington has brain fever."

"Impossible! Could an angleworm have water on the knee?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLD ANNE ROYALL.

She Was Once One of the Quaint Characters of Washington.

Old, queer, sharp tongued Anne Royall, traveler, editress and interviewer, was for many years a familiar figure in the streets of Washington, trotting indomitably about her business, very poor, very persistent, often troublesome, often rebuffed, but with qualities of honesty and courage to be respected.

There is given in the story of her life by Sarah Harvey Porter a delightful glimpse of her visit to ex-President Madison and his wife. The contrast between the gracious mature beauty of charming Dolly Madison, elegant in her rustling black silk, and the funny little limping, shabby figure in antiquated skirts and ridiculous wadded bonnet, could scarcely have been enhanced.

As usual, old Anne Royall had tramped to save carriage hire; as usual, her errand, probably none too welcome to her hosts, was to secure an interview and use a descriptive background. But Dolly Madison saw in the absurd, inquisitive, bespattered person before her neither the reporter nor the guy—only an aged and weary woman who was her guest. She hurried to bring her a glass of water, then quite simply stooped and retied her loosened shoe laces and wiped the Virginia mud from the tired old feet.

It is small wonder that Mrs. Royall's clothes were queer. She was scarcely of a bent of mind frivolously to pursue the fashions had she had the time and money, but she had neither. Her paper, the Huntress, of which she was owner, editor and chief reporter, once published conspicuously on the editorial page a notice which is perhaps unique in journalism:

"No paper will be issued from this office this week. We really must take one week once in ten years to fix up our wardrobe, which is getting shabby. Our next issue will welcome congress."

WILD GEESE.

They Never Feed Without Throwing Out Scouts or Sentries.

Some of the common sayings concerning birds are stupidly wrong.

"You stupid goose!" is an expression constantly heard, yet the goose, whether wild or tame, is most sagacious. Wild geese, for instance, never feed without throwing out scouts or sentries. J. G. Millais describes how he saw a flock of geese feeding with sentries out and how after a time one of the sentries went up to a bird that was feeding and gave it a gentle peck on the back. The latter thereupon left its grazing and went off to take up guard, while the sentry took its turn to feed.

"Gentle as a dove" is such a common proverb that the dove has become the emblem of peace. Quite a mistake, for all the dove and pigeon tribe are great fighters, and in the breeding season the cock birds indulge in battles royal.

The foolish prejudice against all birds of prey includes that pretty little hawk the kestrel. Now, if the kestrel were known as the mouse falcon it is possible that keepers would not invariably shoot it on sight. The kestrel lives mainly on mice and wireworms. It is quite innocent of killing partridges.

In a game preserving district in southern Scotland kestrels were practically exterminated a few years ago. What was the result? Over a tract of country of 1,200 square miles field mice increased in such myriads that the grazing was absolutely ruined. One sheep farmer lost $8,000 in one year.—Exchange.

The Wheel Problem.

Which, at any given moment, is moving forward faster—the top of a coach wheel or the bottom?

The answer to this question seems simple enough, but probably nine persons out of ten, asked at random, would give the wrong reply. It would appear at first sight that the top and bottom must be moving at the same rate—that is, the speed of the carriage. But by a little thought it will be discovered that the bottom of the wheel is in fact, by the direction of its motion around its axis, moving backward, in an opposite direction to that which the carriage is advancing and is consequently stationary in space, while the point on top of the wheel is moving forward with the double velocity of its own motion around the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

A Willing Scot.

Dean Ramsay has a story of that border hostility between English and Scots which used to go to baiter lengths. A Scottish drover was returning from the south in particularly bad humor with the English, having done poor business, when he saw in Carlisle a notice offering a reward of £50 to any one who would volunteer for the unpopular task of hanging a condemned criminal. Seeing his chance to make up for his bad market and comforting himself with the thought that he was unknown there, he did the job and got his fee. As he was leaving he was taunted as a beggarly Scot, doing for money what no Englishman would. But he answered, with a cheerful grin, "I'll hang ye a' at the price."

Ways to an Untimely End.

The catalogue of the ways and means employed by otherwise sensible people to incur the risk of disease and an untimely end include running to catch trolley cars, breathing rapidly through the mouth instead of deeply through the nose, eating too hastily and overeating, "slouching" instead of standing and walking in an erect attitude, using unnecessary stimulants, failing to exterminate the pestilential housefly, which goes blithely about carrying the germs of disease; sleeping in ill ventilated rooms and failing to protect food from flies and other insects by proper screening.—Philadelphia Press.

Hard Luck.

Bob Footlite (actor)—Failure? I should think it was! The whole play was ruined. She—Gracious! How was that? Bob Footlite—Why, at the end of the last act a steam pipe burst and hissed me off the stage.

The Telegraph.

The first royal speech transmitted by telegraph was that delivered by the late Queen Victoria when she opened parliament on Nov. 15, 1837. The speed of transmission was fifty-five words a minute.

A Useless Effort.

Visitor—I suppose you men in public life weigh your words? Senator—What's the use? Some newspaper fellow is sure to come along and monkey with the scales.—Judge.

QUEER ANIMALS.

The Harpy Eagle, the Aye-aye and the Tasmania Devil.

The world has been so thoroughly explored that one might imagine it impossible that any noteworthy species of mammal or bird could still remain unknown. Yet every now and then something new turns up. For example, it was not so very long ago that a first acquaintance was made with the harpy eagle, a fowl native to the region of the Amazon, which feeds chiefly on monkeys. Another curiosity not long known is the aye-aye of Madagascar, a mammal which has one finger of each hand most curiously skeletonized and elongated for the purpose of dragging from their burrows the earthworms on which it feeds. As is well known, it is from Australia and New Zealand that come the flightless birds, some of which readily breed in captivity.

The fur seal rebels in captivity. The seals which one sees captive and which do such intelligent tricks are hair seals, belonging to quite a different species. So opposed is the fur seal to the very notion of deprivation of liberty that it will invariably starve itself to death rather than submit to such a condition. Likewise it is with the Tasmanian devil, a queer little marsupial about two feet long, somewhat resembling in appearance a baby bear, which is found only in Tasmania, a large island formerly known as Van Diemen's Land, to the south of Australia. It is almost incredibly ferocious, preying upon the sheep and poultry of the farmers, and never yet, though captured in earliest infancy, has it responded to kindness by manifesting an amiable disposition.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TALL AFRICAN GRASS.

Beautiful Scenes at Night on the Veldt When Fire Spreads.

Unlike a good deal of South Africa, Rhodesia is largely wooded. In some places the forests are of value, but a large proportion is not valued for its timber. The grass in this part of Africa grows to a phenomenal height in the valleys, and especially in the valleys of the Sabi and Zambezi rivers it reaches its greatest height. To say that the grass is often twelve feet high is no exaggeration. Naturally it is very easy to lose one's way in this grass if one is unfortunate enough to stray from the beaten track. It is the custom there to burn this grass off each year when it gets dry. This is usually in August and September or even in October. Fires burn for miles, and as the country is largely a wilderness little damage is done by this method of destroying the grass. It is a beautiful sight at night in the fire season to see the hills for miles around encircled with flames.

After the grass has been burned the rainy season usually begins, and it is then that the country is at its prettiest. The grass is then green, and the foliage on the trees is beautiful. The old leaves drop off gradually, and the new ones take their place before the trees are bare. The new leaves are of all shades of the rainbow, and it is much like the fall scenery in this country when the dead leaves are falling from the trees. Waterfalls are numerous in the mountains, and there are many of great height, although the rivers are usually small in volume.—Springfield Republican.

The Winze.

The superintendent of a western mine in driving a tunnel struck a body of ore. The vein was vertical and had a sharp dip. To develop it and get ready to mine the ore it was necessary to put down a winze—that is to say, to sink a shaft, in this instance an incline.

Elated over the discovery, he telegraphed the board in the east that he had struck rich shipping ore and received the laconic reply to begin shipping at once.

He wired that he could not ship any ore until he had a winze on the vein.

"How much will a winze cost?" was the telegraphic query.

"One thousand dollars," he replied promptly.

The next query floored him. It read, "Can't you buy a secondhand winze cheaper?"—New York Post.

A Joke of Mark Twain's.

Probably few people are aware that the theatrical godfather of that famous actor Mr. William Gillette was Mark Twain, who was a fellow townsman and a friend of his father. Mark Twain in referring to the matter said that when he used his influence to get young Gillette on the stage he thought he was playing a great joke on the management, for he did not think Gillette had the slightest aptitude for acting. But it turned out to be no joke after all. "I don't know," said Mark Twain, "which I like better—having Gillette make a tremendous success or seeing one of my jokes go wrong."

Highest Endurable Temperature.

It is difficult to say what the highest temperature is that a human being can live in. In the kitchens of some of the great hotels and in the stokeholds of some steamships the temperature gets to 140 or 145 degrees. Cooks and their helpers and stokers have to endure that temperature for hours at a time, and they seem to get along pretty well. The hottest place perhaps where human beings work is in the vulcanizing factories, where the temperature is 212, the boiling point of water. There are a few who can stand this heat for a little while at a time, but man can endure no more.—New York American.

Vesuvius.

Vesuvius cut but a small figure in history till the latter half of the first century of the Christian era. In 73 B. C. its crater served as a camp of refuge to a band of gladiators. In 63 A. D. the serenity was broken by a violent grumbling that manifested itself in a severe earthquake that shook up the surrounding region. For sixteen years the subterranean rumblings continued at intervals, and in the year 79 A. D. came the great catastrophe in which Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed. In 1631 there was another terrible explosion, and since that time Vesuvius has seldom been at rest for many years together.—Exchange.

A Culinary Tragedy.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mr. Justwed as he came into the house and found his wife crying as if her heart would break.

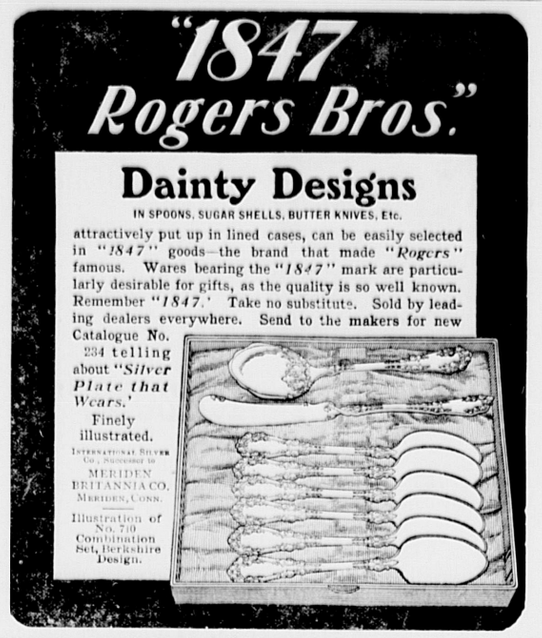
"I am so discouraged," she sobbed.

"What has bothered my little wife?"

"I worked all the afternoon making custards, because I knew you were so fond of them, and—and"— Here she began weeping hysterically again.

"And what, darling?"

"And they turned out to be sponge cakes."



ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

Quaint Customs That Are Maintained With Religious Care.

The head master of Manchester Grammar school, in a speech at Rochdale, referred to a custom at Rugby school which forbids a boy of less than three years' standing to turn up his trousers and insists on his doing so after that period.

The custom is only a minor instance of the quaint practices that exist at all the great public schools in England and are maintained with religious care, though in many cases their origin is obscure or unknown. The Shrove Tuesday tossing of the pancake at Westminster school, with its ensuing scramble for the largest fragment, which gains for its possessor a guinea from the dean, is perhaps the best known among them. A curious custom at Marlborough requires every boy to bring to school with him a cushion, technically termed a "kish"—with the "i" long. This article is his inseparable companion in school time and, in addition to the ordinary functions of a cushion, is employed to carry books from one form room to another.

At Shrewsbury school, at the beginning of each term, "hall elections" are held for the posts of hall crier, hall constable, hall postman and hall scavengers. The genial brutality of youth often selects for the position of hall crier either the most nervous boy in the school or one who is afflicted with a stammer.

The new boy in the schoolhouse at Rugby is early called upon to take his part in "house singing." At this function, which is held in one of the dormitories, he has to render a song to the satisfaction of his audience, the penalty being the swallowing of a mouthful of soapy water.

Another ancient school custom is the parade of the Christ's hospital blue-coat boys before the lord mayor at the Mansion House on St. Matthew's day, when the "Grecians," who correspond to "sixth formers" elsewhere, receive a guinea each and the rank and file of the school are presented with new shillings.—London Mail.

BURGLARS' TOOLS.

Most of Them Made by Supposedly Respectable Mechanics.

Every little while, said a detective recently, the police arrest a man with a set of burglar's tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from.

It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable person would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked looking knife ever made. But who would know where to get a "jimmy" or a device for drilling into a safe or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling?

There are places in the large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are exceedingly scarce. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community.

When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping quiet about it. Many detectives can recall cases of this kind that have come to light.

One in particular occurred some years ago when an escaped convict named Williams went to a blacksmith and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe cracking. He personally superintended the tempering of the steel, but when the job was nearly completed it leaked out, and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put. Most of the tools used by burglars are secured in the same way.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Shoemaker's Candles.

I well remember some seventy years ago seeing flat candles in use. To produce what was known as the flat candle, which was also sometimes called "shoemaker's candle," two newly made "dips" were pressed close to each other while soft and then again lowered into the hot fat, thus holding them together as one candle with two wicks. The size could then be increased if desired. This flat candle was most generally used by shoemakers and tailors, but was made use of in some households whenever an extra bright light for working or reading was required.—Cor. Dickensian.

Too Much Like Work.

"Haven't you a home?" asked the sympathetic citizen.

"Yep," answered Plodding Pete. "I had a nice home, but de first t'ing I knew it had a wood pile and a garden and a pump, and den it got so much like a steady job dat I resigned."—Washington Star.

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Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.
Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.
Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.
Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.
At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.
*To Wilmington Depot only.
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Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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Leave Billerica Centre
FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m)
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